McCALL'S

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· ARIZONA AMES ·

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Lady Astor, Bretherton, Dell, Curwood

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★ ★ ★

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IPANA Tooth Paste

ONE MOMENT

Something in these bright Autumn afternoons
Happy and yet regretful—an old sorrow
Smiling . . . as though poor little April dried
Her tears long ago—and remembered . . .
—Cyrano de Bergerac

THERE comes one moment—once—in all the year, when a hushed world pauses for an instant to take the measure of the days that have gone before. That moment is October.

Then in the invisible alchemy of Nature, emerald burns to amber, blue to gold. The farmer, home from the hills, surveys the golden harvest of the year's labor—boughs of russet fruit and bins bursting with their loot of grain. The city dweller, turning from his tasks, is fevered with a vague unrest. There is a trace of fires in the air, an echo of festival, while over the gleaming turrets of our giant cities, over the bronzed plains of the middle border, over the frosted summits of the Rockies, looms the shining magic of the pale harvest moon.

In this mood we look back over our own labor of the year now drawing to a close. It is McCall's purpose ever to bring joy and understanding to the homes of America. To this end we have enlisted the genius of the most famous authors and artists in the world to carry their message of hope and happiness to the men and women of McCall Street. If their labor has yielded you a rich harvest of joy and contentment, then we may count the race well won and face a new year of achievement with fresh inspiration.—*The Editor.*

The happiest homes are the cleanest—*almost always*

Woodwork that gleams like new again, and curtains once more crisply white or colorful . . . *of course* these help home happiness!

The effect on the family is exactly like bright sunshine after days of cloudiness.

In *your* home, why not make a room-by-room *schedule* of all those cleaning matters that so often get put off? It's too easy, otherwise, for weeks of dinginess to slip into long months . . . with something priceless lost in the way of family cheerfulness.

Windows are our daytime lamps

Windows *are* like lamps . . . and it's important that we keep them giving their best and happiest light, all the time.

Shades as well as curtains can stand frequent brightening, and many now are washable.

As for window-pane "fog", soap and warm water cuts this just as easily as it washes dishes. (Nor should we overlook the same untidy smudging on mirrors, picture-glass, cupboard doors, electric light bulbs, etc.)

Regarding woodwork . . . and furniture

Woodwork at this season shows the dust collected during summer. What *it* needs, also, is a little soap-and-water scrubbing. And how much nicer and newer painted furniture looks when the grime is removed!

Keeping colors gay in every room

In the happy home there are cheerful colors in every room: rugs, curtains, tapestries, slip-covers, spreads, paint, furniture, china and glass, linen, linoleum, lamp shades, porcelain, enamel.

Guard this cheerfulness well! *Keep* these colors gay! Soap and water, when applied regularly enough, conquers dirt's dingy film easily.

Living in a home that *sparkles*, every day, proves to all of us the added happiness there is in real and worked-for cleanliness.

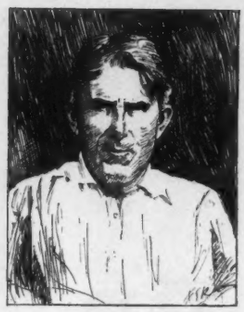
Send for this booklet

To help you have a home that sparkles, we have prepared an interesting booklet, "Helpful Hints on Household Cleaning". We would be glad to send this booklet free. Why not write for your copy today?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

Gene Markey

Vivien R. Bretherton



Zane Grey

McCALL MIRRORS

NOVEMBER, the month of homecomings and Thanksgiving, will find a rich feast of glamorous fiction and colorful human interest stories awaiting each reader of McCall's. Grouped about the festive board will be a merry throng, old friends and new friends, who promise to make this issue of our magazine remembered far into the future.

Robert W. Chambers will be there with one of the most gleaming romances of his long career—*Angelique,* heroine of a band of innocent adventurers in the far north.

Margaret Pedler returns with *The End of a Rhapsody,* the most poignant and touching portrayal of a supreme love that has ever come from the pen of this gifted author.

Konrad Bercovici brings us *Nina,* a fiery romance of the gypsy camps.

Marion Talley, the shy little girl from Kansas City, who scarcely four years ago stormed the heights of operatic fame and then three months ago, when she was only twenty-two, announced calmly that she would retire to a farm in Kansas, has written an account of her phenomenal career and her return home in the most appealing human story it has ever been our pleasure to publish. In *Going Home,* by Marion Talley, you will find her personal answer to everyone's question, "Why is she retiring at 22?"

Lynn and Lois Montross, whose stories of young people's trials and triumphs have brought youth to age, as no fabulous fountain of Ponce de Leon could ever do, will be present with the first gay installment of their latest romance, *Early to Bed. Early to Bed* is the story of Primrose Muffet, a child of fortune, whose adventures in romance lead her through more entrancing experiences than any bewitching heroine we have ever known.

Zane Grey will lead you further under western stars with *Arizona Ames.*

Will Durant, Sinclair Lewis, Walter Lippmann and Robert S. Lynd, in a startling article that will provoke nation-wide discussion, give their impression of *What's Right With America.* Among the dozens of questions these famous critics answer are: What ideals guide America today? Are they inferior to those of Europe? Is Main Street still Main Street? And where is the youth of America going? Their arresting observations should interest every reader who is curious about the future destiny of our country.

There will be another great installment of Ethel M. Dell's powerful novel, *The Altar of Honor;* the triumphant conclusion of *Green Timber;* and numerous other short stories and articles.

The November issue promises a month of unending joy on McCall Street, a Thanksgiving to be remembered through the years.

Would you believe that the man who wrote the *Call of the Canyon* and the *Riders of the Purple Sage* was born, not in Arizona, but in a quiet little city in Ohio, and that he saw the West for the first time when he was in his middle twenties? For Zane Grey graduated as a dentist from the University of Pennsylvania and practiced in New York City for several years before he met Colonel C. J. "Buffalo" Jones who introduced him to the wastelands he now calls home. Zane Grey would rather fish than write. He does both well, and frequently, either at his ranch or aboard a magnificent yacht in the South Seas.

Have you ever wondered who Ethel M. Dell is, how she lives, and whether she is as beautiful as one of her heroines? For, despite her fame, no picture of her has ever been published, and despite the color of her many novels, she has never been out of England. There is a veil of mystery surrounding her personality and her life that no reader has ever pierced.

Gene Markey is a popular figure on Broadway and one of the most successful scenario writers in Hollywood.

Marjorie Stoneman Douglas who, in her interview with Mrs. Edison, speaks so glowingly of Florida is herself a resident of —yes, Miami.

Vivien Bretherton of Portland, Oregon, is always a welcome visitor on McCall Street. She came our way in 1922 with her first story, *Babbie,* and has been dropping in ever since.

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By Neysa McMein

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Six-Cylinder Chevrolets on the road!

Since January first, the Chevrolet Six has enjoyed the greatest public approval ever accorded a new motor car in such a short period of time—already a million on the road! And the reasons for this overwhelming success are easy to understand—once you stop to consider the facts!

The Chevrolet Six actually sells *in the price range of the four*, yet it provides all the advantages of six-cylinder smoothness, power and acceleration. It offers the superiority in style, luxury and comfort of Bodies by Fisher—available in a variety of colors.

Its safety and handling ease are so outstanding as to make driving a continuous delight. And it operates with an economy *of better than twenty miles to the gallon!* See and drive this remarkable six which has already been the choice of over a million buyers!

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A SIX IN THE PRICE RANGE OF THE FOUR

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

for $595

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The inherent balance of six-cylinder, valve-in-head design assures, at every speed, the smooth, velvety flow of power that distinguishes the fine automobile.

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A full ball bearing steering mechanism, a remarkably easy gear-shift, and powerful, non-locking, four-wheel brakes enable you to drive the Chevrolet Six for hours without the slightest fatigue.

Every Modern Convenience

—including twin-beam, foot-controlled headlamps; adjustable driver's seat and VV windshield in all enclosed models; and a completely equipped instrument panel with electric motor temperature indicator and theft-proof Electrolock.

Value that defies comparison—reflected in amazing low prices

The Roadster	$525	The Imperial Sedan	$695
The Phaeton	$525	The Sedan Delivery	$595
The Coach	$595	Light Delivery Chassis	$400
The Coupe	$595	1½ Ton Chassis	$545
The Sport Coupe	$645	1½ Ton Chassis with Cab	$650
The Sedan	$675		

All prices f. o. b. factory, Flint, Michigan

The new PHILCO radio is singing its way into *thousands* of homes

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE who, only a few months ago, were quite proud of their radios, now are replacing them with Balanced-Unit Philcos.

Why? . . . Because the new Philco makes worthy radios of the past seem inadequate. It is several leaps ahead of any set to which you have ever listened. It is the finest radio the world has yet known, or is likely to know for a long time to come.

Dealers, with their expert knowledge of radio, quickly recognized this superiority. At the National Radio Dealers' Convention in Chicago, each manufacturer exhibited his new models; dealers *inspected* them all; dealers *listened* to them all, then *flooded* the Philco booth with orders.

Today, on a much larger scale, the events of the Chicago Radio Convention are being repeated in every city of the country.

And the reason is this: Philco's true, clear, wonderfully rich tone—even if there were not a single additional feature—would sell thousands of sets daily.

But the new Philco has *many* other features. Remarkable selectivity—and distance ability that reaches out for programs thousands of miles away.

PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT LOWBOY

NEUTRODYNE-PLUS $129.50 SCREEN GRID $119.50

Complete range of models from $67.00 to $205.00

Tubes extra. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Rocky Mountains and West

EVERY Philco model, regardless of price, uses a GENUINE Electro-Dynamic Speaker and TWO of the new extra powered 245 tubes, push-pull.

Tune in the Philco Hour every Friday night, 9:30 Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

When Jessica Dragonette, famous radio star of the Philco Hour, sings, her glorious voice goes over the air without blur or distortion. If the tone is muffled or blurred when you hear it, that is due to lack of unit balance in the receiving set. By extraordinary engineering, Philco has attained a precise electrical balance that results in reception of revolutionary clearness, richness, fullness.

"...AND THEN HE GOT A PHILCO"

Cabinets created by the two leading furniture designers in America, and built of woods both costly and handsome.

The new Philco will sell you too, when you hear it—and you can hear it at home on free demonstration. Perhaps you will duplicate the experience of hundreds of Philco owners who have often listened to Cuba, California, Mexico, Canada, and —if they're near the Pacific Coast—even Japan and Australia.

Of course location and weather conditions must be just right for distance so extraordinary as that, but even under ordinary conditions, the Philco Neutrodyne-Plus frequently brings in stations far across the continent.

Hear it today. Your nearest Philco dealer will gladly arrange easy terms, if you decide to buy.

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Makers also of the famous Philco Diamond Grid Battery for Motor Cars, Telephones, Farm Lighting, Motive Power, Auxiliary Power, etc.

ALL-ELECTRIC PHILCO BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

Leslie Fenton and Robert Ellis in "Broadway"

What's Going On in the World

The American Language Abroad

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

THE movietone seems to have succeeded the war debts as a favorite topic of conversation in all parts of Europe. In Great Britain, several hundred theaters have already been equipped with the sound apparatus and are showing American talkies. The British film industry is manfully attempting to produce dialogue pictures to compete with the importations from Hollywood but it is seriously hampered by lack of money, equipment and experience. Members of Parliament and newspaper editorial writers are protesting vehemently against the raucous American accents that are screeching forth from loud speakers all over the United Kingdom, and are predicting that the patriotic British public will never accept these uncouth noises; nevertheless, the patriotic British public is accepting them and is spurning the silent films issued by British producers. It is impossible to say just how long this situation will last, but it is my opinion that the amazing popularity of American pictures in England will not be lessened to any appreciable extent as a result of the accent problem.

On the Continent of Europe there are no more than half a dozen theaters in which talkies can be shown, although this number will be increased, particularly in Germany, in the near future. Germany has managed to develop its processes for sound reproduction and will undoubtedly make tremendous advances in mechanics and in artistry.

France, at the moment, is doing nothing. Its movie producers face the serious economic problem which the movietone has created. For French-speaking pictures can naturally be sold only to French-speaking people, and that field is too limited to make such production profitable. American talkies, on the other hand, have at their disposal the enormous territory of the United States, Canada, Great Britain, Australia and South Africa.

Germany, of course, faces the same language difficulty as does France. But Germany seems to be solving it with characteristic shrewdness and enterprise.

In Russia the talkies are, as yet, unknown; but the Soviet producers are continuing to experiment with the silent cinema and to achieve astounding results. Russia's greatest director is W. Pudowkin, who was responsible for *The End of St. Petersburg* and *Storm Over Asia* (the latter has just been brought to America). All those who despise the talkies and who pray for the return of silence on the screen are looking hopefully toward Moscow, for it is there that the moving picture is most energetically alive.

Only a few American talkies have been publicly shown in France and Germany, and these have contained more music than words. I saw the ancient Jolson picture, *The Jazz Singer,* in Paris, [*Turn to page 133*]

Photo by Soichi Sunami

Martha Graham and Charles Weidman

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

Dancing The Classics

ONLY last month this department was heard to lift its voice in lament over the fact that America seems unable to maintain a permanently organized ballet similar to Diaghilieff's famous *Ballet Russe.* Hardly was the lament in print before it was, if not wholly refuted, at least answered to a degree that was as gratifying as it was unexpected. For I had forgotten the annual ballet festival of the Neighborhood Playhouse and the Cleveland Orchestra.

The Cleveland Orchestra needs no explaining. The Neighborhood Playhouse, however, you may not know so well. It is a theater and an organization, the former being located in East Grand Street, New York; the latter being recruited, by a coincidence strange enough in Gotham, largely from the neighborhood. Both are maintained through the energy and generosity of Miss Irene Lewisohn, whose determination to found a semi-professional theater that would be of social significance in the life of New York's lower East Side seems to have triumphed over the fact that the project was, at the outset, manifestly impossible.

Ballets and pageants have always been a strong point of the Neighborhood Players; and last year Miss Lewisohn, waxing ambitious, offered an elaborate program of danced orchestral works in conjunction with the Cleveland Orchestra. Just why she went all the way to Cleveland to get the orchestra for a New York performance I have no idea; but her choice was an excellent one; for the Clevelanders, under Nikolai Sokoloff, besides furnishing admirably played accompaniments for the dancers, provided one more reminder of the fact that America's good symphony orchestras are widely distributed.

This year's performances, like those of last season, took place in the long outmoded but admirably proportioned Manhattan Opera House, that still bears witness to the operatic aspirations of Oscar Hammerstein. The festival took the better part of a week, and comprised two programs.

These programs were the bone of many a critical contention, and will doubtless continue to be gnawed at for [*Turn to page 134*]

Donn Byrne

What's Going On in the World

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOYES HART

Napoleana

OVER a hundred years ago a man on an island turned his tired eyes away from gray waters, and said, with a flash of the old arrogant smile, "What a ballad my life has been!" The most stirring ballad ever written, some of us think, and after a century, it is still being sung, over and over, to a hundred different tunes. This month I am going to ask you to listen to some of the more recent improvisations.

Napoleon is not the hero of Donn Byrne's *Field of Honor*, Phoebe Gay's *Vivandière,* Romain Rolland's *Beethoven* or Fanny Hurst's *Five and Ten;* but across the pages of each of them there rides the gray-coated figure of a little man on a white horse—and the words march to the music of his trumpets and his drums.

The Field of Honor was Donn Byrne's last novel. It holds much of the romantic magic that has endeared him to many readers; and in addition it is an historical pageant of the early part of the nineteenth century. Through its crowded pages move armies and poets and wits—we see Nelson dying and Shelley living, Lady Hester Stanhope trailing her Eastern veils and bitter heart through the monastery of Lebanon; and Goethe dreaming enviously in the garden of Weimar of the French Emperor who had drawn rein to talk with him between conquering one world and moving forward in search of another. The vignettes of all these distinguished people and of half a hundred others are vividly done; and if we sometimes lost young Garret Dillon and his lovely, rebellious Jocelyn in the crowding faces, we find them again at the end and have learned to know them well enough to wish them happiness ever after.

No one writes better of hawthorn hedges in the spring and green thickets and hurrying brown streams than Donn Byrne; in his cool gray mornings, thrushes are forever singing, and his nights are filled with nightingales. He has the gift of words; he uses bold and ugly ones boldly, and beautiful and gentle ones beautifully. When Jocelyn speaks the lutes speak with her, and behind Garrett's voice you can hear the bugles. They do not belong in the nineteenth century any more than they do in the twentieth; none of his heroes or heroines ever have. They come straight to us from old days that are younger than ours, straight from Roland's forest and Arthur's Camelot—days when every knight was brave and gentle, and every lady was gentle and brave.

It is obvious throughout that Napoleon is a hero to him, though he makes Castelreagh, white-faced and lonely, with lace at his wrists and murder in his heart, an infinitely more vivid figure. I find it a little hard to forgive the often repeated "fat man on horseback." Napoleon played that thick-set figure for a far shorter time than he did the slender, dark young Corsican after all. Look at portrait after portrait of him as First Consul—yes, and in the early days of his Empire, too, and see how, when the end came to him, the worn face with its curious, still beauty belongs once more to the slim boy . . . We are very prone to forget how young he was. First Consul at thirty—dead at fifty-two. Young enough, when they crowned him Emperor at thirty-four, to play Blind Man's Buff through the long, candle-lit twilight with his young generals and their pretty wives under the chestnut trees of Malmaison.

Dr. W. E. Garrison

VIVANDIÈRE, I think delightful—vivid, simple, and fresh as its own Julie, who moves through it lightly and bravely in her clumsy shoes, turning her child's face with its dark hair and clear brow fearlessly to us across the centuries. It is the story of the retreat from Moscow; and no one who reads it is likely to forget some of the pictures in it—of the army when it first starts out, for instance, laden with loot until the soldiers look like strolling players, glittering with gold and sumptuous with furs over their rags and filth. They go gaily by us to the long roll of drums and the faint music of guitars from the closed carriage which holds the lovely Russian fugitives, and behind them rides young Julie, on her raw-boned mule, and before them rides the man on the white horse. The story is told with much color and directness; and for all that it is genuinely touching, it is also notable for an agreeably astringent irony.

Fanny Hurst's story of a modern Napoleon—Rarick, the great little man who flings his mighty chain of five and ten cent stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and lives to groan beneath their weight before he frees himself from the shackles—is certainly intended to be less romantic than the heroes of these two tales, but, to my mind, is more so. Rarick, with his immense house, crammed with crystals and porcelains and tapestries, his beautiful wife, Jenny, his beautiful girl, Jennifer, and his brilliant son, Avery—Rarick, the strange, ugly, quiet little man with caviar and *fine champagne* on his table—with illuminated manuscripts and jeweled bindings in his shelves—with stained glass in his windows and emptiness in his heart—is surely a more deliberately romantic figure than either the young English statesman or the young French lieutenant. I suppose that this is because Miss Hurst is more than half in love with him herself; if we aren't all very careful, we are going to wind up by making the tired, tired American business [*Turn to page 72*]

Do We Need A New Religion?

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

REV. W. E. GARRISON, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

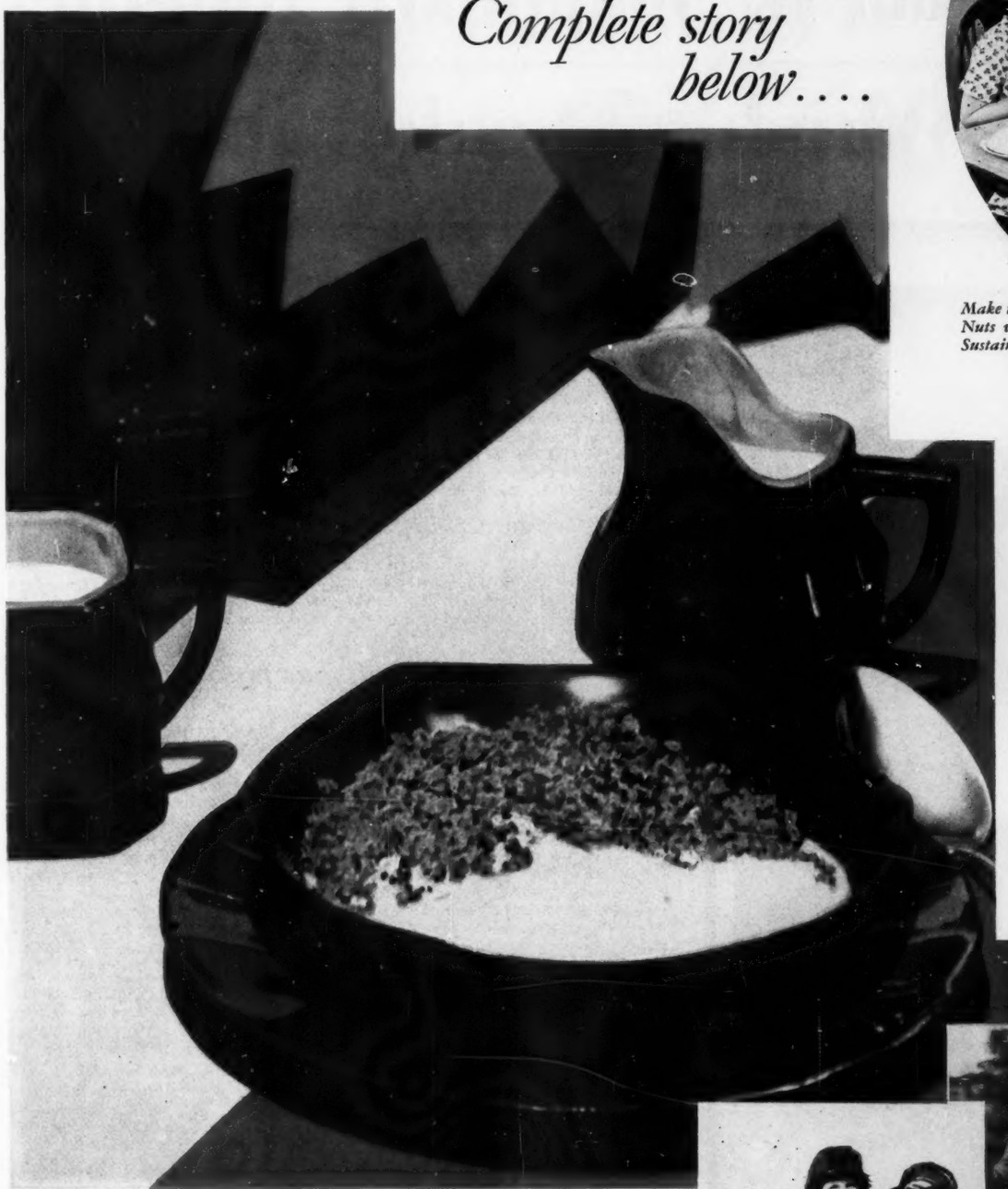
DR. GARRISON is Dean of the Divinity School of the Disciples in the University of Chicago, and literary editor of the "Christian Century." His two recent books, *Catholicism and the American Mind* and a series of essays entitled "Affirmative Religion," have been widely read for their fineness of spirit and breadth of view. Arnold Bennett has been saying that Christianity is dying, if not already dead, and that we need a new religion; and it is with such spiritual defeatism that the sermon here under review deals.

"The question, 'Do we need a new religion?'" says Dr. Garrison, "is put point-blank in [*Turn to page 134*]

Want to know why

"There's a Reason"?

Complete story below....



Here's an enticing crispness you've never met before. Here's a nut-like sweetness—a malt-sugar-tinged goodness—you'll long to meet again. Over and over again! *THAT'S* a reason

Make the small breakfast safe! Serve Grape-Nuts with whole milk or cream! Delicious! Sustaining! So easy to digest!

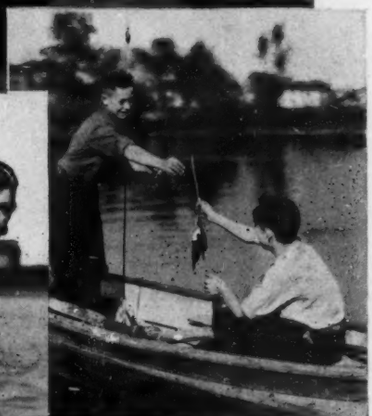
THAT'S a reason

Two golden grains—wheat and malted barley—are specially milled to make Grape-Nuts—specially milled to preserve precious, health-giving mineral elements.

THAT'S a reason

Beautiful teeth—because they work! The mushy foods of civilization, too freely used, cause dental woes. Grape-Nuts is one modern food that properly exercises teeth.

THAT'S a reason



Rarin' with energy—overflowing with happiness—growing almost visibly! Health like this comes from proper food. Grape-Nuts is packed with vital food elements.

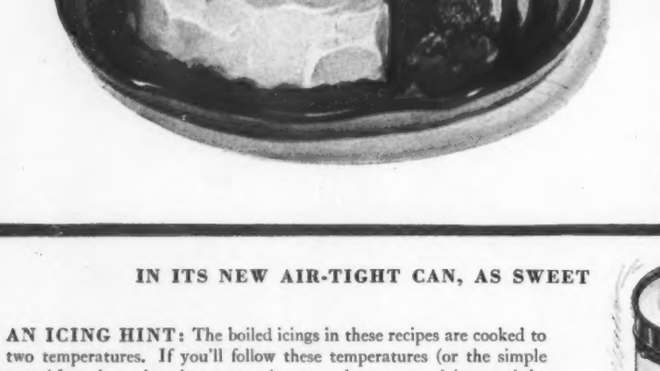
THAT'S a reason

Grape-Nuts

Buy it today for breakfast tomorrow

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Fluffy? Yes, Crisco is now *so* cream it. Simply stir together Whisk cakes into the



How else can it be so white?

A white cake that *is* a white cake is only possible when one uses a shortening like Crisco—pure, tasting for all the world like fresh, unsalted country butter . . . and *white!* Crisco blends readily and thoroughly with the other ingredients and makes a cake with an even, fine-grained texture. There are occasions when nothing but a white cake will do, and if you knew how good this recipe is I'm sure you would agree that nothing but *this* white cake would do.

SNOW-WHITE CAKE

(at left)

2 cups sugar
½ cup Crisco
3 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon lemon extract
½ teaspoon almond extract
4 teaspoons baking powder
4 egg whites, beaten stiff

Blend Crisco and sugar. (Notice how much quicker this is with Crisco than with a shortening that must be creamed! For Crisco comes to you in the can already creamed and ready for use.) Add milk and flavoring. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Pour into 3 Criscoed 10-inch layer cake pans. Bake 20 minutes in moderate (375° F.) oven.

When cool put together with filling made as follows: Beat yolks of the 4 eggs light. Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour together and blend with beaten egg yolks. To this mixture add ¼ cup cold water and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick and add 2 tablespoons Crisco just before taking off the fire.

Try this on your husband

There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But a cake like this flavored with coffee and put together with Crisco, whose own pure flavor allows the taste of the coffee to predominate, is truly a "man's cake."

A MAN'S CAKE

(at left)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
2 eggs (separated)
2¼ cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup cold strong coffee
¾ cup walnuts (cut up)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend thoroughly in one operation—Crisco, sugar and egg yolks. (See how much simpler this is than the old-fashioned method of creaming a shortening like butter.) Then add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and the coffee. Stir in nuts and flavoring and lastly fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into Criscoed tube pan and bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for one hour. Cool and ice with:

1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup granulated sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt cooked with ½ cup strong coffee until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ½ of syrup slowly over 2 egg whites beaten stiff and beat as you pour. Cook remainder of syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.) and add to icing. Beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

This is so good it needs no icing

"In the autumn on our grandmother's farm a flock of us children used to traipse through the woods gathering hickory nuts—shell-barks—large and filled with luscious nut meats," writes the woman who sends me this recipe. "Grandmother made up a cake batter, filled it with the nuts, and we'd eat it right out of the oven, hot, without any frosting. And we called the cake 'Shell-bark Cake'."

If you can't find hickory nuts in the market, use English walnuts. Crisco is the shortening I'd advise. It's wholesome, pure flavored and so easy blending that you can put eggs, Crisco and sugar together and mix them thoroughly in one operation.

SHELL-BARK CAKE

½ cup Crisco
1 cup sugar
1 cup chopped hickory nuts (or walnuts)
4 tablespoons milk
3 eggs
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1¾ cups flour

Put Crisco, sugar and eggs into bowl and blend thoroughly. Add nuts and milk. Fold in dry ingredients sifted together. Beat vigorously. Bake in Criscoed loaf cake tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 50 minutes.

IN ITS NEW AIR-TIGHT CAN, AS SWEET

AND FRESH AS THE DAY IT WAS MADE

AN ICING HINT: The boiled icings in these recipes are cooked to two temperatures. If you'll follow these temperatures (or the simple tests, if you haven't a thermometer) you can be sure your icing won't be too sugary or too runn . If, in spite of these precautions, your icing doesn't thicken (sometimes on rainy days it's pretty stubborn) put the icing bowl in a pan of hot water and continue beating until the icing *is* thick enough to spread.

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ADD SALT TO CRISCO: Use Crisco in place of butter in your own favorite recipes but add salt (1 teaspoon to each cup of Crisco.) Crisco contains no salt itself—it is for all the world like *unsalted* butter.

SIFT FLOUR TWICE: Sift your flour once *before* measuring and again with the dry ingredients. And be sure you use level measurements.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

fluffy you don't need to Crisco sugar eggs oven in ⅓ less time

Perhaps Ramses II ate some of these

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." Gorgeously sweet and filled with spices were these Egyptian cakes. Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting around for the spiciest spices, the sweetest honey and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can, a fresher, sweeter flavor than you ever imagined a shortening could have!

YUM YUM GEMS
(at right)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup raisins
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
½ cup walnut meats (chopped)

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. Add sour milk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 18 cakes. Crisco keeps them so moist and tender that they may be baked several weeks before a holiday, and kept until time to serve. They may be iced at the time of baking or later with this caramel icing:

Boil 1½ cups brown sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ½ of this syrup over the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs beating while so doing. Put the remainder of the syrup back on the fire and cook till it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.). Add this syrup slowly to original mixture and beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

A cake that goes to church

No church supper in a certain little Indiana town is complete without one of Mrs. B's black devil's-food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

BLACK DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE
(at right)

⅔ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅔ cup cocoa
2 cups flour
1 cup thick sour milk
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 teaspoon salt

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and satisfactorily *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined in *one* with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed.) Beat cocoa in hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Then add milk beaten with soda and flavoring and lastly stir in flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Bake in Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) for about 25 minutes. This makes three large layers which may be iced with the following icing: Cook 1¾ cups granulated sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a baker who uses Crisco, too. Most good bakers *do* use Crisco, I've discovered. And I've found, also, that when a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he is apt to use the finest of other ingredients, as well.

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

FREE! Miss Splint's Selected Recipes

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept.XM-109), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me free cook book "Miss Splint's Selected Recipes."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca!" says Felipa, beaming

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR SIRS: When we moved to the southwestern border, the one blot in my delight—was washday!

For my Felipa persisted in using the most primitive washing methods. Mexican laundresses make two piles of brick or stones in the yard, build a fire between . . . on top perches the boiler! Smoke is sure to curl gaily over the edge and into the clothes.

Also, if not watched, Felipa put everything with a trace of white into that boiler! Once I rescued a delicate print frock of my small daughter's. All this, coupled with Felipa's positive aversion to more than one rinsing, resulted in clothes that smelled smoky and did not look clean.

Then I read an advertisement which told me that clothes washed with P AND G do not need to be boiled every week!

So next washday, armed with a cake of P AND G, I marshaled my Felipa . . . and with my scant Spanish and many eloquent gestures, I persuaded her to adopt a new method.

She now washes the white clothes in warm water with P AND G, wrings them into another tub, and pours hot water over them. There they stand, while she puts the colored clothes through P AND G suds and hangs them in the shade. Then she comes back to the white clothes, rinses them twice, blues them and hangs them in the sun!

After a couple of these new washdays, the patient Felipa said with a beaming smile that P AND G was magic and that the clothes were "Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca"! This means *whiter, cleaner, and fresher!* And I know they last longer than when they were having the very life cooked out of them in a regular witches' cauldron.

Sincerely yours, (Mrs.) M. C. T., Arizona

No steamy boiling, less rubbing, whiter clothes—whether the water is soft or hard, cold or warm! No wonder P AND G is used by more women than *any other soap in the world!*

This unequaled popularity means that P AND G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, the large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less because it is popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry *methods,* in free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NM-109, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Hold a smooth white cake of P AND G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P AND G is! And so *white.* Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women turn to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.

The largest-selling soap in the world

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

OCTOBER McCALL'S 1929

Drawing by F. Sands Brunner

CARRY ON!

Especially delegated by McCall's Magazine to attend the recent conference of the International Council of Women, Lady Astor in this stirring message points a way to peace

By Lady Astor, M. P.

THERE is a general election going on in England, at which all the women of the country are voting for the first time. Some foolish people are, or pretend to be, alarmed at the prospect, and declare that it means the downfall of the British Empire. They point to the fact that there are about a million and a third more women than men in the country, and call this election the "beginning of the end." But really they need not be frightened. Women voters have not brought about the destruction of the United States; and the only things to which they are really dangerous are the forces of reaction with their vicious interests.

I have been in the British House of Commons for ten years—nearly the whole time that there has been any kind of women's suffrage in England—and I have been able to see, with my own eyes, what has been the consequence of the entry of women into politics. And what I have seen is that in ten years more laws to protect the homes and the children of the country have been passed than in a hundred years before; more political attention has been given to social questions; and things like housing, health, pensions and education have come to the forefront. This is perfectly natural, of course; it is just what any reasonable person would expect; and it has been the same in every country where women have been given the vote.

Recently there was held in London a meeting of the International Council of Women, and the proceedings of that conference brought out this point very clearly. The delegates were all women who are prominent in their own countries—women who hold public positions, or are experts on some subject of public interest—and they were all comparing notes about the laws and conditions in their own lands and advising each other as to what they had found suc[illegible] what difficult in their own lines of work.

They discussed, of course, all sorts of thing[illegible] migration to the cinema; for the objects of th[illegible] Councils are very wide, and include all for [illegible] betterment; but the one subject they al[illegible] about, whatever country they came from, and whatever their special task in life, was *peace*. Everything ran off in that direction, however it started. When they discussed education, for example, it was with a view to seeing how history and patriotism could be taught without arousing hatred for foreign nations. They reported on their schemes for the exchange of teachers and scholars between one country and another, a plan which is now working, not only between England and America, but between a great many neighboring European countries; they told of the success of international camps of Scouts and Guides and of efforts to secure translations of international documents, to place them in libraries all over the world.

On all sides the delegates bore witness to the growing spi[illegible] exists in the world, especially [illegible] it was clear that they were [illegible] uence of the National Councils [illegible] increase it.

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Donn Byrne

What's Going On in the World

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOYES HART

Napoleana

OVER a hundred years ago a man on an island turned his tired eyes away from gray waters, and said, with a flash of the old arrogant smile, "What a ballad my life has been!" The most stirring ballad ever written, some of us think, and after a century, it is still being sung, over and over, to a hundred different tunes. This month I am going to ask you to listen to some of the more recent improvisations.

Napoleon is not the hero of Donn Byrne's *Field of Honor*, Phoebe Gay's *Vivandière*, Romain Rolland's *Beethoven* or Fanny Hurst's *Five and Ten;* but across the pages of each of them there rides the gray-coated figure of a little man on a white horse—and the words march to the music of his trumpets and his drums.

The Field of Honor was Donn Byrne's last novel. It holds much of the romantic magic that has endeared him to many readers; and in addition it is an historical pageant of the early part of the nineteenth century. Through its crowded pages move armies and poets and wits—we see Nelson dying and Shelley living, Lady Hester Stanhope trailing her Eastern veils and bitter heart through the monastery of Lebanon; and Goethe dreaming enviously in the garden of Weimar of the French Emperor who had drawn rein to talk with him between conquering one world and moving forward in search of another. The vignettes of all these distinguished people and of half a hundred others are vividly done; and if we sometimes lost young Garret Dillon and his lovely, rebellious Jocelyn in the crowding faces, we find them again at the end and have learned to know them well enough to wish them happiness ever after.

No one writes better of hawthorn hedges in the spring and green thickets and hurrying brown streams than Donn Byrne; in his cool gray mornings, thrushes are forever singing, and his nights are filled with nightingales. He has the gift of words; he uses bold and ugly ones boldly, and beautiful and gentle ones beautifully. When Jocelyn speaks the lutes speak with her, and behind Garrett's voice you can hear the bugles. They do not belong in the nineteenth century any more than they do in the twentieth; none of his heroes or heroines ever have. They come straight to us from old days that are younger than ours, straight from Roland's forest and Arthur's Camelot—days when every knight was brave and gentle, and every lady was gentle and brave.

It is obvious throughout that Napoleon is a hero to him, though he makes Castelreagh, white-faced and lonely, with lace at his wrists and murder in his heart, an infinitely more vivid figure. I find it a little hard to forgive the often repeated "fat man on horseback." Napoleon played that thick-set figure for a far shorter time than he did the slender, dark young Corsican after all. Look at portrait after portrait of him as First Consul—yes, and in the early days of his Empire, too, and see how, when the end came to him, the worn face with its curious, still beauty belongs once more to the slim boy . . . We are very prone to forget how young he was. First Consul at thirty—dead at fifty-two. Young enough, when they crowned him Emperor at thirty-four, to play Blind Man's Buff through the long, candle-lit twilight with his young generals and their pretty wives under the chestnut trees of Malmaison.

Dr. W. E. Garrison

VIVANDIÈRE, I think delightful—vivid, simple, and fresh as its own Julie, who moves through it lightly and bravely in her clumsy shoes, turning her child's face with its dark hair and clear brow fearlessly to us across the centuries. It is the story of the retreat from Moscow; and no one who reads it is likely to forget some of the pictures in it—of the army when it first starts out, for instance, laden with loot until the soldiers look like strolling players, glittering with gold and sumptuous with furs over their rags and filth. They go gaily by us to the long roll of drums and the faint music of guitars from the closed carriage which holds the lovely Russian fugitives, and behind them rides young Julie, on her raw-boned mule, and before them rides the man on the white horse. The story is told with much color and directness; and for all that it is genuinely touching, it is also notable for an agreeably astringent irony.

Fanny Hurst's story of a modern Napoleon—Rarick, the great little man who flings his mighty chain of five and ten cent stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and lives to groan beneath their weight before he frees himself from the shackles—is certainly intended to be less romantic than the heroes of these two tales, but, to my mind, is more so. Rarick, with his immense house, crammed with crystals and porcelains and tapestries, his beautiful wife, Jenny, his beautiful girl, Jennifer, and his brilliant son, Avery—Rarick, the strange, ugly, quiet little man with caviar and *fine champagne* on his table—with illuminated manuscripts and jeweled bindings in his shelves—with stained glass in his windows and emptiness in his heart—is surely a more deliberately romantic figure than either the young English statesman or the young French lieutenant. I suppose that this is because Miss Hurst is more than half in love with him herself; if we aren't all very careful, we are going to wind up by making the tired, tired American business [*Turn to page 72*]

Do We Need A New Religion?

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

REV. W. E. GARRISON, D. D.

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

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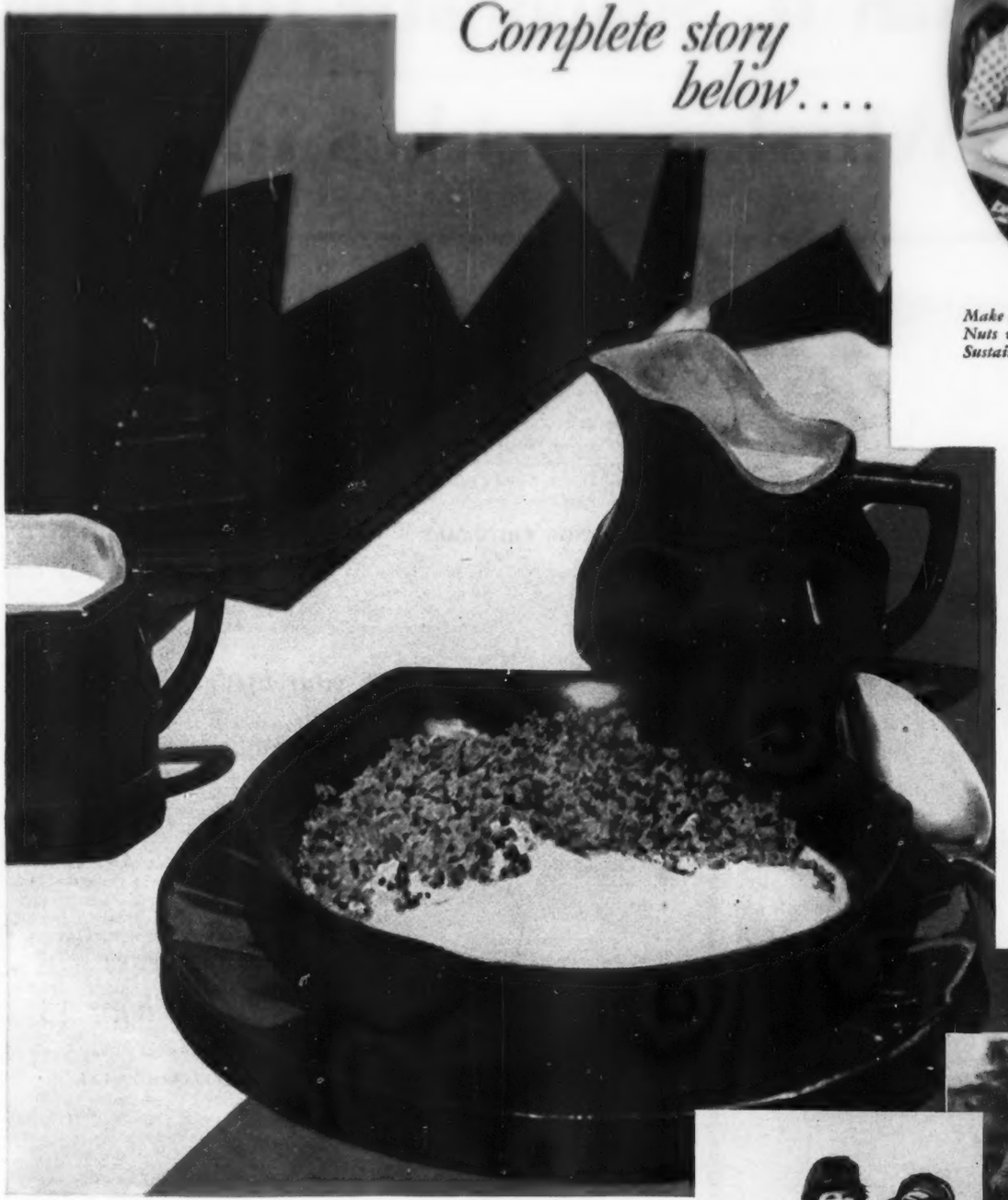

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(at left)

2 cups sugar
1 cup milk
4 egg whites, beaten stiff
½ cup Crisco
½ teaspoon lemon extract
3 cups pastry flour
½ teaspoon almond extract
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder

Blend Crisco and sugar. (Notice how much quicker this is with Crisco than with a shortening that must be creamed! For Crisco comes to you in the can already creamed and ready for use.) Add milk and flavoring. Add dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Fold in egg whites which have been beaten stiff. Pour into 3 Criscoed 10-inch layer cake pans. Bake 20 minutes in moderate (375° F.) oven.

When cool put together with filling made as follows: Beat yolks of the 4 eggs light. Mix 1 cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons flour together and blend with beaten egg yolks. To this mixture add ¼ cup cold water and juice and rind of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler till thick and add 2 tablespoons Crisco just before taking off the fire.

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There's at least one man in every family who thinks it isn't masculine to like sweets. But a cake like this flavored with coffee and put together with Crisco, whose own pure flavor allows the taste of the coffee to predominate, is truly a "man's cake."

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2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs (separated)
1 cup cold strong coffee
2¼ cups flour
¾ cup walnuts (cut up)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend thoroughly in one operation—Crisco, sugar and egg yolks. (See how much simpler this is than the old-fashioned method of creaming a shortening like butter.) Then add alternately the sifted dry ingredients and the coffee. Stir in nuts and flavoring and lastly fold in the egg whites beaten stiff. Turn into Criscoed tube pan and bake in moderate (350° F.) oven for one hour. Cool and ice with:

1 cup brown sugar, ½ cup granulated sugar, ½ teaspoon salt cooked with ½ cup strong coffee until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ½ of syrup slowly over 2 egg whites beaten stiff and beat as you pour. Cook remainder of syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.) and add to icing. Beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

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SHELL-BARK CAKE

½ cup Crisco
4 tablespoons milk
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1¾ cups flour
1 cup chopped hickory nuts (or walnuts)
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt

Put Crisco, sugar and eggs into bowl and blend thoroughly. Add nuts and milk. Fold in dry ingredients sifted together. Beat vigorously. Bake in Criscoed loaf cake tin in moderate oven (350° F.) for 50 minutes.

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fluffy you don't need to Crisco sugar eggs oven in ⅓ less time

Perhaps Ramses II ate some of these

"The charming art of cake baking probably originated with the Egyptians," says an old cook book called "The Pantropheon or The History of Food." Gorgeously sweet and filled with spices were these Egyptian cakes. Can't you imagine an old Egyptian cook puzzling out the hieroglyphs which meant Yum Yum Gems? And then hunting around for the spiciest spices, the sweetest honey and a delicate shortening? No hunting around for a delicate shortening now—for your corner grocer has Crisco with its fresh, sweet flavor, sealed in an air-tight can, a fresher, sweeter flavor than you ever imagined a shortening could have!

YUM YUM GEMS

(at right)

½ cup Crisco
1 cup brown sugar
1 egg
1 cup sour milk
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cloves
1 cup raisins
2 cups flour
½ cup walnut meats (chopped)
1 teaspoon soda

Blend Crisco, sugar and egg at one time. Add sour milk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients and add raisins and nuts. Pour into Criscoed cup cake tins or paper baking cups and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for 15 or 20 minutes, or until done. This recipe makes about 18 cakes. Crisco keeps them so moist and tender that they may be baked several weeks before a holiday, and kept until time to serve. They may be iced at the time of baking or later with this caramel icing:

Boil 1½ cups brown sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water until it spins a thread (232° F.). Pour ½ of this syrup over the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs beating while so doing. Put the remainder of the syrup back on the fire and cook till it forms a soft ball in cold water (238° F.). Add this syrup slowly to original mixture and beat until it's of the consistency to spread.

A cake that goes to church

No church supper in a certain little Indiana town is complete without one of Mrs. B's black devil's-food cakes. And when the appetizing odor is wafted out of her kitchen the children all gather 'round to learn if it's a cake for them, or only a cake for the church grown-ups.

In all her cakes Mrs. B., of course, uses Crisco—a shortening that tastes as pure and sweet as unsalted butter fresh from the churn. She says: "Crisco keeps my cakes moist and fresh as long as I can keep the children away from the cake-box."

BLACK DEVIL'S-FOOD CAKE

(at right)

⅔ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
3 eggs
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup thick sour milk
½ teaspoon soda
⅔ cup cocoa
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Blend Crisco, sugar and eggs thoroughly in one operation. (Note how easily and satisfactorily *three* separate, difficult operations are now combined in *one* with the help of Crisco, which comes to you already creamed.) Beat cocoa in hot water until smooth and add to first mixture. Then add milk beaten with soda and flavoring and lastly stir in flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together. Bake in Criscoed 8-inch layer cake pans in moderate oven (375° F.) for about 25 minutes. This makes three large layers which may be iced with the following icing: Cook 1¾ cups granulated sugar and ⅓ teaspoon salt with ½ cup water to a temperature of 238° F. or until syrup forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour slowly over 3 egg whites beaten stiff, beating mixture as you do so. While icing is still hot, fold in 12 marshmallows which have been cut in pieces. Beat until of a consistency to spread.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL. Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by The Procter & Gamble Co.

When you haven't time to bake cakes yourself, you'll probably find, at a nearby bake-shop or grocery, delicious cakes made by a baker who uses Crisco, too. Most good bakers *do* use Crisco, I've discovered. And I've found, also, that when a baker is so particular in the choice of his shortening, he is apt to use the finest of other ingredients, as well.

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FREE! Miss Splint's Selected Recipes

199 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor of McCall's Magazine. Every recipe makes a perfectly delicious dish, practical for use in the average home. Many of the recipes are quite unusual—but the ingredients themselves are those you already have on your pantry shelf, or can procure easily. Free—simply fill in and mail the coupon at right.

Winifred S. Carter (Dept.XM-109), P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.
Please send me free cook book "Miss Splint's Selected Recipes."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

"Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca!" says Felipa, beaming

ANOTHER ACTUAL LETTER FROM A P AND G HOME

DEAR SIRS: When we moved to the southwestern border, the one blot in my delight—was washday!

For my Felipa persisted in using the most primitive washing methods. Mexican laundresses make two piles of brick or stones in the yard, build a fire between . . . on top perches the boiler! Smoke is sure to curl gaily over the edge and into the clothes.

Also, if not watched, Felipa put everything with a trace of white into that boiler! Once I rescued a delicate print frock of my small daughter's. All this, coupled with Felipa's positive aversion to more than one rinsing, resulted in clothes that smelled smoky and did not look clean.

Then I read an advertisement which told me that clothes washed with P AND G do not need to be boiled every week!

So next washday, armed with a cake of P AND G, I marshaled my Felipa . . . and with my scant Spanish and many eloquent gestures, I persuaded her to adopt a new method.

She now washes the white clothes in warm water with P AND G, wrings them into another tub, and pours hot water over them. There they stand, while she puts the colored clothes through P AND G suds and hangs them in the shade. Then she comes back to the white clothes, rinses them twice, blues them and hangs them in the sun!

After a couple of these new washdays, the patient Felipa said with a beaming smile that P AND G was magic and that the clothes were "Más blanca, más limpia y más fresca"! This means *whiter, cleaner, and fresher!* And I know they last longer than when they were having the very life cooked out of them in a regular witches' cauldron.

Sincerely yours, (Mrs.) M. C. T., Arizona

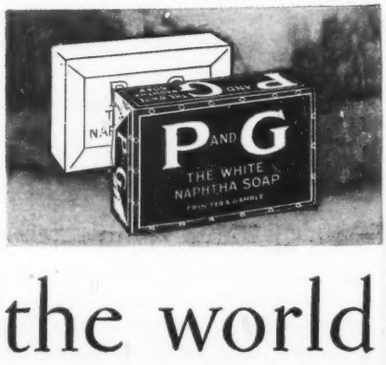
No steamy boiling, less rubbing, whiter clothes—whether the water is soft or hard, cold or warm! No wonder P AND G is used by more women than *any other soap in the world!*

This unequaled popularity means that P AND G is made in enormous quantities. And since large-scale manufacturing costs less in proportion than small-scale manufacturing, the large cake of P AND G can be sold to you for less, ounce for ounce, even than ordinary soaps.

So P AND G costs less because it is popular. And it is so popular because it *really is a better soap.*

FREE!—"How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these and newest laundry *methods,* in free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours.* Send a post card to Winifred S. Carter, Dept. NM-109, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Hold a smooth white cake of P AND G Naphtha. Compare it with any other laundry soap. See how firm and clean-scented P AND G is! And so *white.* Doesn't it seem *nicer* to use a *white* soap for clothes and dishes? Every year more women turn to *white* soaps, and most of them are using P AND G.



The largest-selling soap in the world

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OCTOBER McCALL'S 1929

Drawing
by
F. Sands Brunner

CARRY ON!

Especially delegated by McCall's Magazine to attend the recent conference of the International Council of Women, Lady Astor in this stirring message points a way to peace

By Lady Astor, M. P.

THERE is a general election going on in England, at which all the women of the country are voting for the first time. Some foolish people are, or pretend to be, alarmed at the prospect, and declare that it means the downfall of the British Empire. They point to the fact that there are about a million and a third more women than men in the country, and call this election the "beginning of the end." But really they need not be frightened. Women voters have not brought about the destruction of the United States; and the only things to which they are really dangerous are the forces of reaction with their vicious interests.

I have been in the British House of Commons for ten years—nearly the whole time that there has been any kind of women's suffrage in England—and I have been able to see, with my own eyes, what has been the consequence of the entry of women into politics. And what I have seen is that in ten years more laws to protect the homes and the children of the country have been passed than in a hundred years before; more political attention has been given to social questions; and things like housing, health, pensions and education have come to the forefront. This is perfectly natural, of course; it is just what any reasonable person would expect; and it has been the same in every country where women have been given the vote.

Recently there was held in London a meeting of the International Council of Women, and the proceedings of that conference brought out this point very clearly. The delegates were all women who are prominent in their own countries—women who hold public positions, or are experts on some subject of public interest—and they were all comparing notes about the laws and conditions in their own lands and advising each other as to what they had found successful and what difficult in their own lines of work.

They discussed, of course, all sorts of things, from migration to the cinema; for the objects of the National Councils are very wide, and include all forms of social betterment; but the one subject they all cared most about, whatever country they came from, and whatever their special task in life, was *peace*. Everything ran off in that direction, however it started. When they discussed education, for example, it was with a view to seeing how history and patriotism could be taught without arousing hatred for foreign nations. They reported on their schemes for the exchange of teachers and scholars between one country and another, a plan which is now working, not only between England and America, but between a great many neighboring European countries; they told of the success of international camps of Scouts and Guides and of efforts to secure translations of international documents, to place them in libraries all over the world.

On all sides the delegates bore witness to the growing spirit of peace which exists in the world, especially among young people, and it was clear that they were using the power and influence of the National Councils of Women to further and increase it.

Since the World War everything has changed in international relations; and since the Kellogg Pact has been signed and ratified we can [*Turn to page 72*]

"I'll always care—and wait; but the waiting will steal something from us that we'll never get back again"

Jonquil

"I won't let life make you old and empty feeling"

If you have wondered whether human hearts beat on Broadway read this story of a double triumph

By Vivien R. Bretherton

Illustrated by PRUETT CARTER

THE lights dimmed, then blazed up again as the applause poured up like an avalanche. Out once more before the curtain she came, and those in front—the old ones who were snatching back youth through her youth, the tired ones who were forgetting weariness in the spell of her eagerness, the jaded ones who were tasting again the exhilaration of beauty, the drab ones and the disillusioned ones who were seeing in her bright loveliness the thing life had never given them, paid allegiance to her enchanting, careless, tawny head, to her slim, arresting youth, to the magic she wove for them with her dancing body and her silver feet.

And this girl, this slim, gay, harlequinade of a girl, who danced into people's hearts? She flung out her hands as if thanking those who applauded her for the sight of something as young as springtime, and she cried, "I could dance all night to you!" But even as the words fell from her lips, her heart was crying, "I've done it! I've reached the top! And I don't have to go a step farther! She promised, she promised, and she's never broken her word to me yet!"

She took a pirouette on her toes. She ducked her jonquil head—this girl they called Jonquil because of her goldenness. Then she turned and ran for the very last time, she told herself gleefully, back to the little dressing room with her name printed on its door. With the blindness of young eyes that have looked into other eyes as young and found romance there, she didn't see the glamor that followed her, even behind the scenery. She only thought, "I've played fair. I've done it for her. I've loved doing for her. But it's Ronny's and my turn now!"

She opened the door—

MOLLY REILLY, who had never had anything in life but poverty and drabness and hard work that made her, even at twenty-four, look like an old woman, knelt by a shabby cot and watched her baby. The clock on the table said five-thirty—daybreak, and time for her to be scurrying away to her scrub work in a big office building. But still she lingered. The tiny head on the pillow looked so helpless, so frail. Molly had this same moment of panic every morning and evening when she had to go away and leave her baby to the haphazard attention of a careless landlady. If only Tim hadn't died!

"Mother's precious," she crooned. "Mother's blessed. But 'twill not be like this always. You will have pretty things, happy things." She kissed the tiny, crumpled fingers. "These will never be rough and red and tired!" She kissed the pink, dimpled toes. "These, if you'll only be waiting, mother will work so hard for you!"

The baby stirred and Molly's Irish eyes darkened. What if baby woke before Mrs. Johnson came to take her down to the dark little basement room? What if baby fell?

Molly caught her baby up, blanket and all, and carried her to a sofa by the one window. The first streak of morning sunlight crept over the sill, turning the downy head to a fluff of gold. Molly took chairs and pillows and made a barricade.

"There now, mother will fix you here in the window. Like a wee flower. Like a small yellow jonquil. Jonquil! Mother's golden Jonquil!" And it was thus that Jonquil got her name.

As the months slipped by the barricade of pillows and chairs gave way to a little pen. Molly grew thinner, tireder, but those few snatched moments night and morning were always the same.

"Life won't be like this for you, baby! Life will be beautiful and gay and happy. I won't let life make you old and empty feeling. I won't!"

Poor, beauty-starved little Molly. Her ideas of paradise were reaped from the movies, her dreams of glamor were hoarded up from a few snatched glimpses into the unreal, glittering life of the stage. Once, when Molly had been slim and young and lovely, if anybody had cared to notice it, she had scrubbed for a few winter months in a theater. Mop and scrubbing brush in hand, she had garnered all too brief glimpses of pretty, laughing, slim legged and glamorous girls. And because she, too, had a lark caught in her throat, though nobody ever guessed it, she had dreamed a few furtive dreams of being like one of them. Then life had reached out and dragged her down into poverty and struggle once more, and the years came to take their toll of her fresh youth. She had never dreamed again; never, that is, until the day her tiny, golden-haired baby was put into her arms in a charity ward.

The dreams grew, kept pace with Jonquil's growing. And even Molly's prejudiced eyes knew that Jonquil wasn't like other tenement babies. So pink and white and golden was she! So arresting, with her tumble of tawny curls and her unexplainable, shadowy dark eyes. People turned and looked at Jonquil when Molly carried her in the park, which pleased and terrified Molly. Once a big car stopped and a petulant woman turned to watch Jonquil, toddling along a gravel path. Molly snatched her up—rich women sometimes wanted to adopt beautiful babies—and if anybody found out how often she had to go away and leave her baby in a tiny room alone, they might take Jonquil away from her! She held Jonquil jealously close until the big car passed on again; but as she stared after it Molly whispered, "'Tis you will be riding in a car like that some day, baby dear. Mother will manage."

JONQUIL'S first pair of little slippers were satin and pink—slippers that a fairy baby might have worn. Molly, who should have spent the price of them on nourishing food for herself, carried them home in her thin, tired hands and in her eyes was the light of glory.

She thrust them into her baby's fluttering hands, whispering, "It's slippers like these Mother will buy for you, baby; and when you are big you'll wear silver and gold ones!" Whereupon Jonquil, with great enthusiasm, tried to eat them. But when they were safely tucked upon her fat little feet she eyed them with a crow of delight. It was evident that Jonquil, even at sixteen months, liked the idea of frivolous pink satin slippers.

The first word that Jonquil uttered was "pitty" and she meant her mother. But the first sentence that Molly taught her was, "Jon'kil gonna be pitty lady," and even Jonquil knew that meant herself and not her mother. She loved her mother passionately—[*Turn to page 75*]

Out of the West a knight comes riding, a Galahad of the purple sage who colors this newest and most powerful of Zane Grey's romances

"My sister Nesta is marryin' Sam heah next

ARIZONA AMES

IT WAS November in the Tonto Basin.

From Mescal Ridge the jagged white teeth of the ranges pierced the blue sky on three horizons; to the west the wild, ragged Mazatzals; to the south the lofty, symmetrical Four Peaks; and far away to the east the dim, blue-white Sierra Ancas. Behind and above Mescal Ridge towered the black-fringed, snow-belted rim of the Mogallan Mesa, blocking the whole north with its three hundred miles of bold promontories and purple canyons.

Mescal Ridge was high and long and winding and rough, yet its crest curved gracefully, open and bare, covered by many acres of silver grass, where flourished abundantly the short, spiked, pale green clusters of cactus—mescal, which gave the ridge its name. Mescal, both in its deadly thorns and the liquor distilled from its heart, typified the hard and acrid nature of the Tonto.

Old Cappy Tanner, trapper, had driven his seven burros in from the south this year; and this time he was later than on any other of the many autumns he had returned to the Tonto. His last two trapping seasons had been prosperous ones, which accounted partly for his late arrival.

He had tarried in Prescott and Maricopa to buy presents for his good friends, the Ames family. For Tanner, that had been a labor of love; but nevertheless for a lone man it was a most perplexing one.

Three miles west of Tonto Creek the trail of Mescal Ridge left the road. Cappy sat down against a huge pine to rest and to eat a little bread and meat. The sun shone hot and the shade was pleasant. His burros began to graze on the long grass. It occurred to him that he had rested often on the six weeks' walk north. He seemed to realize he was a little slower than last year. Having finished his lunch and rested, Tanner resumed his journey, growing more at ease as he

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

week an' we want to get some pointers''

By Zane Grey

drew farther from the road, deeper into the forest. When he began to catch glimpses of deer and flocks of wild turkeys and to see where bears had broken the branches of the junipers to feed off the berries, he knew he was getting near home.

The old trapper showed the same eagerness that animated his burros, and strode swiftly down the remaining zigzag stretches of the trail, out across the sandy, oak-shaded flat to the creek. The water was low and sycamore leaves floated with the swift current. Beyond the ford the trail led along the bank which sloped up to the flat and around to the three spruce trees and the moss-greened cabin. Dogs heralded Tanner's arrival, not by any means in a welcoming manner; but upon recognizing the trapper they quieted down, and the big red leader condescended to wag his tail. Then shrill girlish shrieks attested further to Tanner's arrival. Two young girls came tearing out, their bright hair flying.

"Oh, Uncle Cappy!" they screamed in unison, and made for him, wild with the delight of lonesome souls at the advent of a beloved friend, for the old man was a great favorite with the Ames.

"Wal! Wal! Mescal an' Manzanita! I shore am glad to see you. How you have growed!"

"It's been so, so long," panted the one he took for Mescal, as she clung to him.

"We—we was afraid you wasn't never comin'," added Manzanita.

The twins were six years old, if Cappy's memory served him well. It had been one of his proud boasts that he could distinguish which was Mescal and which was Manzanita, but he did not dare risk it yet. How the warmth of their flashing blue eyes thrilled him, and the rose bloom in the brown cheeks and the parted red lips!

"Wal, now, girls, you knowed I'd come back," replied Tanner reprovingly.

"Mother always said you would," replied one of the twins.

"An' Rich—he'd always laugh an' tell as you couldn't stay away from Mescal Ridge," added the other.

"Rich is shore right. Wal, how are you all?"

"Mother is well. We're all fine. But Nesta is away visitin'. She'll be back today, an' won't she be glad? Rich is out huntin' with Sam."

"Sam who?" queried Cappy, remembering that Rich seldom hunted with anyone.

"Sam Playford. He's been here since last spring. Homesteaded up the creek near Doubtful. Rich is with him a lot. We all like him fine, Uncle Cappy. He's terrible sweet on Nesta."

"Ahuh! Small wonder. An' is Nesta sweet on him?"

"Mother says she is an' Rich says she isn't," laughed Mescal.

"Hump! What does Nesta say?" asked Cappy, conscious of misgivings.

"Nesta! You know her! She tosses her head," replied Manzanita.

"But she did like Sam," protested Mescal seriously. "We saw her let Sam kiss her."

"That was ages ago, Manzi." When she spoke this name, Cappy realized he had taken Mescal for Manzanita. "Lew Tate is runnin' her hard now, Uncle."

"No! Lew Tate?" returned the old trapper.

YES. It was a secret," said Mescal, most seriously. "But Rich found Nesta out an' say, didn't he lay into her! It didn't do no good. Nesta is as crazy as a young hen-turkey, so Mother says."

"Wal, wal, this is news," rejoined Tanner thoughtfully, as he kept looking toward the cabin. At this juncture the mother of the girls appeared on the cabin porch wiping flour from her strong brown arms. She was under forty and still handsome, fair-haired, tall and strong, a pioneer woman whom the recent Tonto war had made a widow.

"If it ain't Uncle Cappy!" she ejaculated warmly, coming out to meet this visitor who had been away so long. "I wondered what all the twins was yelling at. Then I seen the burros. Old timer, you're welcome as May."

"Thanks, an' you're shore lookin' fine, Mrs. Ames," replied Cappy, shaking her hand. "I'm awful glad to get back to Mescal Ridge. It's about the only home I ever had, of late years, anyhow. Wal, I reckon I'd better move along. I've fetched some things for you all. I'll drop them off here, then go on to my cabin an' soon as I unpack I'll come back."

"An' have supper. Rich will be back an' mebbe Nesta."

"You bet I'll have supper," returned Cappy. Then he loosened a pack from one of the burros and carrying it to the porch he deposited it there, while the twins, radiantly expectant, hung mutely on his movements.

At the end of the clearing the level narrowed to a strip of land high above the creek and the trail led under huge pines and cone-shaped spruces and birches to a shady, leaf-strewn opening in the rocky bluffs. This was a gateway to a high-walled canyon, into which the sun shone only part of the day. It opened out above the break in the bluff into a miniature valley, isolated and lonely, rich in evergreens, and shadowed by stained cliffs and mossy ledges. Cappy arrived at his little log cabin with a sense of profound gratitude.

Throwing packs, he strapped bells on the burros, and giving them a slap he called cheerily: "Get out an' rustle, you tin-can-label-eatin' flopears! You've got a long rest, an' if you've sense you'll stay in the canyon."

He then swept out the cabin, carried his packs inside, and opening one of them took out his lantern and fuel, cooking utensils and camp tools, which he put in their places. He unrolled his bed of blankets and spread it on the couch. "Reckon I won't light no fire tonight, but I'll fix one ready anyhow," he decided, and repairing to his woodpile he discovered very little left of the dry hard wood that he had cut the winter before. Rich Ames, the lonely fire-gazer, had been burning it! Presently Cappy was ready to go back to the Ames' cabin. But he bethought himself of his unkempt appearance. That was because he remembered Nesta Ames. So he tarried to remedy the defect. He shaved, washed and put on a new flannel shirt of gorgeous hue, which he had purchased solely to dazzle the color-loving Nesta. Then he sallied forth.

THE valley of the Tonto was full of golden light. The sun had just set behind the bold brow of Mescal Ridge, and a wonderful flare of gold, thrown up against a dark bank of purple cloud, seemed to be reflected down into the valley. Cappy sat down on a log above the creek, where many a time he had rested before, and watched the magic glow on field and slope and water. His watch and reverie were interrupted by the cracking of hoofs on the rocks of the trail up the creek. Soon two riders emerged from the green; the first was Rich Ames. He waved a glad hand, then came on at a trot. Cappy stood up, conscious of how good it was to see this Tonto lad again. Rich Ames on horseback was surely pleasant to gaze upon, but when he slid out of his saddle, in one long lithe step, he sent a thrill to the old trapper's heart. [*Turn to page 80*]

"Wal! Wal! Mescal an' Manzanita! I shore am glad to see you!"

"Will you tell me why you refused to see the Prince last night?"

CROWN JEWELS

No tale of King Cophetua can rival this entrancing romance of a Prince who stooped to conquer

By Gene Markey

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

THE imposing residence of Mrs. Stephen Canby, set back upon a low terrace from Massachusetts Avenue, glowed with lights. In the shadows of the west wing stood a man motionless, peering through an open French window into the drawing-room. It was a warm night in May. The hour lacked a few minutes of Washington's fashionable dinner hour. A group of men and women in evening dress sat chatting within the view of the furtive eyes.

Mrs. Canby was fifty, and imposing, vain of her beauty, her silver hair and her pearls. Now and again as she talked with old Admiral Kerwin she cast an anxious glance toward the doorway, as if she were expecting a guest of uncommon importance.

"I remember meeting the Prince," Admiral Kerwin's plump wife was saying; "at Monte Carlo several years ago. He was most attractive."

"He still is," proclaimed Mrs. Canby. "And why shouldn't he be? He's not yet thirty."

"But the trouble he's had, poor dear! With that dreadful revolution upsetting their picturesque little kingdom, and his brother's losing the throne." Mrs. Kerwin turned to a golden-haired girl in blue. "I believe you and the Prince are old friends, Anne?"

"Oh, yes." For an instant there was a wistful expression in Anne Fairfield's eyes. "Once upon a time we were very good friends indeed. I'm really only staying over to see him again; I should have gone back to New York this morning."

"My word!" exclaimed Mrs. Kerwin. "His Royal Highness evidently made an impression. What do you think about that, Gil?"

Young Gilbert Fane, of the diplomatic service, smiled unpleasantly. "As the mere fiancé of Anne," he grumbled, "I don't suppose I'm entitled to an opinion. But I don't see why people should make such a fuss over Prince Charles of Imperia. His brother Louis was kicked off the throne; they're flat broke; and it's common gossip that he's in this country to raise money."

Just then Mrs. Canby's imported English butler appeared pompously between the portières at the far end of the drawing-room. "His Royal Highness, Prince

Charles of Imperia—and Captain Blake," he announced. With a heart curiously stirred, Anne Fairfield saw the Prince enter the room, followed by his equerry, and cross smilingly to Mrs. Canby. He bowed very low as Mrs. Canby curtsied to him. A second later Anne herself had gracefully dropped him the curtsy to which royalty is always entitled, and he had pressed his lips to her hand.

The dark eyes were looking into her own now. "The only thing that brought me tonight," he said in a voice so low that only she might hear, "was learning you were to be here. I should be at the French Ambassador's this very moment. How wonderful it is to see you again!"

Anne looked away. "It is good to see your Royal Highness," she said.

"Royal Highness? Since when have we been so formal? That springtime at Nice you did not call me that."

"Please," she said, "the others are staring."

"Till later, then," the Prince murmured as he bowed and passed on around the circle.

THE hands of the clock had turned around to ten, and Mrs. Canby's guests stood about waiting to take leave of His Royal Highness.

"You go up to New York tomorrow, Prince Charles?" Mrs. Canby asked.

"Ah, yes." The royal visitor smiled. "There is much I must accomplish in New York this week. I sail on the *Olympic* Saturday." Then he clicked his heels together in his courtly, foreign way and took Anne Fairfield's hand. "Are we," he asked in a low voice, "to be friends again?"

"Why not?" she answered. "You have my address. And don't forget that you and Captain Blake are coming to dinner Thursday night."

His Royal Highness drew himself up with a second click of heels. "Till we meet in New York, then!" he smiled. Young Gilbert Fane, standing near, scowled unpleasantly.

Mrs. Canby's town car was waiting under the porte-cochère, and as Prince Charles and Captain Blake stepped into it to be driven to their hotel, the man in the shadows of the terrace wheeled and ran swiftly down the lawn to the curb, where a taxi, showing no light, waited. "Now," he spoke gutturally, with a foreign accent, "drive me to the nearest telephone booth, and make it quick!"

YOU hardly noticed me all evening," grumbled young Fane. "You were paying so much attention to that musical comedy prince."

It was midnight. The other guests had gone, and in the great hall of her aunt's house Anne Fairfield turned to him.

"Why must you be so unkind?" There was a note of coldness in her voice. "The Prince is my friend, and I tell you frankly, Gil—I shall see him as often as I please. Are you taking the morning train with me?"

"No," said Fane crossly, "I shan't be able to go till afternoon."

"Oh, very well."

A footman appeared in the hall. "Please get Mr. Fane's things," Anne requested, "and have his car sent around."

As Captain Blake put his key in the lock there came from inside a curious rustling sound.

"Someone in there!" exclaimed the Prince—and Blake threw open the door. The lights were on, but the room was empty, though disordered. And even as they stood there, wondering, a door slammed at the far end of the suite.

"This is the third time it's happened." Blake sat down, frowning. "In our hotel in Paris, the night before we sailed. Then on the boat coming over. And now—this. Each time our luggage ransacked and nothing taken."

"Curious! Jenks is out . . ."

"By the way, what do you think of Jenks?" demanded the American. "It seems to me you trust the beggar altogether too much. We really know very little about him. You engaged Jenks in Paris, knowing practically nothing about him—just a reference from Lord What's-his-name; and our rooms are entered three times—each time while Jenks is out."

"This business is getting on your nerves, John. Look at me—I'm not worried. On the contrary, I feel almost in a romantic mood tonight."

"Yes, Miss Fairfield *is* beautiful."

"How did you know I was thinking of her?" he laughed. "But you are right. She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life."

"You appeared to know each other rather well, I thought."

"We met," mused the Prince, "at Biarritz one season. Then she went on to Nice, and I—followed. That was three years ago."

"You never saw her again?"

"Not until tonight. And in the three years many things happened. The revolution came . . . we lost our throne . . . but I never forgot her."

"And now," remarked his equerry, "you arrive in America to find her engaged to that tailor's dummy!"

"Engaged, yes," sighed Charles; "but then, of course, I have no right to think of her—even if she were not engaged. My country comes first. If we are ever to return to Imperia, I must marry a princess, I suppose." He smiled wryly. "But—meanwhile I shall not deprive myself of seeing Miss Fairfield!"

NEXT morning at a certain embassy, in a walnut-paneled room hung with tapestries, four men sat round a wide, carved table.

"Your suspicions, as expressed to us, are most interesting, Mr. Fane." Dr. Belami, the Ambassador, caressed his white mustache. "But they are not entirely a surprise to me. Two weeks ago I received a cable from my government, informing me that Prince Charles was coming to America—on an important but somewhat mysterious mission."

"It can only mean one thing," put in Gilbert Fane: "That Ex-King Louis is plotting to get back his throne."

"That," said Dr. Belami, "would be impossible."

"But, Your Excellency, if they had money—"

"I tell you," repeated the Ambassador, "it cannot happen. My government would not allow it. However—there is no harm in keeping an eye on the Prince." He turned to the swarthy Italian beside him. "Forano, Prince Charles of Imperia takes the one o'clock train for New York. You will take the same train. I shall expect daily reports."

"Yes, Excellency." The Italian rose and bowed.

"Another thing I found out," Fane leaned forward eagerly. "The Prince is already being shadowed by two men."

The Ambassador smiled coldly. "I had word of that, too, Mr. Fane. In fact, the men crossed on the same boat with him. And it might interest you to know that they are two of the cleverest jewel thieves in Europe—Scarpeau and Stein, a pair of scoundrels well-known to the police."

"The devil!" exclaimed Fane. "They must have some reason for following him."

"So it would seem," observed the Ambassador dryly. "One would almost fancy, Mr. Fane, that you are concerned about Prince Charles. I happen to know that your State Department is not; therefore I surmise your interest to be—personal."

"It is," nodded Fane grimly; "and before we're through I'm going to find out just what his game in America is!"

"Ah," smiled Belami. "Upon my word, the affair appears to possess an element of romance."

WE ARE a fine pair of bunglers!" sneered M. George Scarpeau, scowling out upon the sunny landscape that unrolled beyond the windows of the Pullman. "Three weeks, now, and we have accomplished nothing."

"But," consoled his worthy, who was known by various names to the European police, "we still have the rest of the week. And the English valet, Jenks—"

"True!" exclaimed Scarpeau, "we may learn something from him. But time is short, Enrich."

Enrich Stein pursed his thick lips. "We are certain, after last night, that what we seek is not in their trunks. And I do not believe anything was put in the hotel safe. But—have you noticed, the Prince

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"'Royal Highness'? Since when have we been so formal?"

Guardian of Genius

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison, at home

In this exclusive interview you meet the woman whose whole purpose is to help Edison to help the world

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

TOWARD the end of Thomas Alva Edison's eighty-first birthday on February eleventh, a radio man asked him to speak into a microphone a few words of advice to young men. It had been a long, crowded day—the only one in the year when Mr. Edison ever talks to a reporter or faces a camera. But today he had walked and stood and smiled and shaken hands like a sturdy, obedient old lion, ringed around with relatives and guests and cameras and delegations of school children, and townspeople, and moving picture men and reporters from all the great newspapers of the country, his mouth with its lion look shut upon itself and his eyes keeping quietly the secrets of that blaze of intelligence behind them.

HE HAD written answers, in phrases that were stripped of everything but truth and bite and balance, to every sort of question the reporters could devise, which tomorrow would make black headlines in a thousand newspapers. One of the great picturesque figures of American history, submitting gravely his one day a year to the interest, the curiosity and the stares of a continent of people, he stood bareheaded and idle-handed under the thick tropic green of his Fort Myers, Florida, estate, under the brilliance of Florida sun.

The microphone waited. And it may have been that at this last request the fine old lion got a little cross. There may have seemed no end to the odd things people wanted him to do. So he stepped in front of the microphone and shouted, "I'm not going to give any advice to young men because they won't take it." The sturdy jaw shut tighter and the lion look deepened on his face so that the radio man glanced at him half nervously.

But Mrs. Edison was there. She patted Mr. Edison's arm and smiled and spoke easily into the microphone in her turn, in her soft, slow voice that has in it so much gentle decision. "My advice to young women," she said, "is to find a man as busy as the one I found."

That, with Mrs. Edison's words rounding out everything and making all gracious, ends the official newspaper accounts of that day. For another three hundred and sixty-four days Mr. Edison would be left unannoyed for his sixteen hours of work in his laboratory on the problems of rubber which now absorb him, for his glass of milk and one cigar every two hours, for his musing strolls among the deep tropic shrubbery, for his occasional evenings at the movies, freed of the myriad intrusions of public curiosity and of popular attention. He could take his freedom for granted because Mrs. Edison was there.

For forty-three years, Mrs. Edison has been there, an unchanged assurance to him of tranquillity, of quiet and of care. She has in all that time raised about him an inviolable wall of security within which his mind has been free to move like a remote and steady flame. She has stood with her slow smile and her fine dark gaze between her husband's private life and a world whose attention can in a moment become a crushing burden and whose favor, like a river in flood, often entirely overwhelms. It is not only that every detail of the two households, the one in West Orange, New Jersey, and at Fort Myers, on the west coast of Florida, is in her hands.

MRS. EDISON does all her own secretarial work, answering all her own large mail methodically and with care every morning. She has constantly the responsibility of attending to every sort of demand that is hour by hour made upon them both. Her days move on a steady schedule of seeing people, making decisions, taking the brunt of her husband's celebrity. And that is still her receipt for a woman's happiness, she insists; to find a man as busy as Mr. Edison has been, as absorbed as he is in the lonely and outpost places of thought, and give him care and devotion and shelter.

It is as if the little city, but especially the green, shadowy estate behind the long white picket fence were a projection of Mrs. Edison's personality. One waits for

her on one of her verandas after moving up a grassy path that is only part of the lawn among the great growths of palm trees, feathery old clumps of bamboo, rubber trees like huge forests in themselves and the hundred other tropic growths, the verandas of the simple wide frame houses which Mr. Edison had moved from Maine forty-five years ago. To the right, hidden by greenery, is Mr. Edison's new laboratory, built to replace the famous old one which saw the working out of problems connected with the incandescent light, the microtasimeter, the megaphone and the phonograph. Last year Mr. Edison gave the old one to Henry Ford, for his village museum. The new laboratory has been used as yet only for Mr. Edison's work on rubber, in which he is absorbed at present. Near it, under a great tree, is the chair to which Mr. Edison strolls and sits, at intervals in his day, utterly oblivious of the winter tourists, who often line the nearest fence three deep to see him sitting and musing there, with the sunshine on his white, distinguished head.

Across the broad verandas of the living house, with its willow chairs, lies the lawn, full of great trees, which runs down to the pale bright Caloosahatchee, moving and glittering in stillness toward the Gulf of Mexico. There is Mr. Edison's wharf, running out nearly a thousand feet across the water, with a covered porch at the end, and arm chairs, where he sometimes sits and lets a fish-hook dangle and makes notes in his note book, with his hat tipped over his narrowed eyes.

THE sweet wind from the Gulf of Mexico wanders freely among the trees and through the living-room, with its shining mahogany furniture and its flowers and its children's photographs. It is utterly quiet. The gray, simple, open houses are quiet and the still lawns and the far stretches of the wide river, where hardly a fish jumps. Street and cities might be a hundred miles away. There is only a crowd of little bird noises. As quietly, Mrs. Edison is here.

She is not very tall and she moves deliberately. Her face under her soft gray hair is quiet and there is quiet on her brooding lips and in her eyes whose depths are darkly beautiful. Her stillness is like the heart of all this quiet, beside which one breathes slowly, given up to peace. Her mouth carries only occasionally a brief, quietly wistful smile, unless she laughs outright, but then always gently. Her voice is very gentle, cool, with soft feminine pauses and murmurs. But her eyes are the whole secret of her. They glow, a deep hazel, with a wide look that seems to be seeing more than they are gazing at and behind them lie depths that catch at the imagination. They speak, even if her lips are silent.

When she sits, her hands are tranquil in her lap. She has no little nervous mannerisms, no unmeaning gestures. She does not need gestures. Her quiet reaches out to speak without word. You see her just as she has always been, traveling a great deal all over the United States, as the Edisons have, among crowding faces and staring looks, in the West Orange house, or alone here on the green-shadowy veranda. She is like a woman who has not moved, except to hold safe and quiet what she has always had. The man who has towered like a colossus among the scientists of our time, who has made possible industries capitalized at more than the unbelievable sum of fifteen billions, is her husband. His work has been his entirely. She has had no will to penetrate with him into the far places of his thought. There was no necessity. Hers is the place of guardianship and of tranquillity of the thought which makes good living.

IT IS to such women, you realize suddenly, that the thoughts of men have immemorially turned, wayfaring men and seafarers and men dying at the wars and upon crusades who remember their hearths and the women who keep fires upon the hearths, guardians of the generations.

Yet when Mrs. Edison speaks, reticently, with that fleeting smile that does not change the deep beauty of her eyes, one becomes acutely aware of her as a woman who has sheltered, more than having been sheltered. Her life has been full as a commanding general's of the need of decisions, of constant acuteness, of constant ability. Her quiet goes hand in hand with her capable grasp of many matters, as a thing achieved. There is a splendid will power here, steady and at work. It is a combination, in a woman, which has before this moved mountains.

In a way, she has made a city here. In the north, her civic activities have been extensive and valuable, but her particular influence upon the community cannot be so keenly felt. She was for seven years president of the West Orange Community Club in New Jersey. Her interest in garden clubs, in hospital, in church work of all kinds has been constant. But it has been in the south, in the little city of fifteen thousand people, which the Edisons have seen grow from a fishing and cattle town of fifty houses, that her unusual genius for social relations has so markedly shown itself.

WHEN she first came to Fort Myers, a young girl on her bridal trip, the journey, she says, seemed to her like a vast and formidable adventure. Florida was to her then an unknown jungle. Two years before, Mr. Edison, happening to be in Jacksonville with a friend, had formed a vague idea of building a winter home somewhere on the little-visited west coast. They managed to get as far south as Cedar Keys on a rotting bit of railroad; but from there they had to hire a fishing sloop and continue south by water, since there were practically no roads. They sailed up the broad, calm Caloosahatchee River to the hamlet of Fort Myers. Here Mr. Edison became much interested in a huge clump of bamboo growing in pineland near the river. He was at the time searching for a suitable filament for the incandescent light on which he was working, and the idea came to him of using bamboo for the purpose. He bought the tract of land on which the bamboo flourished. In the year 1886, when he married Mrs. Edison, then Miss Mina M. Miller of Akron, Ohio, he brought her to Florida on their honeymoon.

Fort Myers was just as difficult to reach then as it had been two years before, and the young Mrs. Edison arrived at her new winter home after traveling from Jacksonville by boat down the St. John's River, then one hundred miles by buggy and finally by ferry across the Caloosahatchee. When they landed, they had to follow a narrow cowpath among the pines and the thick palmetto to the village. Mrs. Edison began her married life in the simplest manner imaginable, in the same wide gray frame houses now overgrown with her tropic gardens. They used oil lamps and candles for lighting. Mrs. Edison learned to drive a donkey cart into town for all their supplies and many times she did her own housework. In 1888 Mr. Edison built and equipped his laboratory with apparatus from Menlo Park and plunged into his work of eighteen or twenty hours a day on the incandescent light.

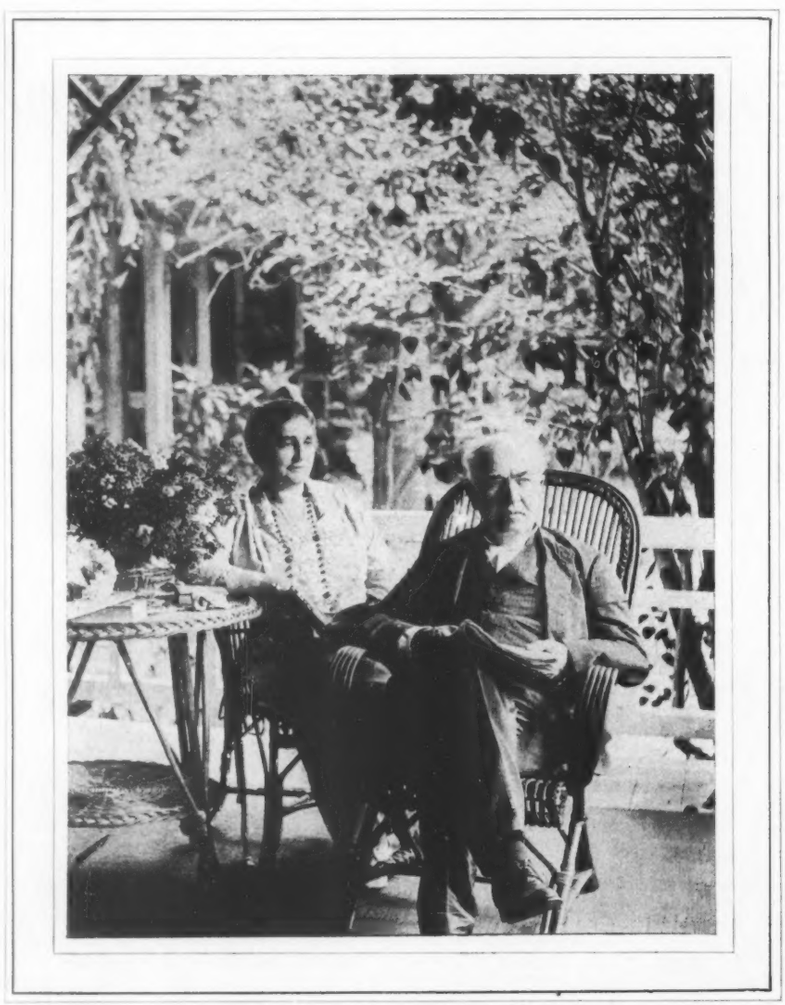
There were few diversions in those days, and those of the simplest. The local musicians organized a band, to which in the evenings the Edisons listened. Mr. Edison used to gather in the neighbors of the village to hear his new gramaphone, when that was still a mystery and a surprise. There was excellent fishing in the Caloosahatchee, although Mr. Edison was never a fisherman before everything else. He liked to hold a line, occasionally, and think. And Mrs. Edison, although she has once or twice caught a fish, never became interested. Her preoccupations were always for Mr. Edison and the children and their guests and the community.

THE country itself beyond the town interested both the Edisons tremendously. There were practically no roads, but in the dry winter seasons they could ride for hours in a buggy over the level pine lands. They made trips to the small inland towns which in those days were fastnesses of the then considerable cattle industry in southern Florida. They penetrated even to the boundaries of the strange white and green cypress swamps and knew the tropic luxuriance of little lakes buried in the Everglades. Still later, when one of the early Ford cars was presented to Mr. Edison to take the place of the donkey cart or the buggy, expeditions in town and along the roads slowly being made to Tampa and about the coast, was one of the chief diversions. The first moving picture house to be established in Fort Myers found Mr. and Mrs. Edison and their children and guests to be among their most constant patrons.

All these years, the little city was growing, quietly, with no fanfare. The people who ventured south from Tampa, and stayed, were attracted by the quiet simplicity of the place, by its lack of any pretentious social life, both these things clearly a reflection of the attitude of Mrs. Edison. And very early she became, with no conscious effort on her part, a very distinct civic influence. It is as if the thought and purpose to which she held, for the maintenance of the simplicity of their own family life, penetrated as simply and unpretentiously down the sunny streets of the town, there to create a way of living for a whole community.

It was something distinctly more, on her part, than just a participation in the usual civic activities, although it is evident that every civic effort of value, for forty years, has had Mrs. Edison's coöperation. She has served on hospital boards, and attended Woman's Club programs and worked for the library. She has many times been the only private citizen at a meeting of the city commissioners. She held all sorts of meetings at her home.

BUT even in minor activities she was never the professional club-woman. There was always a directness and vigor about her methods which have made local history. When the Garden Club held a plant sale Mrs. Edison's gardener made nearly a thousand cuttings from shrubs and vines in her garden. But it was Mrs. Edison herself, at the display on the Court House lawn, who was the most energetic [*Turn to page 131*]



At home under tropical trees

LET'S DARE TO BE OURSELVES

For men still love femininity, urges Geraldine Farrar in an interview with

Marguerite Mooers Marshall

"Be feminine! It is the secret of charm"

WOMEN—maids, wives and grandmothers. Women—attractive, keen, modern, insatiable in their pursuit of good times. Women, forever in a hurry. Women, losing romance. Women masculinized, and pursuing the masculine instead of alluring it. Women, striving to hold a perpetual mortgage on youth, desperately afraid to mature comfortably or to grow old graciously. Women, walking in reptile-skin shoes with heels like stilts, painting their lips like scarlet scars, cropping their hair and clipping their necks, starving themselves flat as a shad, wearing a fourteen-year-old skirt over fifty-four-year-old legs; *and women all alike!* As alike as links of a chain of sausage, or as clothespins in a basket, or as Model A's on the Lincoln Highway. Women with the same makeup, the same clothes, the same thoughts. Women who are self-devoted victims of quantity production. The standardized woman, final triumph of an age of standardization. If you think she does not exist, look about you!

Geraldine Farrar was asked about the growing standardization of American women for three reasons. First of all, she is an American woman whose personality and achievement have always made a strong appeal to her own sex, so that her contacts with women and her opportunities for observing them have been numerous and varied, and what she has to say interests them.

THEN, too, she, herself, is intensely unstandardized and individualistic. She expressed her creed, as a prima donna: "I cannot see why one should be bound by tradition when one does not feel that conception of the part." While she upheld with vigor her own high artistic ideals, she often departed sharply from the standardized version of her rôles. Her rough-and-tumble gypsy "Carmen" once slapped the face of "Don José"— Caruso himself —her naughty "Zaza" was described by James Huneker as "a musical gin fiz"; her voluptuous "Thaïs" appeared in what another critic chastely described as "the sort of costume 'Thaïs' might have worn." At the height of her operatic career, she again smashed all operatic conventions by appearing in motion pictures. "Why shouldn't I?" she demanded blithely. "I like the new and the unusual, always."

Clinching proof of her individualism is that she never made a secret of her age; and that at forty she retired from opera permanently, and without the prolonged agony of "farewells," except for one farewell performance—perhaps the most enthusiastic ever staged at the Metropolitan, when she was finally carried from the New York opera house on the shoulders of her admirers.

She had never sung better than during her last season; but she had promised herself, many years earlier, to retire at forty from opera, because, as she says, "God gave me a sense of humor."

The third answer to the question of why Geraldine Farrar's analysis of what ails American women should have interest and value is simply that she happens to be equipped with an unusually penetrating intelligence. Though she won nation-wide fame as prima donna, actress and beauty, she has ever been a woman, who, in her own phrase, had "teeth in her brain." Shoemakers should stick to their last; singers—most of them—should stick to their high C's. But the American girl born in Melrose, Massachusetts, who, for sixteen years, shone as one of the brightest stars in the constellation of grand opera, could always think as well as sing; and her intelligence was the dictator.

She would not wear out youth's welcome as the sweet little "Goose Girl," or the pathetic "Butterfly," but her photographs show how far from failing is her womanly vigor of body and mind. In the few years of her retirement from the operatic stage, she prides herself on having been "one-quarter singer and three-quarters woman." Although the singer had just returned from a highly successful two months' concert tour of many cities, it was unmistakably the woman whom I found in the apartment on Park Avenue, New York, where she stays when she cannot escape to her quiet country home under Connecticut elms.

Punctuality is the politeness of Miss Farrar, as well as of princes. I had just time to drop into one corner of a silken-soft sofa in a reception room where the big piano and the picture of the singer's devoted mother, who died several years ago, are the first things a visitor notices, when a swiftly graceful step crossed the threshold. There was an appointment to keep; and the gracious woman who made it had not even stopped to remove her close-fitting black hat, or her cloth coat with cuffs and collar of fur. Beautiful furs, including a wrap of the costly chinchilla, hang in Miss Farrar's wardrobe; but evidently she does not, like so many of her countrywomen, feel undressed on a winter's day unless she is wearing a fur coat.

NOR does she wear a knee-length skirt. Nor, at frank forty-seven, strive desperately to look young. She is decidedly not stout, but she cherishes, instead of chastening, the gracious, gentle curves of maturity. Never-bobbed hair, silver-white like snow in sunshine, is the softest of frames for the clear oval of a face practically devoid of make-up, yet lovely as a mask modeled by a great sculptor. Skin of face and throat is as warmly white as the pearl pendant she wears. Big, black-lashed blue eyes shine the more brightly for the tiny laughter-lines at their corners. A mouth around which humor, tenderness and sadness have come and gone for years, is the more subtly beautiful for the undisguised passing of those years.

"I had a foretaste of how white hair would look, when I sang *Manon*," she recalled her title rôle in Massenet's opera. "And I said to myself then, 'When your time comes, it won't be so bad.'"

[*Turn to page 132*]

Does laughter always verge on tears? Or are these only the amusing adventures of

A STRANGE BOY IN A STRANGE LAND

A sudden crash interrupted him

By Sarah Addington

Illustrated by HARRY BECKHOFF

FUJI was writing the market list for the madam.

On a high kitchen stool he squatted; over the white enamel of the kitchen table he humped—five feet one of yellow, squinting, twenty-four-year-old Japanese "boy" in white cook's apron and tiny blue serge trousers.

Now he would gaze profoundly at an aluminum pan. Absently and parenthetically he would note that it was black on the bottom, that pan. If madam saw it, she would make a big fuss. Then he would take his squid of a pencil, apply it to the scrap of paper.

The list was growing long now:

Peanuts botter
Sprits pea
Aggs
Lice
Aple
Salid Oyl
Cofee
Carot
Bean 2 pond
Bakin poder
Chees
Whit Bread
Grapfruits

HE paused, thinking over meals and menus, remembered tomorrow's breakfast, wrote "Beacon." He looked at the calendar. It was Wednesday, laundress-day. He wrote "Runch for Rucy."

Then, untying his apron and drawing on his little black alpaca coat, he went into the library, where the madam waited.

"What you want deener?" he asked pleasantly.

"Oh." Mrs. Inslee's eyes wandered. "I guess lamb chops."

"A' right, lambs chop. Feex wit' pineapples?"

"Lovely."

"Make leetle puff teengs out from potatoes?"

"Yes! Delicious."

"I teenk pot roast nize," he remarked.

"Pot roast? Oh no, lamb chops and pineapple."

"I feex him wit' green pepper, leetle olive, leetle tomato—"

"But that's sort of heavy. I love lamb chops—"

"I teenk better. Lambs chop lady deesh. Meester Eenslee rike pot roas' better. Pot roas' man deesh."

"All right." She sighed for the now impossible lamb chops. Then she laughed. She never got her way in this daily clash about the dinner menu, but they always played the game, she pretending to hold out, he pretending to defer; then, when he became firm, she always capitulated; and both enjoyed the whole process.

"I learning from my frien' making new teengs"

"Buy me leetle mushroom," he said.

She took up the list.

"All right—mushrooms. Are you sure that's all, Fuji?"

"Yez, mam."

"What shall I get for Lucy's lunch?"

"She like hot dog."

"All right."

"Tonk you."

He plodded off to the kitchen, took off his coat, tied on the apron again. Then after he had washed one tumbler, he took his hands out of the boiling suds, removed the apron, donned the coat, went back to the library. Mrs. Inslee was talking to the grocer over the telephone. He stood waiting until she looked up, receiver in hand.

"Buy me leetle parsery."

"Oh, yes," she said to the grocer. "A little parsley, please."

Satisfied, he returned to the kitchen and the dishes.

When Lucy came, they discovered there was no bluing. Patiently Fuji wiped his hands, took off his apron, did on his coat. He found Mrs. Inslee reading.

"Buy me leetle bruing," he said.

"Oh, *Fuji!*" She threw down the paper, laughing in spite of herself. He laughed, too, showing his good, young teeth. "Now are you sure there's nothing else? *Sure?*"

"That's all. Tonk you." He turned his back to her and stalked off.

He washed the dishes, then stopped and sat down on the stool to consider whether he should scour the pans or not. It was purely a gambling proposition: if the madam was going to inspect the kitchen that day, the pans, regrettably, must be scoured; if she wasn't, they must by all means go unscoured.

He weighed the probabilities—he did not scour the pans. Instead, loading himself down with vacuum-cleaner and dust-cloth, with furniture oil and mop, he betook himself to the front of the apartment, to conduct a slight skirmish against dust and dirt. He regarded these operations as superfluous, but the madam had other ideas and occasionally he humored her in them.

THAT afternoon, while he was sprawling on his cot in the servant's room off the kitchen, she came. He heard her prowling, poking, jabbing. He closed his eyes and waited for her voice. He did not have to wait long.

"Fuji! Come here, please."

He appeared at the door, smiling.

"Yez, mam?"

There were reproaches. The pans were filthy! The stove was vile! He snickered. It had taken Mrs. Inslee several months of Fuji's service to learn that snickers accompanying reproaches did not express amusement, but chagrin, embarrassment, shame. There were other crimes besides the pans and the stove.

"Fuji!" She pointed dramatically to a half loaf of bread nestling cozily in the garbage-pail egg shells, lettuce leaves and coffee grounds.

He fidgeted.

"How many times have I told you not to throw anything good away?"

"He oll breads," he murmured.

"But you could grind it up!"

"We got plenty grind-up breads," he said, pointing to a row of glass jars on a cupboard shelf.

Such a boy!

She opened the refrigerator door; moved this dish and that while Fuji looked on, aghast.

"What is this smell?" she asked darkly, sniffing and rummaging. "*What* is this?"

She held a large bowl, was peering distastefully into its contents.

"Leetle feesh," he mumbled.

"But they're alive! They're *eels!*" She recoiled, making hideous faces.

"Yez. I make leetle peeckle." His face was radiant. "Good. You like."

"All right," she said, sighing, depositing the bowl on the table. "Make it up then." They were heartily tired,

A slight daily skirmish

she and her husband, of Fuji's offerings of strange, Oriental pickled dishes, served so incongruously with the American food that he cooked to such perfection. But after all, there was always a tenderness in her for this strange boy in a strange land, and if pickled eels made him any happier, as of course they did, she, Martha Inslee, was not one to deny a fellow-being a little human happiness. Indeed, it was her pity and her affection for this little blinking, yellow-faced Oriental that made her cling to Fuji—untidy, sloppy, maddening creature that he was—her pity and affection. Fuji's own irresistible charm, and his superb cooking. It was like having a child, she often thought—having Fuji to watch, to worry over, to chide, to direct.

When she had left the kitchen, Fuji opened up the top of the washtub. He leaned over it, his darting black eyes gleaming with triumph.

The washtub was swarming with dozens of eels. The madam had not seen them!

He poked a brown forefinger into the writhing, fishy swarm, grinned widely as the eels swirled faster.

IT WAS one of the inexorable laws of the household that no matter what went forward of whatever movement, Fuji at two o'clock every afternoon retired to his bed for the pursuance of his own affairs. Sometimes he read. Flat on his back, he would blink his way through the Japanese "Times" and its record of the doings of his people in New York, in America in general, at home in Japan. Never was he impressed or excited by the events of which he read. He did not change expression when one day he read the horror-tale of Japan's most recent earthquake; he was perfectly untouched by the pretty romance of Setsu Matsudaira and the Japanese prince. But he read faithfully as if reading were a natural function, like breathing, and therefore not to be resisted.

Sometimes, he slept. Upon these occasions, telephone and door bells might ring with clangors violent enough to wake the dead, but they did not wake Fuji. And Mrs. Inslee, dashing from front door to back, from one telephone to the other, would rage, but she never reproved or scolded him.

At other times, Fuji would simply lie prostrate and smoke and blink and squint and ruminate. He would think back over the moving picture he had seen the night before; would plan heavenly, impossible menus; would see himself at a poker table, holding a royal flush (Hisao Uyeshima with but a meager straight flush); would dream blissfully of Coney Island.

These were his loves: movies, cooking, poker, Coney Island. These passions he hugged to his heart of an afternoon, through heavy clouds of cigarette smoke, and thus refreshed and invigorated, he would return to the kitchen to brew tea for himself and the madam, to stir and whip and beat and mix the ingredients of the impending triumphal dinner.

This afternoon, however, he was reading. There was a piece of news in the paper. The Japanese fleet was coming to New York, to lie at anchor in the Hudson River, to be welcomed and fêted and feasted by the flower of Japanese and New York society and officialdom.

When he took Mrs. Inslee her tea, he said: "Joponese navy come to New York."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "That'll be interesting, won't it?"

"I not interest," he said laughing.

"Crazy boy," thought Mrs. Inslee, munching his delicate, delicious toast.

After she had finished tea, he became suddenly punctilious, brought a carpet sweeper to clean up nonexistent crumbs on the floor. Pushing the sweeper methodically, he said, "You teenk Jopon and United States ever going to war with each?"

"No! Of course not!"

He shrugged.

"I teenk not too."

"Would you have to fight, Fuji, if your country should ever go to war?"

"No. I not going to fight. I not liking fights. I run!"

He showed his teeth in glee.

"Fuji!"

"Fights silly. No good doing by fightings," he added sagely. He stopped, leaned on the carpet sweeper. "Meesis Eenslee, you steal?" he asked interestedly.

"Steal? Do I steal?"

"Yez. You knowing how steal?"

"Of course not. Whatever—"

"I steal." He grinned delightedly. "I stealing potatoes for you yesterday. Grocery mans bringing potatoes nex' door many bigger our potatoes. I stealing nex' door potatoes, put dose leetle potatoes in basket nex' door. You notice nize big potatoes eating las' night deener?"

More scoldings, much moralizing.

"But I never stealing from *you!*" he protested. "Never stealing from nice peoples. Just nex' door," he pleaded.

"Never again. Remember what I say."

He was extremely downcast. "Nex' door peoples" had such superior potatoes.

"I don't think he's got a moral to his name," said Mrs. Inslee that night to her husband.

"But he does have virtues," said Joe.

"And virtues are better than—"

A sudden crash interrupted him.

"Oh, *dear!*" cried Mrs. Inslee. "That's the third this week. Honestly—"

At that moment a small, wistful, yellow face appeared at the dining-room door.

"Meesis Eenslee, I was make leetle occident."

"So I hear."

"I pay."

"No, that's all right, Fuji. You needn't pay. I know you didn't mean to."

"Oxcuse me?"

"Of course. Don't worry." That woeful face poking through the door was about to break her heart again, as it had twice before this week. "It's all right, Fuji. Please don't worry."

The face disappeared. "Tonk you," they heard as it disappeared.

Mrs. Inslee looked at her husband helplessly.

"He steals, he lies, he cheats, he is filthy and careless and lazy, he throws away our food and breaks a hundred dollars' worth of dishes every month and I adore him. I must be a plain fool."

Joe Inslee laughed and reached for his pipe.

"I must be one too then. I'm crazy about the little cuss."

That evening Fuji pickled his eels away into the night. He whistled as he pickled. The thin, eerie, tuneless thing wafted clear into the Inslee bedroom.

"What's he doing?" asked Joe.

"Boiling eels in vinegar, probably," said his wife, "for your dinner tomorrow night, darling."

"Oh, Lord! Can't you stop that?"

"No. I can't stop anything. Here are your pajamas." She picked them up off her bed. "I wonder," she mused, "why he never by any chance remembers which bed you sleep in!"

The eels were done. In glass jars they reposed, curling deliciously in brown and tasty vinegar. Fuji surveyed them contentedly. Then his eye fell on the coffee pot. Unwashed, that coffee pot, and the madam had stern ideas on that subject. But would she find it, if he hid it, in the oven, say? It would be interesting to see.

He opened the oven door, put the coffee pot in a back corner.

The next day was Thursday, his one holiday of the week. He went to two moving pictures, dined on chicken and pickles and rice at Totaro Kanayaka's boarding house in Lexington Avenue and then set himself down at the poker table for a long, sweet night.

They were playing four-card stud. His companions were five other butler-cooks, his favorite cronies. He had only seventy dollars tonight. If he lost more than that, he would have to give a note. His watch was gone long since. Pity it was gone, for he might need it tonight.

HE LOST steadily. He always lost, for some reason. His neat piles of chips melted. He bought more. Tens were wild now. Ah, he had three sevens. He bet madly, his brown cheeks flushed, his eyes challenging. *Cluch!* That Zuki had three nines! He laughed merrily. Poker was a dear and thrilling happiness. Always you might win.

At four o'clock in the morning, he had lost his seventy dollars, had given Zuki his note for nineteen more. Perhaps it was time to quit. He rose reluctantly. Too bad one couldn't go on playing poker forever. One always had to stop. But it had been a good evening. He borrowed a nickel for subway fare and departed, glowing and content.

He slept soundly, knew nothing until he heard Joe's voice, felt Joe's hand roughly at his shoulder.

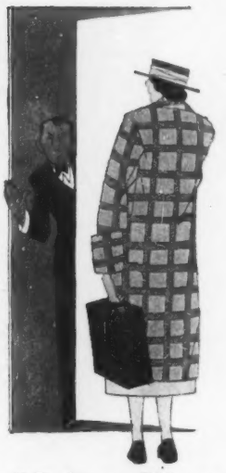
Cluch! He had overslept again.

When he appeared in the dining-room with the orange juice, he noted that all was not well with Mr. Inslee. Was he angry, perhaps, just because his breakfast was half an hour late? It hardly seemed possible.

"Good morning!" he said smiling. "Nize day?"

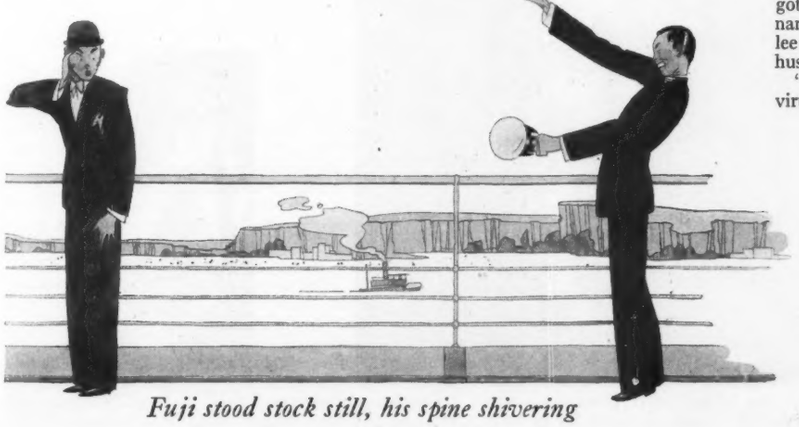
"Lovely," growled Joe. "What's the matter with you?"

Fuji snickered. [*Turn to page 109*]



"Go 'way. We not want you here"

Poker was a dear and thrilling madness. Always you might win



Fuji stood stock still, his spine shivering

GREEN TIMBER

Breaker of laws and protector of women, gentleman, thief and scholar—Alan Campbell, the most arresting figure in current fiction!

By James Oliver Curwood and Robert E. MacAlarney

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

RIDING to almost certain death, Alan Campbell thought ironically, "What makes a gangster, anyway?" At his side crouched the faithful Twisty, surest shot in the racket, and Gerda, the chance-met singer he was escorting home from the night club owned by Scarfell, the underworld chieftain who had decreed Alan's death. They sped onward, the three of them in Alan's car, through the city night. Suddenly, in a maze of shots and curses, two pursuing gunmen fell before Twisty's aim; another under Alan's fire. The enemy vanquished, Alan and the girl had to carry Twisty, faithful to the last, to his miserable cot in the railroad yards to die. There Gerda learned of the waif Twisty had rescued from the city's dumpheaps. And looking into Alan's fearless, dream-filled eyes, she sent him off to start clean far away from the underworld. Could he keep the world from branding Twisty's little girl as the child of a murderer? Could he keep Gerda's faith?

Part II

SPRING in the Cut-over Lands.

Trout streams, invigorated by long quiescence in icy sheaths, tinkle thin grace notes at the lips of rocky ledges before spilling into brown pools. Soft green, everywhere, and an invading wave of birds, briskly occupied with introducing first-flighters to well-remembered haunts. Moist heat burrows beneath leaf-mould and moss, as if new life had been sprayed from benignant, sapphire heavens upon denuded slopes, where eager saplings are doing their best to hide evidences of ruthless devastation.

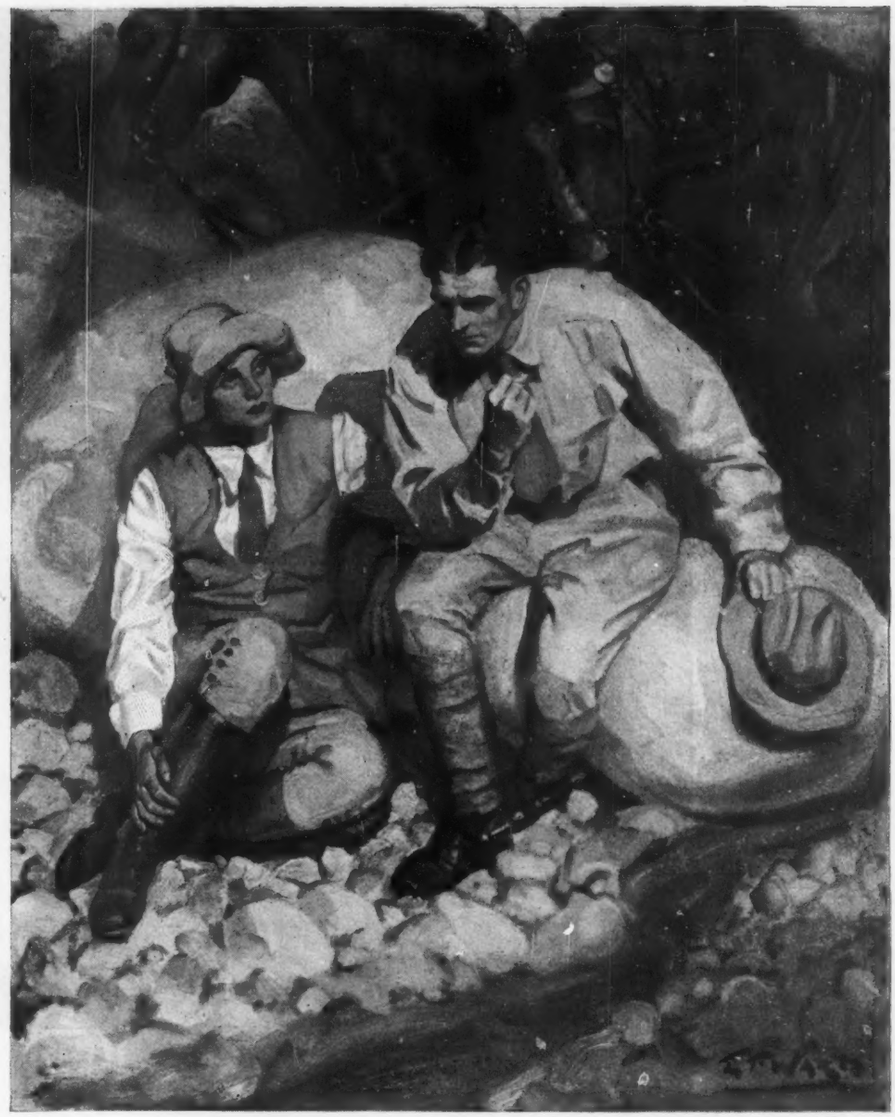
Persistent sadness lurks in these looted square miles, for they phrase the tragedy of forest wealth prodigally consumed; nothing is more melancholy than contemplating the empty wallet of a spendthrift. But there is joy here, also, for him who can read aright outraged Nature's forgiving promise, a pledge that sturdy trees shall stand once more on the shoulders of ten thousand hills.

When lumbering crews attack a mountain they blaze a wavering trail. Many things contrive to swerve these shock troops, armed with saws and peavies. The curve of a sumac-purpled swamp may achieve sanctuary for a clump of symmetrical trunks. It would cost too much to cut and skid them to narrow-gauge rails pinned upon corduroy. A detail of mackinawed scouts inspects the pine picket; a gang boss shakes his head; the penetrating column moves on, outflanked. It has lost another wilderness skirmish. Thud of chopping axes fades; soon only the sound of wind-chafed boughs. An outpost has been decreed in the terrain of destruction. Such spots are haphazard nuclei of reforestation. Man will link them, in a fervor of atonement, after a while.

Alan Campbell had located such an outpost—six miles from Fairfield, on the edge of Tamarack Pond. Long before cracks split the covering of lake and stream he had established what Twisty Fogger's Bessie accepted unquestioningly as home.

Mother Machree's baby farm was blurred, mercifully and speedily, by childish delight in birch sticks snapping upon brick hearth and an inexhaustible supply of snow banks. To Bessie, snow had meant always a grayish paste, peppered with freight yard cinders. She was convinced with difficulty that these spotless piles were what Mother Machree had identified as snow.

Twisty Fogger's waif legacy



"I haven't been fitted for my halo yet"

After Campbell left Gerda Larson, in the "Y" vestibule, he had decided upon a program carried out flawlessly. From the beginning of his law-breaking he had disciplined himself to follow instinct in emergency, a habit justified by results. Fairfield beckoned as the door shut behind the girl he had snatched out of the storm, the singer who had aroused disturbing recollection through the medium of an antiquated ballad. Impulse dictated his offer of aid, enmeshing her in sordid melodrama. Extrication had been obligatory, albeit this act negated a precedent and cancelled a vow.

Both had crumbled. He, who despised killers, had employed Twisty's borrowed weapon with gusto characteristic of the crippled wrongdoer he saw die in a shanty. He had defied Drew Scarfell to Pudge Tricker, had declined exile from a city where underworld welcome was outworn. And he had broken his word—twice. Gerda Larsen was responsible for that—Gerda Larsen and Twisty's blue-eyed protegé.

There had been scant time to take the child, before Scarfell's henchmen followed up the message which provoked cursing over a night club wire. He must move rapidly and unerringly. He did. Mother Machree, when not gin fuddled, comprehended startling developments without wasted exclamation. She had dressed Bessie deftly, grumbling as he thrust money into her clutch and bade her go to the Fogger shack at dawn.

"I knowed Twisty'd get his some day," she said. "He was nutty over the kid."

THEN Alan Campbell had sped on, into the blackness. He headed for Chi first. Some of the cash in that safe-deposit vault would be useful. Afterward—Fairfield. Why not? The hamlet's old world name kept flickering in his brain. Fairfield and peace. Gerda Larsen had said the latter might be found there, as well as the refuge he had ceased to scorn. The child, slumbering behind him, was his, now. What was that line from the prairie hymn book?—"A charge to keep I have." He had acquired a charge, despite him.

Chicago's newspapers apprised him of reaction to a pair of dead men in a municipal dumping ground. Reporters listed them as additional jetsam of bootlegging tribal warfare. The death of Twisty Fogger was not mentioned. Scarfell and Tricker had seen to it that the stunted gunman's passing was not linked with the abrupt exit of Joe Pioggi and Arkos, the Greek. There was method in this; it demonstrated that efficiency of the Scarfell system was unimpaired. Police were searching for an unnamed suspect, the dispatch recited. Campbell translated into this vague statement Drew Scarfell's final warning.

Warning of what? He wondered, for he was certain that the chief of the criminal ring would be the last to encompass his arrest. Arresting a lone wolf rebel against Scarfell omnipotence would not suffice, might be dangerous if he were induced to talk. Only extinction could serve. Campbell's lip curled as he stared at the sheet propped against breakfast coffee pot. He intended to postpone extinction, indefinitely, because of Bessie. There had been shopping for an outfit that afternoon. The next day they went to Fairfield.

The village received them incuriously, although it entertained midwinter visitors seldom. And this stranger, with his prattling companion, was metropolitan, indubitably; would have been classed as such if his sedan had not borne a heralding license plate. City folk, who maintained lodges in the Cut-over Lands, stayed away during zero months. Fairfield was marooned, literally, from October until June.

For a week Bessie had been entrusted to Mrs. Grant, postmistress and keeper of the general store. Meanwhile Alan made livable the chinked log cabin of a veteran guide whom rheumatism had invalided "over to Sparks Town." The guide gladly sold his three acres, untouched by timber leasing syndicate because of its bouldered fastnesses. By February, smoke wreathed from a rebuilt chimney. Alan Campbell's housekeeping had been begun. Mrs. Grant herself arranged crockery and pans. There were two shelves of books; he and Bessie divided them. The mail order firm was prompt in forwarding his selections.

Just once he heard from Gerda Larsen. A fortnight after buying the cabin a letter came; two brief interrogations, upon "Y" paper: "Did you go? And what have you found?" asked the page. He replied with an equally cryptic sentence, unsigned.

That was all—and it was April.

SIX months earlier he would have challenged each gradation of attitude with merciless analysis. Now, while sensing the potency of changes occurring within him, he waived speculation concerning their ultimate development. There was the child, a vivid, pliant bundle of human atoms; there were stars glittering above night silence, ridge rooted boulders, majestic pines complaining in lake gusts as they kept watch and ward over man's wreckage of the primeval. The child, and that platoon of superb pines—alike by-products of man's destructiveness.

Destructiveness! Consciousness of its prevalence seared with a cautery not to be fended off, he struggled against it vainly, not so much because of pain as for the reason that it was corrective. He had abandoned correctiveness when he trudged out of Argonne mud, with a loathing for regulations. But correctiveness had overtaken his free stride. Befriending a woman, shivering in a baby blizzard, had caught him in a trap. All the volumes of philosophy lining the walls of his deserted apartment could not have pried open its jaws.

The segment of earth to which he had taken hasty title absorbed him. Imagination fitted it into the original plotting of virgin forest. Rustling of branches was not then pitched in minor key. Pine must have crooned to pine contentedly; thudding of axes interpolated no discord in wilderness symphony. Lives could be like that until they were marred. His mother's life had been. Yet trees were different, really; advantage rested with them. The gods of chance spared enough to make possible glimpsing a glory which had fled. It was not so with lives. No human platoon attained sanctuary like his score of brooding sentries. Pondering this, the outline of salvage dilated, expanded. A latent urge toward the constructiveness he had denied, flabby from a decade of disuse, was loosening thongs which bound it.

In the Cut-over Lands schooling's calendar is reversed. Homesteaders' children cannot be gathered regularly when rutted highways are quagmires or blockaded by drifts. A cracked bell, in the box-like cupola of Fairfield's toy school house, clangs six mornings out of seven, from April until November. It sounded to Bessie like shunting locomotives. She said so.

"This is going to be fun," he countered, buckling primers together. "Teacher will be pleased when she finds out how much you know already."

Panther Marsh's bridge had sagged: It took a half-hour to re-wedge the sodden planks. It was five minutes past nine when Alan lifted her out of the sedan.

"Ooh, Uncle Alan! Listen!"

Through the open door streamed yoked treble:

> Good morning to you,
> Good morning to you,
> Good morning, dear teacher,
> Good morning to you.

Boyhood memories—they were clogging, never quite soluble. He dropped Bessie's hand, halting, as if three rickety steps were an impassable barricade. A contralto was acknowledging the scholars' greeting:

> Good morning, dear children,
> Good morning to you.

[*Turn to page 110*]

Does laughter always verge on tears? Or are these only the amusing adventures of

A STRANGE BOY IN A STRANGE LAND

A sudden crash interrupted him

By Sarah Addington

Illustrated by HARRY BECKHOFF

FUJI was writing the market list for the madam.

On a high kitchen stool he squatted; over the white enamel of the kitchen table he humped—five feet one of yellow, squinting, twenty-four-year-old Japanese "boy" in white cook's apron and tiny blue serge trousers.

Now he would gaze profoundly at an aluminum pan. Absently and parenthetically he would note that it was black on the bottom, that pan. If madam saw it, she would make a big fuss. Then he would take his squid of a pencil, apply it to the scrap of paper.

The list was growing long now:

.Peanuts botter
Sprits pea
Aggs
Lice
Aple
Salid Oyl
Cofee
Carot
Bean 2 pond
Bakin poder
Chees
Whit Bread
Grapfruits

HE paused, thinking over meals and menus, remembered tomorrow's breakfast, wrote "Beacon." He looked at the calendar. It was Wednesday, laundress-day. He wrote "Runch for Rucy."

Then, untying his apron and drawing on his little black alpaca coat, he went into the library, where the madam waited.

"What you want deener?" he asked pleasantly.

"Oh." Mrs. Inslee's eyes wandered. "I guess lamb chops."

"A' right, lambs chop. Feex wit' pine-apples?"

"Lovely."

"Make leetle puff teengs out from potatoes?"

"Yes! Delicious."

"I teenk pot roast nize," he remarked.

"Pot roast? Oh no, lamb chops and pineapple."

"I feex him wit' green pepper, leetle olive, leetle tomato—"

"But that's sort of heavy. I love lamb chops—"

"I teenk better. Lambs chop lady deesh. Meester Eenslee rike pot roas' better. Pot roas' man deesh."

"All right." She sighed for the now impossible lamb chops. Then she laughed. She never got her way in this daily clash about the dinner menu, but they always played the game, she pretending to hold out, he pretending to defer; then, when he became firm, she always capitulated; and both enjoyed the whole process.

"I learning from my frien' making new teengs"

A slight daily skirmish

"Buy me leetle mushroom," he said.

She took up the list.

"All right—mushrooms. Are you sure that's all, Fuji?"

"Yez, mam."

"What shall I get for Lucy's lunch?"

"She like hot dog."

"All right."

"Tonk you."

He plodded off to the kitchen, took off his coat, tied on the apron again. Then after he had washed one tumbler, he took his hands out of the boiling suds, removed the apron, donned the coat, went back to the library. Mrs. Inslee was talking to the grocer over the telephone. He stood waiting until she looked up, receiver in hand.

"Buy me leetle parsery."

"Oh, yes," she said to the grocer. "A little parsley, please."

Satisfied, he returned to the kitchen and the dishes.

When Lucy came, they discovered there was no bluing. Patiently Fuji wiped his hands, took off his apron, did on his coat. He found Mrs. Inslee reading.

"Buy me leetle bruing," he said.

"Oh, *Fuji!*" She threw down the paper, laughing in spite of herself. He laughed, too, showing his good, young teeth. "Now are you sure there's nothing else? *Sure?*"

"That's all. Tonk you." He turned his back to her and stalked off.

He washed the dishes, then stopped and sat down on the stool to consider whether he should scour the pans or not. It was purely a gambling proposition: if the madam was going to inspect the kitchen that day, the pans, regrettably, must be scoured; if she wasn't, they must by all means go unscoured.

He weighed the probabilities—he did not scour the pans. Instead, loading himself down with vacuum-cleaner and dust-cloth, with furniture oil and mop, he betook himself to the front of the apartment, to conduct a slight skirmish against dust and dirt. He regarded these operations as superfluous, but the madam had other ideas and occasionally he humored her in them.

THAT afternoon, while he was sprawling on his cot in the servant's room off the kitchen, she came. He heard her prowling, poking, jabbing. He closed his eyes and waited for her voice. He did not have to wait long.

"Fuji! Come here, please."

He appeared at the door, smiling.

"Yez, mam?"

There were reproaches. The pans were filthy! The stove was vile! He snickered. It had taken Mrs. Inslee several months of Fuji's service to learn that snickers accompanying reproaches did not express amusement, but chagrin, embarrassment, shame. There were other crimes besides the pans and the stove.

"Fuji!" She pointed dramatically to a half loaf of bread nestling cozily in the garbage-pail egg shells, lettuce leaves and coffee grounds.

He fidgeted.

"How many times have I told you not to throw anything good away?"

"He oll breads," he murmured.

"But you could grind it up!"

"We got plenty grind-up breads," he said, pointing to a row of glass jars on a cupboard shelf.

Such a boy!

She opened the refrigerator door; moved this dish and that while Fuji looked on, aghast.

"What is this smell?" she asked darkly, sniffing and rummaging. "*What* is this?"

She held a large bowl, was peering distastefully into its contents.

"Leetle feesh," he mumbled.

"But they're alive! They're *eels!*" She recoiled, making hideous faces.

"Yez. I make leetle peeckle." His face was radiant. "Good. You like."

"All right," she said, sighing, depositing the bowl on the table. "Make it up then." They were heartily tired,

she and her husband, of Fuji's offerings of strange, Oriental pickled dishes, served so incongruously with the American food that he cooked to such perfection. But after all, there was always a tenderness in her for this strange boy in a strange land, and if pickled eels made him any happier, as of course they did, she, Martha Inslee, was not one to deny a fellow-being a little human happiness. Indeed, it was her pity and her affection for this little blinking, yellow-faced Oriental that made her cling to Fuji—untidy, sloppy, maddening creature that he was—her pity and affection. Fuji's own irresistible charm, and his superb cooking. It was like having a child, she often thought—having Fuji to watch, to worry over, to chide, to direct.

When she had left the kitchen, Fuji opened up the top of the washtub. He leaned over it, his darting black eyes gleaming with triumph.

The washtub was swarming with dozens of eels. The madam had not seen them!

He poked a brown forefinger into the writhing, fishy swarm, grinned widely as the eels swirled faster.

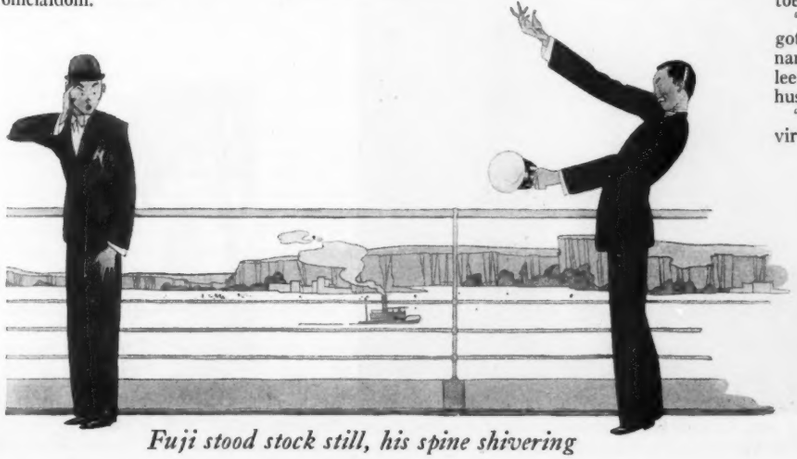
IT WAS one of the inexorable laws of the household that no matter what went forward of whatever movement, Fuji at two o'clock every afternoon retired to his bed for the pursuance of his own affairs. Sometimes he read. Flat on his back, he would blink his way through the Japanese "Times" and its record of the doings of his people in New York, in America in general, at home in Japan. Never was he impressed or excited by the events of which he read. He did not change expression when one day he read the horror-tale of Japan's most recent earthquake; he was perfectly untouched by the pretty romance of Setsu Matsudaira and the Japanese prince. But he read faithfully as if reading were a natural function, like breathing, and therefore not to be resisted.

Sometimes, he slept. Upon these occasions, telephone and door bells might ring with clangors violent enough to wake the dead, but they did not wake Fuji. And Mrs. Inslee, dashing from front door to back, from one telephone to the other, would rage, but she never reproved or scolded him.

At other times, Fuji would simply lie prostrate and smoke and blink and squint and ruminate. He would think back over the moving picture he had seen the night before; would plan heavenly, impossible menus; would see himself at a poker table, holding a royal flush (Hisao Uyeshima with but a meager straight flush); would dream blissfully of Coney Island.

These were his loves: movies, cooking, poker, Coney Island. These passions he hugged to his heart of an afternoon, through heavy clouds of cigarette smoke, and thus refreshed and invigorated, he would return to the kitchen to brew tea for himself and the madam, to stir and whip and beat and mix the ingredients of the impending triumphal dinner.

This afternoon, however, he was reading. There was a piece of news in the paper. The Japanese fleet was coming to New York, to lie at anchor in the Hudson River, to be welcomed and fêted and feasted by the flower of Japanese and New York society and officialdom.



Fuji stood stock still, his spine shivering

When he took Mrs. Inslee her tea, he said: "Joponese navy come to New York."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "That'll be interesting, won't it?"

"I not interest," he said laughing.

"Crazy boy," thought Mrs. Inslee, munching his delicate, delicious toast.

After she had finished tea, he became suddenly punctilious, brought a carpet sweeper to clean up nonexistent crumbs on the floor. Pushing the sweeper methodically, he said, "You teenk Jopon and United States ever going to war with each?"

"No! Of course not!"

He shrugged.

"I teenk not too."

"Would you have to fight, Fuji, if your country should ever go to war?"

"No. I not going to fight. I not liking fights. I run!" He showed his teeth in glee.

"Fuji!"

"Fights silly. No good doing by fightings," he added sagely. He stopped, leaned on the carpet sweeper. "Meesis Eenslee, you steal?" he asked interestedly.

"Steal? Do I steal?"

"Yez. You knowing how steal?"

"Of course not. Whatever—"

"I steal." He grinned delightedly. "I stealing potatoes for you yesterday. Grocery mans bringing potatoes nex' door many bigger our potatoes. I stealing nex' door potatoes, put dose leetle potatoes in basket nex' door. You notice nize big potatoes eating las' night deener?"

More scoldings, much moralizing.

"But I never stealing from *you!*" he protested. "Never stealing from nice peoples. Just nex' door," he pleaded.

"Never again. Remember what I say."

He was extremely downcast. "Nex' door peoples" had such superior potatoes.

"I don't think he's got a moral to his name," said Mrs. Inslee that night to her husband.

"But he does have virtues," said Joe. "And virtues are better than—"

A sudden crash interrupted him.

"Oh, *dear!*" cried Mrs. Inslee. "That's the third this week. Honestly—"

At that moment a small, wistful, yellow face appeared at the dining-room door.

"Meesis Eenslee, I was make leetle occident."

"So I hear."

"I pay."

"No, that's all right, Fuji. You needn't pay. I know you didn't mean to."

"Oxcuse me?"

"Of course. Don't worry." That woeful face poking through the door was about to break her heart again, as it had twice before this week. "It's all right, Fuji. Please don't worry."

The face disappeared. "Tonk you," they heard as it disappeared.

Mrs. Inslee looked at her husband helplessly.

"He steals, he lies, he cheats, he is filthy and careless and lazy, he throws away our food and breaks a hundred dollars' worth of dishes every month and I adore him. I must be a plain fool."

"Go 'way. We not want you here"

Joe Inslee laughed and reached for his pipe.

"I must be one too then. I'm crazy about the little cuss."

That evening Fuji pickled his eels away into the night. He whistled as he pickled. The thin, eerie, tuneless thing wafted clear into the Inslee bedroom.

"What's he doing?" asked Joe.

"Boiling eels in vinegar, probably," said his wife, "for your dinner tomorrow night, darling."

"Oh, Lord! Can't you stop that?"

"No. I can't stop anything. Here are your pajamas." She picked them up off her bed. "I wonder," she mused, "why he never by any chance remembers which bed you sleep in!"

Poker was a dear and thrilling madness. Always you might win

The eels were done. In glass jars they reposed, curling deliciously in brown and tasty vinegar. Fuji surveyed them contentedly. Then his eye fell on the coffee pot. Unwashed, that coffee pot, and the madam had stern ideas on that subject. But would she find it, if he hid it, in the oven, say? It would be interesting to see.

He opened the oven door, put the coffee pot in a back corner.

The next day was Thursday, his one holiday of the week. He went to two moving pictures, dined on chicken and pickles and rice at Totaro Kanayaka's boarding house in Lexington Avenue and then set himself down at the poker table for a long, sweet night.

They were playing four-card stud. His companions were five other butler-cooks, his favorite cronies. He had only seventy dollars tonight. If he lost more than that, he would have to give a note. His watch was gone long since. Pity it was gone, for he might need it tonight.

HE LOST steadily. He always lost, for some reason. His neat piles of chips melted. He bought more. Tens were wild now. Ah, he had three sevens. He bet madly, his brown cheeks flushed, his eyes challenging. *Cluch!* That Zuki had three nines! He laughed merrily. Poker was a dear and thrilling happiness. Always you might win.

At four o'clock in the morning, he had lost his seventy dollars, had given Zuki his note for nineteen more. Perhaps it was time to quit. He rose reluctantly. Too bad one couldn't go on playing poker forever. One always had to stop. But it had been a good evening. He borrowed a nickel for subway fare and departed, glowing and content.

He slept soundly, knew nothing until he heard Joe's voice, felt Joe's hand roughly at his shoulder.

Cluch! He had overslept again.

When he appeared in the dining-room with the orange juice, he noted that all was not well with Mr. Inslee. Was he angry, perhaps, just because his breakfast was half an hour late? It hardly seemed possible.

"Good morning!" he said smiling. "Nize day?"

"Lovely," growled Joe. "What's the matter with you?"

Fuji snickered.

[*Turn to page 109*]

GREEN TIMBER

Breaker of laws and protector of women, gentleman, thief and scholar—Alan Campbell, the most arresting figure in current fiction!

By James Oliver Curwood and Robert E. MacAlarney

Illustrated by E. F. WARD

RIDING to almost certain death, Alan Campbell thought ironically, "What makes a gangster, anyway?" At his side crouched the faithful Twisty, surest shot in the racket, and Gerda, the chance-met singer he was escorting home from the night club owned by Scarfell, the underworld chieftain who had decreed Alan's death. They sped onward, the three of them in Alan's car, through the city night. Suddenly, in a maze of shots and curses, two pursuing gunmen fell before Twisty's aim; another under Alan's fire. The enemy vanquished, Alan and the girl had to carry Twisty, faithful to the last, to his miserable cot in the railroad yards to die. There Gerda learned of the waif Twisty had rescued from the city's dumpheaps. And looking into Alan's fearless, dream-filled eyes, she sent him off to start clean far away from the underworld. Could he keep the world from branding Twisty's little girl as the child of a murderer? Could he keep Gerda's faith?

Part II

SPRING in the Cut-over Lands.

Trout streams, invigorated by long quiescence in icy sheaths, tinkle thin grace notes at the lips of rocky ledges before spilling into brown pools. Soft green, everywhere, and an invading wave of birds, briskly occupied with introducing first-flighters to well-remembered haunts. Moist heat burrows beneath leaf-mould and moss, as if new life had been sprayed from benignant, sapphire heavens upon denuded slopes, where eager saplings are doing their best to hide evidences of ruthless devastation.

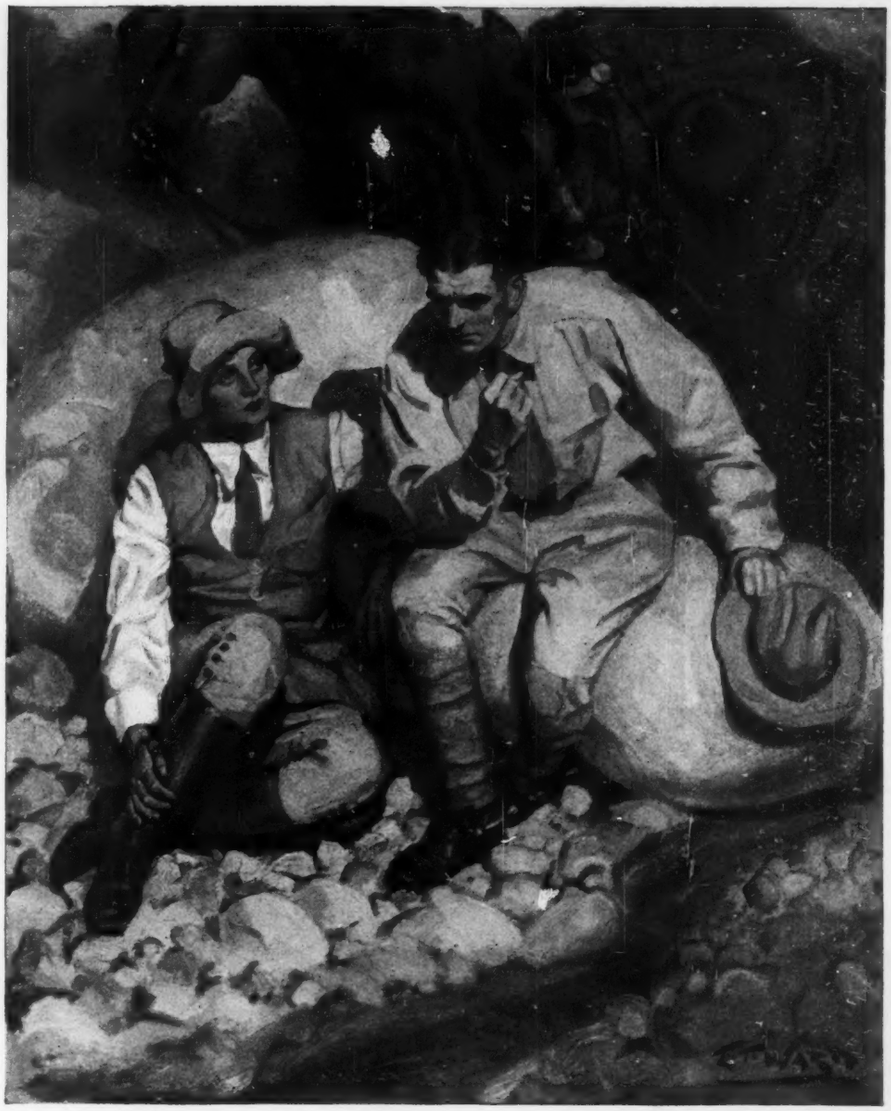
Persistent sadness lurks in these looted square miles, for they phrase the tragedy of forest wealth prodigally consumed; nothing is more melancholy than contemplating the empty wallet of a spendthrift. But there is joy here, also, for him who can read aright outraged Nature's forgiving promise, a pledge that sturdy trees shall stand once more on the shoulders of ten thousand hills.

When lumbering crews attack a mountain they blaze a wavering trail. Many things contrive to swerve these shock troops, armed with saws and peavies. The curve of a sumac-purpled swamp may achieve sanctuary for a clump of symmetrical trunks. It would cost too much to cut and skid them to narrow-gauge rails pinned upon corduroy. A detail of mackinawed scouts inspects the pine picket; a gang boss shakes his head; the penetrating column moves on, outflanked. It has lost another wilderness skirmish. Thud of chopping axes fades; soon only the sound of wind-chafed boughs. An outpost has been decreed in the terrain of destruction. Such spots are haphazard nuclei of reforestation. Man will link them, in a fervor of atonement, after a while.

Alan Campbell had located such an outpost—six miles from Fairfield, on the edge of Tamarack Pond. Long before cracks split the covering of lake and stream he had established what Twisty Fogger's Bessie accepted unquestioningly as home.

Mother Machree's baby farm was blurred, mercifully and speedily, by childish delight in birch sticks snapping upon brick hearth and an inexhaustible supply of snow banks. To Bessie, snow had meant always a grayish paste, peppered with freight yard cinders. She was convinced with difficulty that these spotless piles were what Mother Machree had identified as snow.

Twisty Fogger's waif legacy



"I haven't been fitted for my halo yet"

After Campbell left Gerda Larson, in the "Y" vestibule, he had decided upon a program carried out flawlessly. From the beginning of his law-breaking he had disciplined himself to follow instinct in emergency, a habit justified by results. Fairfield beckoned as the door shut behind the girl he had snatched out of the storm, the singer who had aroused disturbing recollection through the medium of an antiquated ballad. Impulse dictated his offer of aid, enmeshing her in sordid melodrama. Extrication had been obligatory, albeit this act negated a precedent and cancelled a vow.

Both had crumbled. He, who despised killers, had employed Twisty's borrowed weapon with gusto characteristic of the crippled wrongdoer he saw die in a shanty. He had defied Drew Scarfell to Pudge Tricker, had declined exile from a city where underworld welcome was outworn. And he had broken his word—twice. Gerda Larsen was responsible for that—Gerda Larsen and Twisty's blue-eyed protegé.

There had been scant time to take the child, before Scarfell's henchmen followed up the message which provoked cursing over a night club wire. He must move rapidly and unerringly. He did. Mother Machree, when not gin fuddled, comprehended startling developments without wasted exclamation. She had dressed Bessie deftly, grumbling as he thrust money into her clutch and bade her go to the Fogger shack at dawn.

"I knowed Twisty'd get his some day," she said. "He was nutty over the kid."

THEN Alan Campbell had sped on, into the blackness. He headed for Chi first. Some of the cash in that safe-deposit vault would be useful. Afterward—Fairfield. Why not? The hamlet's old world name kept flickering in his brain. Fairfield and peace. Gerda Larsen had said the latter might be found there, as well as the refuge he had ceased to scorn. The child, slumbering behind him, was his, now. What was that line from the prairie hymn book?—"A charge to keep I have." He had acquired a charge, despite him.

Chicago's newspapers apprised him of reaction to a pair of dead men in a municipal dumping ground. Reporters listed them as additional jetsam of bootlegging tribal warfare. The death of Twisty Fogger was not mentioned. Scarfell and Tricker had seen to it that the stunted gunman's passing was not linked with the abrupt exit of Joe Pioggi and Arkos, the Greek. There was method in this; it demonstrated that efficiency of the Scarfell system was unimpaired. Police were searching for an unnamed suspect, the dispatch recited. Campbell translated into this vague statement Drew Scarfell's final warning.

Warning of what? He wondered, for he was certain that the chief of the criminal ring would be the last to encompass his arrest. Arresting a lone wolf rebel against Scarfell omnipotence would not suffice, might be dangerous if he were induced to talk. Only extinction could serve. Campbell's lip curled as he stared at the sheet propped against breakfast coffee pot. He intended to postpone extinction, indefinitely, because of Bessie. There had been shopping for an outfit that afternoon. The next day they went to Fairfield.

The village received them incuriously, although it entertained midwinter visitors seldom. And this stranger, with his prattling companion, was metropolitan, indubitably; would have been classed as such if his sedan had not borne a heralding license plate. City folk, who maintained lodges in the Cut-over Lands, stayed away during zero months. Fairfield was marooned, literally, from October until June.

For a week Bessie had been entrusted to Mrs. Grant, postmistress and keeper of the general store. Meanwhile Alan made livable the chinked log cabin of a veteran guide whom rheumatism had invalided "over to Sparks Town." The guide gladly sold his three acres, untouched by timber leasing syndicate because of its bouldered fastnesses. By February, smoke wreathed from a rebuilt chimney. Alan Campbell's housekeeping had been begun. Mrs. Grant herself arranged crockery and pans. There were two shelves of books; he and Bessie divided them. The mail order firm was prompt in forwarding his selections.

Just once he heard from Gerda Larsen. A fortnight after buying the cabin a letter came; two brief interrogations, upon "Y" paper: "Did you go? And what have you found?" asked the page. He replied with an equally cryptic sentence, unsigned.

That was all—and it was April.

SIX months earlier he would have challenged each gradation of attitude with merciless analysis. Now, while sensing the potency of changes occurring within him, he waived speculation concerning their ultimate development. There was the child, a vivid, pliant bundle of human atoms; there were stars glittering above night silence, ridge rooted boulders, majestic pines complaining in lake gusts as they kept watch and ward over man's wreckage of the primeval. The child, and that platoon of superb pines—alike by-products of man's destructiveness.

Destructiveness! Consciousness of its prevalence seared with a cautery not to be fended off, he struggled against it vainly, not so much because of pain as for the reason that it was corrective. He had abandoned correctiveness when he trudged out of Argonne mud, with a loathing for regulations. But correctiveness had overtaken his free stride. Befriending a woman, shivering in a baby blizzard, had caught him in a trap. All the volumes of philosophy lining the walls of his deserted apartment could not have pried open its jaws.

The segment of earth to which he had taken hasty title absorbed him. Imagination fitted it into the original plotting of virgin forest. Rustling of branches was not then pitched in minor key. Pine must have crooned to pine contentedly; thudding of axes interpolated no discord in wilderness symphony. Lives could be like that until they were marred. His mother's life had been. Yet trees were different, really; advantage rested with them. The gods of chance spared enough to make possible glimpsing a glory which had fled. It was not so with lives. No human platoon attained sanctuary like his score of brooding sentries. Pondering this, the outline of salvage dilated, expanded. A latent urge toward the constructiveness he had denied, flabby from a decade of disuse, was loosening thongs which bound it.

In the Cut-over Lands schooling's calendar is reversed. Homesteaders' children cannot be gathered regularly when rutted highways are quagmires or blockaded by drifts. A cracked bell, in the box-like cupola of Fairfield's toy school house, clangs six mornings out of seven, from April until November. It sounded to Bessie like shunting locomotives. She said so.

"This is going to be fun," he countered, buckling primers together. "Teacher will be pleased when she finds out how much you know already."

Panther Marsh's bridge had sagged: It took a half-hour to re-wedge the sodden planks. It was five minutes past nine when Alan lifted her out of the sedan.

"Ooh, Uncle Alan! Listen!"

Through the open door streamed yoked treble:

> Good morning to you.
> Good morning to you.
> Good morning, dear teacher,
> Good morning to you.

Boyhood memories—they were clogging, never quite soluble. He dropped Bessie's hand, halting, as if three rickety steps were an impassable barricade. A contralto was acknowledging the scholars' greeting:

> Good morning, dear children.
> Good morning to you.

[*Turn to page 119*]

"Be quiet, mem-saheb, and no harm will come to you"

The Missionary

The green eyed monster plays a gallant role in the land where East meets West

By Achmed Abdullah

Illustrated by W. E. HEITLAND

EVERYBODY, including even members of her own sex, agreed that Miss Caroline Payne Latimer, M. D., was good-looking in her smart, ash-blonde, lean way. Neither her thirty-seven years nor the ten she had spent as medical missionary on the northwestern border of India, freezing during six months and roasting during the other six, had spoiled her complexion or dimmed her frank, fearless, gray-blue eyes.

But when it comes to the inner woman, to Miss Latimer's character and accomplishments, we have the choice of three interpretations: her own; that of Sir Thomas Greatorex, K. C. B., G. C. S. I., colonel of the Thirty-third Punjabi Rifles; and finally, that of the Kattacks.

The latter were a tribe of ruffianly, lawless Pathans who ploughed their pebbly acres and herded their goats and their underbred, russet cattle high up in the steep, torn wilderness of the Suleymani Range—a strip of land pinched in between Afghanistan and India's northwest frontier province and marked neutral on the maps, since neither the British nor the Afghan government cared for the responsibility of having the Kattacks as subjects. In former years they had made a rich, if dishonest living, by frequently descending into the fertile lowlands of Hindustan, with the threat of glittering scabbards and the nasal, sardonic beat of war drums, and returning to their round stone houses, satiated with loot.

But the British had changed all that. They had erected forts and block-houses along the border; were, furthermore, patroling it with horse, foot, and light field guns; and so nowadays the tribesmen had to be satisfied with occasional small raids in quest of the Hindus' cattle—in quest, too, of British army rifles worth their weight in silver beyond the frontier. These, a clever, jaunty lad, might help himself to by coming down from the hills on a fine, dark night, sneaking on his belly between the British sentinels, then—after maybe a knife thrust or two, sneaking back again, and up and away to the frowning peaks. Once there the boy might thumb his nose at the redcoats, greatly to the annoyance of their swearing, indignant commander, Colonel Sir Thomas Greatorex.

Once in a while he would send a punitive expedition after them. But it never did any good. For the Kattacks would simply remove themselves and their cattle up to the yet higher hills, where, to use their own phraseology, dwarfed pine met snow and snow met the naked soul of Allah; and if the British destroyed their towerhouses, well, there was no lack of stones to build new homes. Besides, the soldiers would have to return presently to the plains; and it was a pleasant sport to cut off stragglers and hurl down great rocks and roots from ambush.

The consequence was that the Kattacks had no respect for the British, the feringhees, the foreigners. Perhaps the only feringhee they had respect and a genuine liking for, was Miss Caroline Latimer, M. D.

For many years now she had divided her time, not to mention her prescriptions, between the hills and the plains. She was efficient, even slightly domineering; yet with ever a jest for the grouchy and complaining, housewifely gossip for the old women, sweets and toys for the children, and a keen reply for the bold, staring youths. And it was said of her amongst the Kattacks that when she entered a house blithe happiness entered with her; and when she left, black dullness returned.

"It is the presence of her," some tall, fur-capped tribesman would comment in his stilted hill speech, "which is good for our fine, strong villages, as a tree to a windy hill."

"Aye! It is she who makes the sun shine warmer."

"And ailing bones less sore!" another would chime in laughingly.

"She is indeed a child of kings."

"Yes," a woman would say, "there is the understanding of her brain and heart. There is the help of her wits and her blessed, skilled hands."

"Ah—the sword of Allah between her and whatever harm!"

Such was the Kattacks' interpretation of Miss Latimer's accomplishments; and it was violently contradicted by Sir Thomas Greatorex.

Not that he disliked her. In fact, he admired her; was devoted to her; and, a widower these last nine years, asked her to become his wife every time she visited the army post, at Kara-Kut where he was stationed. But her profession——

BLAST me eyes!" he would exclaim in that uniquely British diction of his which made it difficult to tell where the stablegroom ended and the gentleman began. "Sharp as mustard, that's what you are; as pert as a sparrow and as pretty as dammit! So what d'ye mean by bein' a missionary—a nosey, double-dashed, interferin' busybody?"

"Tom," she would reply in what he called her *Americanese*, unchanged after all these years away from home, "when it comes to butting into other people's business, the army has the church lashed to the mast. Besides, I'm a medical missionary. I let the soul take care of itself—all I do is my level best to cure the body."

"Right-o!" he would interrupt ironically. "Massage the Kattacks' arms, that's what you do, so the blighters can hurl rocks at us! Put healing salve on their darling little trigger-fingers, so they can take pot-shots at us when we go into the hills! Call that sportin', old dear?"

"It's my duty, Tom."

"Eh?"

"I've nothing to do with politics. You see—" and here we have her own interpretation of herself—"I'm a doctor, a darned good one if I say it myself, and it's up to me to lend my knowledge to whoever needs it. And so," she continued tonight, facing the colonel across his well-appointed dinner table, "I would prescribe less whiskey, and no more than five cigars a day."

"You've no right to nag me until you marry me. Which reminds me, when are you going to?"

"Never. I told you so—how often?"

"Might change your mind; women do, y'know. And—there's Jane. Fond of her, aren't you?"

"Tremendously."

"There you are. Jane needs a mother."

"Why pick on me? India's crammed with Anglo-Saxon spinsters eager to become Lady Greatorex."

"Flattery!"

"It's the truth."

"But y'see, Jane loves you, as I do. It runs in the family, my dear."

Miss Latimer decided to change the subject.

"In the hills, isn't she?" she asked.

"Yes. Major Henderson went up for a fortnight's shooting—took his Missus along and they invited Jane."

"Does she like it here?"

"Rather. Been here only a couple of months—quite a change from those long years in English boarding school and Belgian convent. And she's eighteen—young enough to find India no-end romantic and not to mind the smells and—hullo—what's that?" he interrupted himself as suddenly, outside, the sound of a shot splintered the purple stillness of the night.

He rose and stepped out on the veranda, followed by Miss Latimer.

The shot was followed by two more—rat-tat—quick, staccato, dramatic. The next moment, somewhere, the alarm signal of an army whistle rose shrill and challenging. Came rushing footsteps; lights here and there flashing crimson and yellow through darkness; British officers and Punjabi soldiers tumbling out of the barracks, strapping on weapons as they ran, with a babel of cries, in English and native dialects:

"I say, Johnny! Where—?"

"Look!"—a hand pointed in the direction of the guardhouse, where, painted a deeper black against the swathing blackness, there was a shadowy hint of bodies wrestling, coiling, grappling, straining.

"*Zid! Zid!*" a Punjabi sergeant yelled exultingly at the thought of strife.

"*Yah Ullah!*"

"*Shumshere aloom!*"

"*Shookur Khoda!*"

"Chivvy along there, Mac! Never mind your comic sword, it'll only trip you!"

"Hassan!"

"*Attcha, saheb!*"

"Wonder what's up?"

VOICES dropped to a zumming, hectic drone as footsteps pattered away; and Miss Latimer turned to the colonel.

"What do you think?"

"We'll know in a moment."

And shortly afterward a captain came up and made report: "A Kattack, sir. Caught rifle stealing."

"Anybody hurt, M'Gregor?"

"No, sir. Shots went wild."

"Let's have a look at the animal." The colonel left the veranda.

"May I come along, Tom?" asked Miss Latimer.

"If you wish. May be one of your gentle little patients."

They found the Kattack in the guardhouse: a young man, startlingly good-looking with his ruddy, clean-cut features, his greenish eyes, the thick, auburn curls which were a distinguishing mark of his tribe.

His strong, hairy hands were manacled. But he was not cowed. Nor was he ill at ease. Rifle stealing, to him, was an honorable enterprise. The fact that he had failed in it made it no less honorable.

So, being a gentleman to his own reading of the word, he replied courteously and truthfully when the colonel asked him his name: [*Turn to page 125*]

"Since when has it been habit amongst the Kattacks that a wife should speak for her husband?"

The silvery note thrilled her. Was it—Pan?

The ALTAR of HONOR

Ethel M. Dell's Greatest Novel

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

What price liberty! Charmaine wondered. Must all her days be spent in wretched longing under the fearful domination of her step-sister, Griselda? The only happy moment of her life had come, and gone, that day on the beach with Rory Donovan—"Rory Daredevil". The memory of that tryst still lingered in Charmaine's heart when she accepted Sylvia's invitation to spend a season in London.

In London, Lady Cravenstowe, an aristocratic dowager, secretly captivated by Charmaine's shy, elusive beauty, has her cherished hopes fulfilled when Basil Conister, her nephew, falls madly in love with Charmaine and wins her half-reluctant promise of marriage. But what of Rory? Will he always remain a memory?

POOR little thing!" said Lady Cravenstowe gently.

She stood by Charmaine's bed across which the morning sunlight was streaming, and looked down at her with loving eyes which were not without a suggestion of tears.

Charmaine was asleep, her golden hair lying in two great plaits on her breast. There was a delicate flush on her face, imparting to it a loveliness that was almost unearthly. The long black lashes that lay so still on her cheeks were just tipped with gold. The quiet eyelids were like the white petals of a rose.

"If he could see her now!" murmured Lady Cravenstowe.

She did not speak above her breath; in fact, she scarcely uttered the words at all. But some electric force from her personality must have touched the sleeper, for Charmaine stirred and made a movement of awakening.

"Dear child!" said Lady Cravenstowe aloud.

Charmaine's eyes opened and gazed at her through a haze of sleep. "That was a big wave!" she said.

Then they took in the motherly face above her and smiled their recognition. The mists of slumber passed and they shone like violets in the early dew.

"Is it very late?" she asked, starting. "Have I slept too long?"

"Of course not, darling!" said Lady Cravenstowe. "I wouldn't let anyone come near to wake you. You were very tired last night."

"Was I?" said Charmaine, still momentarily vague. Then some memory seemed to strike her, and the faint flush of slumber deepened to vivid rosy red. "Oh yes, I remember," she said apologetically. "But we came home early, didn't we? I didn't dance too much?"

"My darling!" said Lady Cravenstowe, and stooping gathered her up to her heart. "I know all about it. He has told me."

"Oh!" said Charmaine breathlessly, clinging to her. "I do hope you're not vexed!"

VEXED! My darling, I'm delighted!" Lady Cravenstowe assured her, though her tears were no longer a suggestion but a reality. "It's the one thing I was hoping for; only I didn't think it could happen so soon. Basil called me into his room and told me everything. He was so happy he could hardly speak at first." She clasped Charmaine closer and tenderly kissed her. "God bless you both!" she said.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're pleased," said Charmaine with deep relief. "I felt as if I ought to have asked you first, because it was you who had me here."

"I wanted him to fall in love with you, bless your sweet innocence!" said Lady Cravenstowe. "I knew directly I saw you that you were the one girl to make him happy."

"Me!" said Charmaine. "Oh, why?"

Lady Cravenstowe sat down comfortably on the bed, still clasping her. "Mainly because you are so lovely and don't know it," she said. "I'm happier today than I have been for years. Basil doesn't care for the ordinary sophisticated girl, you know, dear; and I've always realized that he must have someone different. And it's so important that he should marry, too. You

see, Hugh never can now, and he is the heir to everything. But you needn't worry your little head. He simply worships you, so everything is all right."

"Worships me!" breathed Charmaine, marveling over the word. "I can't think how anyone could."

Lady Cravenstowe laughed at her with tender ridicule. "You are such a darling! But now, supposing you have your breakfast and get up! It's past eleven o'clock and Basil is waiting for you. I rather think he's got something to give you."

"Oh, has he?" cried Charmaine, overwhelmed. "Oughtn't I to go home to Sylvia first and tell her about it?"

"No, darling. I will take you this afternoon and tell her myself," said Lady Cravenstowe. "And then I shall persuade her to let you come back again with me, and we will all go down to Culverly at the end of the week and see poor Hugh. I am not going to let you out of my sight for a long while."

CHARMAINE turned with a newly awakened impulsiveness and hugged her. "I don't want ever to go away from you again, dear Lady Cravenstowe," she said. "I love you so."

"Say that to someone else, darling!" said Lady Cravenstowe, fondly kissing her. "And remember, I am Aunt Edith to you now."

When, at length, Charmaine went down to obey the summons a curious sense of fate had descended upon her, weighing her down with a strange oppression. It was as if in her desperate desire to escape from the bondage that lay behind her she had fled blindly into a cage, possessing glittering bars indeed, but still a cage with doors which, once closed upon her, could never be opened again.

A tall figure moved across the drawing-room to meet her, and her heart gave a quick beat of dismay, for Lady Cravenstowe was not there.

"Oh!" she said faintly. "I thought—I thought—"

Basil reached her, bent to her, took her trembling hands in his. "It's all right, darling," he said.

She looked up at him for a moment piteously and then with reassurance; for there was nothing overwhelming about him, nothing even formidable. His gray eyes smiled upon her with the same friendliness with which they had first regarded her. She smiled back.

"I'm sorry I'm so late," she said.

He bent a little lower and kissed her forehead. "It doesn't matter, so long as you come to me at last," he said. "Come along into the grotto! I've something to show you."

As they entered the green nook with its tinkling fountain, his arm was round her, but there was no restraint in its touch. She could have freed herself with a gesture, but did not.

"Oh, how lovely it is!" she said almost involuntarily.

"Happy?" he asked gently.

Something in the word touched her. She turned and lifted her face to his. "Oh, yes, thank you," she said.

He stooped again and kissed her with great tenderness; she realized that he was deeply moved. "If I could tell you how I worship you!" he said under his breath, and to her amazement she saw the tears in his eyes also.

She squeezed his arm. "I'm ever so happy," she said, "and getting happier every minute. Let's go and play with the goldfish again, shall we?"

He laughed a little. "Yes, but I've something else to show you first. What do you think I've been doing this morning while you were lying asleep?"

She glanced up at him shyly. "I don't know."

"Well, guess!" he said. "I've been shopping, buying something for you."

"Oh, what?" said Charmaine.

"Guess!" he said again.

She hesitated; then, "Not—a glass slipper?" she hazarded with a touch of humor.

HE LAUGHED again. "No, darling. We'll buy that in Paris, on our honeymoon. This is the thing I have bought for you today, and I want you to wear it for me always, will you?"

He pulled a little leather case out of his pocket and opened it before her shining eyes.

"Oh!" breathed Charmaine, dazzled. "How beautiful!"

It was a simple hoop of very deep sapphires and diamonds. She gazed upon it, enchanted.

"You never got that for me!" she said, in an awed whisper.

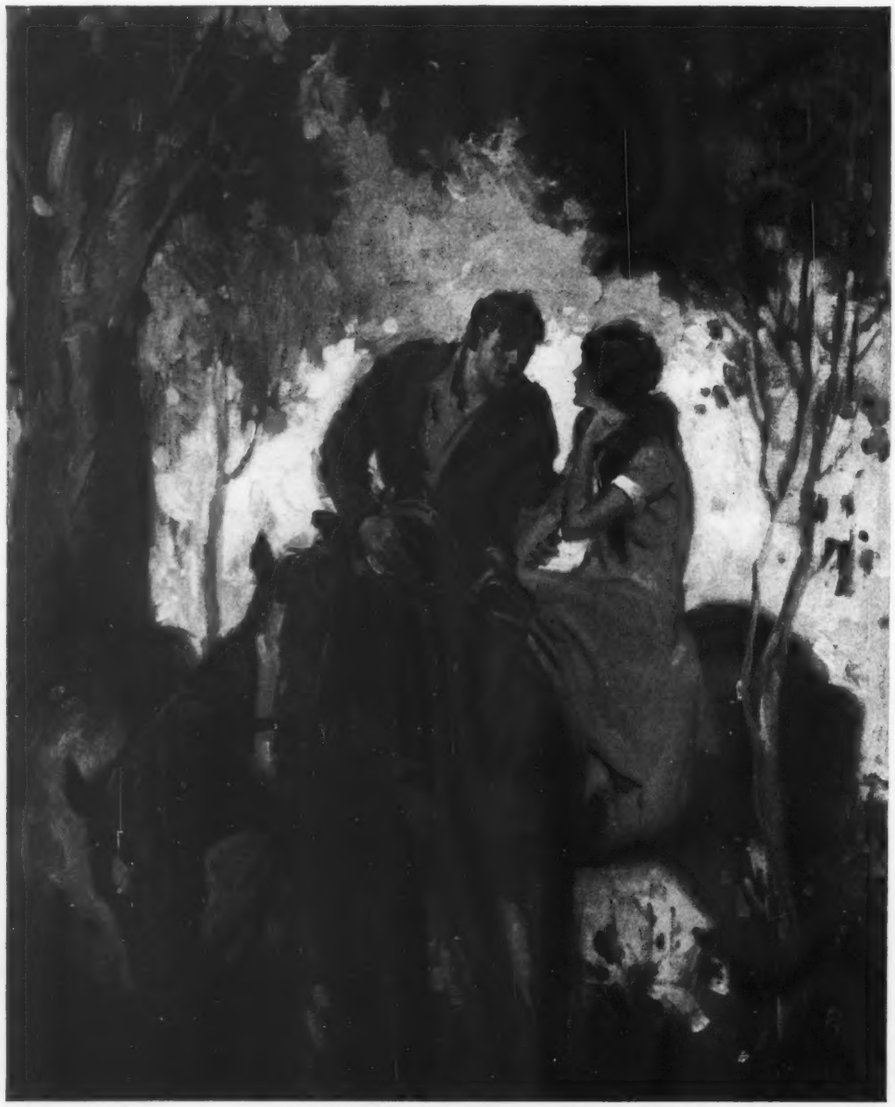
"For you—and only you!" he declared, watching her with deep adoration. "I tried to match your eyes, sweetheart, but I didn't succeed."

"It's much, much, too lovely," said Charmaine. "I should be afraid to wear it."

"Let's try it on!" he suggested. "Give me that third finger of yours! Does it fit?" [*Turn to page 102*]

"Rory—oh, Rory!"—"Charmaine!" he answered. Her dream had at last come true

Illustrated by CLARK AGNEW



"You think you're too good fer me because I ain't holy"

THE SOUL OF IDA BELLE

A moving drama of our Southern slashlands and a love that bore the gift of virtue

By Vingie E. Roe

THE lights of the camp meeting burned dimly, like fireflies in the grove. The boughs of the tabernacle, built some two weeks back, rustled faintly in the night breeze which came in from the breast of the bayou beyond. For miles around the slashlands stretched, level, silent, a flat floor beneath the tall trees. They were "poor whites" who lived here, shiftless and carefree. Primitive passions played stark in the lazy land, a gun fight now and then, fist fights often, dramatic and startling conversions.

It was for this that the preacher labored on his plank platform, pounding the Book on the pulpit, waving his long arms in the flickering lights and shadows.

"Repent of yer sins, bretheren!" he shouted. "Repent before hit's too late! That thar fiery pit's a-waitin' fer every mother's son of you, onless ye repent an' believe! I mean you! An' you! An' you!" His long finger, bony and colorless as a tallow dip, pointed directly into every face of his congregation. A row of gaunt women on the backless wooden bench that flanked the pulpit, nodded in accord.

"Come ye!" the preacher cried. "Cast yer lost soul on th' mercy of th' Lord! Fer some of ye this hyar night may be th' last. Come while thar is yet time—You faithful among us, rise an' labor in th' vineyard. Let us sing 'Thar Is a Fountain Filled with Blood'."

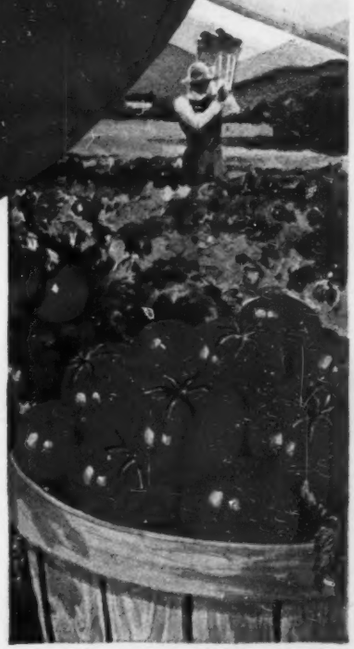
Near the front a face like a flower was raised toward the rostrum, its great blue eyes dark with the spreading pupils, its pink mouth opening in the words of the great old song. Small hands were trembling on the dog-eared book as the girl sang.

Miss Ida Belle Basset, meek, slim, nineteen that fall, was a shining example. For two full years she had belonged to the band which gathered twice a month at Provine's Corners where the crossroads met at the Bayou Bridge. And every yout : for miles around looked upon her with adoring reverence.

Miss Ida Belle, so small and sweet and modest, with deep blue eyes and golden hair that curled slightly at her shell-white temples no matter how its owner strained it back to primness! Miss Ida Belle, who had given up play-parties, dances, everything that meant life and happiness to the young.

When the preacher called for workers in the vineyard, Miss Ida Belle rose and mingled with the rest. Toward the back seats she pressed, those back seats which belonged to the unconverted. Here the young men sat, with varying emotions. Among them went the girl, like a white fire in her consecration, [*Turn to page 155*]

Everybody likes Campbell's Tomato Soup!



Among all the foods you eat, only [illegible] stand out in your memory as having a striking, delicious flavor you crave again and again. That's why Campbell's Tomato Soup is the most popular in the world. How much everybody enjoys it! 12 cents a can.

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

No need of "propping up" these suds
– they last and last because they're rich

A soap may bubble quickly into suds; but if the suds fall almost as fast as they rise it can't be a very good soap for you to use. It isn't *rich* enough—and to build the suds up again you must keep on adding soap, and still more soap.

But Chipso is made of materials especially chosen to give rich, *lasting* suds . . . suds that stand up until they have *soaked free* even greasy dirt. You don't have to be continually "propping up" Chipso suds with added soap.

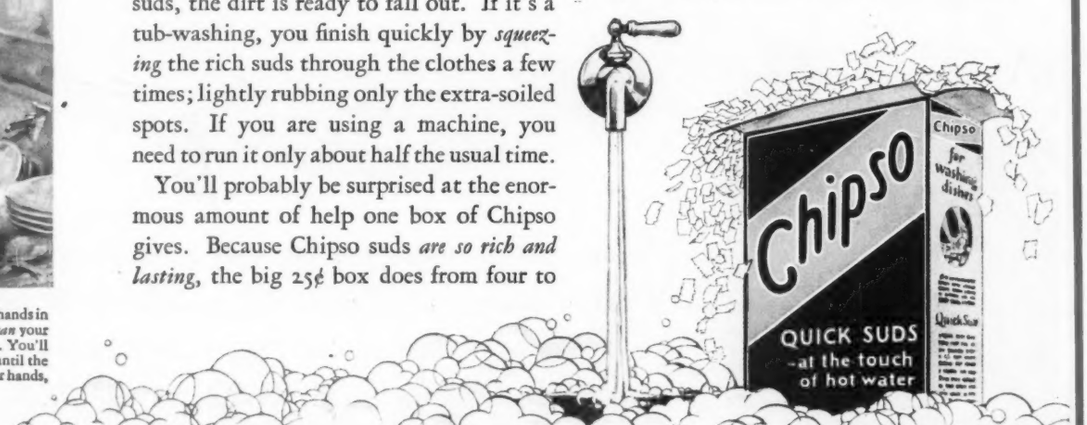
Chipso works quickly, too. If you soak your clothes for twenty minutes in Chipso suds, the dirt is ready to fall out. If it's a tub-washing, you finish quickly by *squeezing* the rich suds through the clothes a few times; lightly rubbing only the extra-soiled spots. If you are using a machine, you need to run it only about half the usual time.

You'll probably be surprised at the enormous amount of help one box of Chipso gives. Because Chipso suds *are so rich and lasting*, the big 25¢ box does from four to five family washings in reasonably soft water; or an entire month of dishwashings!

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free booklet, *Saving Golden Hours*: "How to take out 15 common stains—save clothes by soaking—lighten washday labor." Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. CM-109, Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

Dishes ⅓ less time. Instead of keeping your hands in hot dishwater, let Chipso's rich suds *soak clean* your glass and china, as well as your pots and pans. You'll find that these suds keep on working for you until the last utensil is put away! This method saves your hands, and ⅓ of your time as well.



© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in the history of household soap

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

By R. R. RAU

WHILE upholstered furniture may be considered first a thing of beauty and something to enjoy, its primary purpose is of course for utility. We buy it and have it in our homes to give us pleasurable comfort. Really, it is in our homes to "wear," if we may apply that term.

We wear clothes and without much conscious thought we know they get dirty. We send them to have them cleaned, or do the cleaning ourselves. We keep them brushed; we remove spots and stains as best we can; we keep them pressed.

Somewhat the same careful, thoughtful consideration and care should be given to upholstered furniture. We buy it with the thought that it must serve our purposes, rest our bodies, grace our rooms and help make our homes attractive for a much longer time than we expect to wear even the most expensive clothing.

How to take care of upholstered furniture depends somewhat upon what kind of a covering it has, and what the stuffing is made from. We all know that a lot of things can happen where dust and dirt collects. A fine upholstery covering will spot more easily if it is allowed to get grimy and dirty.

Many a housewife will keep the wooden parts of a sofa or chair clean—dust those parts regularly when the daily cleaning is done, but it is so easy to pass over the job of brushing thoroughly the covering and of taking care of it in the many other ways that will insure its long life.

Upholstered furniture needs, above all else, common sense care. Any kind of cloth covering needs frequent, careful brushing. A fine damask, naturally, should be brushed with greater gentleness than a heavy, stoutly-woven mohair or denim. But *all of these* should be brushed about every two weeks and a vacuum cleaner should be used on it often between brushings.

It can't be emphasized too strongly the importance of doing this with minute care. Be sure that whoever does the work watches that every square inch of fabric is gone over. Merely going over the places that get the most wear will not do. Dust collects along the seams of each cushion; along the seams between the arm and back, on the outside arm and back. Crumbs, pins and other objects collect back of the springs and down in the crevices. Clean these out regularly.

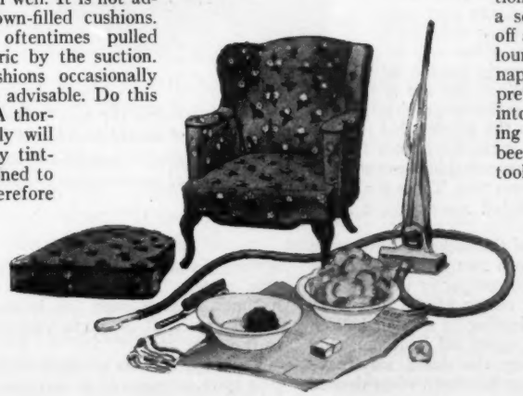
Take the cushions off the davenport and chairs to clean them. Give the undersides just as much brushing, as much vacuum sweeping as the tops. While the cushions are off, spread apart the upholstering between the arms and the back and brush well. It is not advisable to vacuum down-filled cushions. Down feathers are oftentimes pulled through the outer fabric by the suction. But beating such cushions occasionally with a carpet beater is advisable. Do this gently, not violently. A thorough airing occasionally will benefit. Some delicately tinted fabrics may be inclined to fade in sunshine. Therefore these must be aired in a place where the sun's rays will not reach them. Mohairs are sunfast and no chances will be taken in airing these in the sun.

There are many kinds of liquids on the market that are claimed to be excellent for use in connection with the care of upholstered furniture. Naphthaline and chlorine crystal compounds, for instance, are advertised as deodorants and moth preventatives. As deodorants these compounds are undoubtedly quite effective, and certainly some benefit may be derived by their use. Such compounds, however, in either spray or liquid form, will not replace weekly home cleaning operations, nor will the directions given with many of them, if carried out, bring the desired results.

If certain areas of the upholstery become shiny, spread hot, damp cloths over them, then allow them to dry, or dry the cloths with a warm (not hot) iron. Follow with a light brushing.

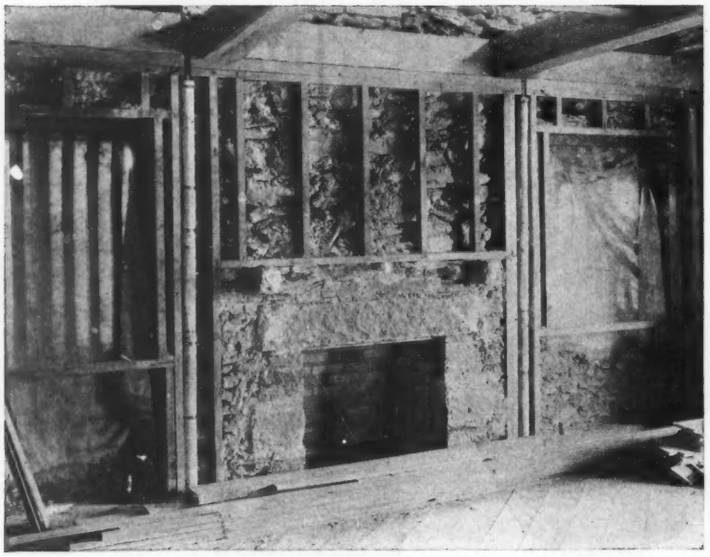
To clean soiled spots first remove the loose cushions and go over the entire piece with a vacuum cleaner. Shave about half a cake of good, pure, neutral soap in a quart of boiling water and allow to dissolve. Mix a small quantity of this solution with a little cold water and then stir vigorously until a very thick and dry suds is obtained. With a stiff bristle brush scrub a small section of the fabric with this suds, working in a circular motion. Use a quantity of suds to prevent uneven cleaning. When the scrubbing is finished, scrape off as much lather as you can, then take up the balance lightly and quickly with a clean cloth.

Do not scrub violently; don't rub with too much downward pressure. It is the continued and careful repetition of strokes with the brush that will accomplish results. Next rinse the clean portion with a weak solution of salt water, applying with a soft, damp sponge. In wiping off a long pile fabric, such as velour or mohair, wipe with the nap, not crosswise—this will prevent forcing the moisture into the fabric. Repeat the wiping process until all moisture has been removed. Use the blower tool of the vacuum cleaner to help dry this, or an electric hair dryer.



Arms of a davenport or chair were not made to be used as seats. Do not, therefore, permit the members of your family to use them for this purpose. Don't allow household pets to

[*Turn to page 115*]



Complete combustion of fuel and the disposal of surplus gasses from the process depend upon a properly constructed fireplace and chimney

HOW WILL YOU HEAT YOUR HOUSE?

Third article in the series on construction

By MARCIA MEAD

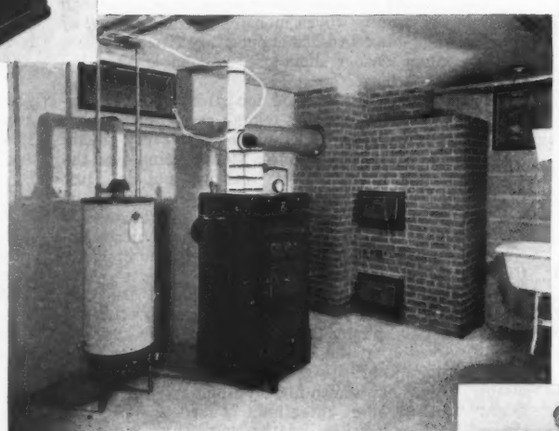
Member of the American Institute of Architects

IT IS good for those of us who are building homes to know that today house heating systems are being brought to a high degree of perfection and, depending upon the cost and methods of installation, the various systems come as close to being automatic and free from hard work as human ingenuity has found possible.

The method of warm air heating is now installed in seventy per cent of our heated homes. But this system of circulation of air depends upon gravity, which is much affected by the whims of the wind and other influences, and sometimes in the past such a system failed to heat certain rooms adequately. After years of research at Universities and other laboratories warm air heating systems today are installed under the Standard Code. They are designed along scientific lines and their effectiveness is many times greater than in the early days of furnace construction.

A forced fan hot air furnace heating system is fundamentally a gravity system with the usual ducts leading to each room. In addition, however, there is a fan, usually a propeller fan, housed between the cold air return duct and the bottom of the heater. Heating units may be obtained including a fan or a fan may be purchased separately and properly housed in connection with the heater. When the fan is not in operation the system works by gravity. Besides this duct system there is also the pipeless hot air furnace. Similar in action to this is the small floor furnace used in milder climates. It is suspended between the first floor beams and operates with gas fuel. There is also the cabinet heater, a sort of glorified stove with a metal jacket around it.

For the pipeless furnace and the jacketed heater, the success of which depends upon a free circulation of air throughout, the house must be compactly planned and the source of heat set at the center of the first floor. There must be an open stair leading to a small hall on the second floor from which opens all bedrooms and bathroom. For greater privacy the doors may have louvred panels so that they may be closed when desired and not interfere too much with the movement of the air.



The boiler is the heart of the system and should be selected for its suitability for service and economical consumption of fuel

In the colder climates direct steam heating is usually recommended for the house of moderate cost. It is simple to install, easy to run if one follows instructions, and of reasonable first cost and maintenance. There are many different methods of installation, but it is usually conceded that a one-pipe steam system can be as effective as the usual two-pipe system, but it is subject to water-hammer if pipe sizes are incorrectly selected or set. It is simple and economical to install.

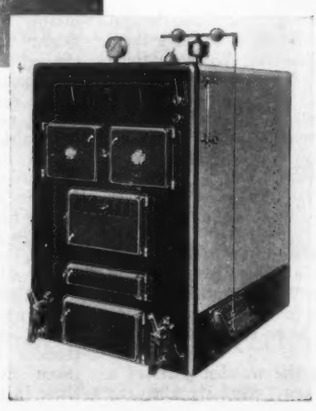
Vapor systems are specially designed two-pipe systems operated at very low pressure. Because of the finely adjusted apparatus, valves and so on, graduated control is possible. Vacuum systems by the use of a vacuum pump for removing air and water from the pipes are capable of even finer adjustment and control, but are only used in very large houses, apartments, and the like. Obviously these systems are more costly because more complicated and extensive to install.

Under normal conditions of water service, fuel supply, etc., in sections where sudden weather changes are infrequent, the most satisfactory radiator system for the continually occupied house is a circulating hot water system. Water has a large capacity for heat and so is a good conveyer of heat. The only visible difference between this and a steam system is that the radiators have to be about one-third larger than for steam to provide the additional heating surface necessary at the lower temperature of water. The system must be perfectly balanced for the best heating results.

There are various types of radiators:

Direct radiators are heaters placed directly in the room.

Indirect heaters are placed outside the space to be heated, the air passing over them into the room. *Concealed radiators* are enclosed and hidden except for openings for circulation of air. *Cabinet heaters* are enclosed in cabinets. *Direct-indirect radiators*, while exposed in the space to be heated, are equipped with damper devices for taking in some fresh air from the outside delivering it with heat to the room.



To make sure of adequate heat under extreme conditions, which may occur but seldom, the capacity of the heating plant must be far greater than will meet the usual need; a fault of many modern heating plants has been overheating rather than underheating. As a usual thing the plant should be run to about forty per cent of its maximum capacity, and automatic heat control is vitally necessary to operate satisfactorily and economically.

All heating systems are adaptable to automatic heat control and

[*Turn to page 45*]

JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

VOTE HER THE MOST

ATTRACTIVE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL

"I THINK WOODBURY'S IS A PERFECT SOAP.. IT KEEPS MY SKIN SO SPLENDIDLY HEALTHY"

MISS THELMA HARRIS of Sausalito, California, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most attractive high school girl

OVER three thousand miles she was brought, to be photographed by Steichen in New York City as the most attractive high school girl among Woodbury users.

She has a slim, straight little figure, a mop of curly brown hair twisting into babyish gold tendrils; deep blue eyes fringed with black lashes, and a skin like the pinkest and whitest apple blossoms.

When she left California, her whole school —the splendid high school of Tamalpais in Sausalito—turned out to say good-bye; the dressmaking class made her a party frock; teachers and schoolmates gave her little presents and wished her good luck. She is the kind of girl anyone would be proud to have a share in; happy, generous-hearted, with a look of shining good will toward all the world in her beautiful Irish-blue eyes.

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap on her lovely pink and white skin all her life, and "I think Woodbury's is a perfect soap," she declared. "It's so smooth and mild—it gives your skin such a delicious tingly feeling—it keeps it so splendidly healthy and clean."

A SKIN SPECIALIST spent years of study perfecting the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap. Because of its wonderfully beneficial effect on the skin — its helpfulness in correcting common skin troubles and keeping the complexion smooth and soft—thousands of beautiful women entrust their skin to its care.

Around every cake is wrapped a booklet of famous treatments, giving the right care for different types of skin. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and find the right treatment for *your* skin. Begin using it tonight. Let Woodbury's help you, as it has helped so many thousands of women, to gain and keep the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Send for the delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial. Enclose 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1519 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MAKE-UP FOR MASQUERADE PARTIES

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

McCall's Beauty Editor

IT'S more fun to "dress up" when we can complete the disguise by convincing make-up in character. How often the effect of a good Pocahontas is spoiled because of a decidedly "pale-face" look or blonde curls peeping out from under the feather head-dress! And Pierrots and Pierrettes, clowns and shepherdesses have their own traditional make-up. When one spends days making a lovely costume for a party, it seems a waste not to take a little time and ingenuity on the make-up that goes with it.

Some well-known masquerade costumes require very little make-up—a Goddess of Liberty, a Miss Columbia or a beautiful Greek lady need only the enhancing of eyes and a bit of rouge on cheek and lip. To keep your make-up fresh and lovely through an evening of dancing it is always best to put it on over a foundation, either a good liquid powder, toned in with your skin, or a wee bit of foundation cream smoothed in all over the face and neck—or both. Even if you aren't accustomed to using eye make-up, some should really be used when you are in costume. In a sense you are adopting a theatrical make-up and therefore should use certain of the theatrical tricks: a bit of blue or gray eye shadow, the faintest penciled line just above and below the lashes, smoothed over so that it is not noticeable, and, if your eyebrows are fairly light, a nicely-arched eyebrow penciled in and brushed over with the eyebrow brush.

Harem girls are always popular at costume parties—decorative and colorful. Their skins should be olive or at least yellowed. The best make-up is, of course, the grease paint purchased for stage use. This comes in many shades, and most good brands are marked plainly so that there is no chance of getting a Chinese foundation stick instead of the stick for a Pierrot. A good grease paint make-up is fairly lasting, stays on for the evening, if applied properly. It is possible, of course, to make up without grease paint, so I am giving you a choice in this article. For a harem girl the grease paint foundation stick should be olive. Protect the hair with a towel and apply cold cream generously all over the face, including the eyelids and brow and as far down on the neck as you expect your make-up to extend. Now, with cleansing tissues or an old towel, wipe off all the excess cream. The cream is a protection, but none of it should remain on the surface—it should be well absorbed before you make up. After the cold cream is well rubbed in, put a few stripes of the stick paint on the face—cheeks, forehead, chin, and nose. Now, using both hands, spread the grease paint evenly. This is a trick, and if you are anxious to get a good disguising effect, better practice this make-up at least once before you use it for the costume party. When the paint is all smoothed in apply cream or stick rouge to the cheeks. Not much, because the coloring of this type is not marked. You will probably wear a veil part of the evening up to the eyes, so it is most important that your eyes are deep and convincingly alluring for this part. Pencil your eyebrows very smoothly, with a black pencil, and brush them into an arched shape. Use mascara on the lashes, being careful not to use too much. The mascara brush should be almost dry for the first application; beading is not recommended—it is too apt to smear. With your little finger-tip apply a bit of gray eye shadow to the lids, blending softly at the edges. The shadow should not extend over the lids, that is, it should not go up as far as the brows. In the inside corners of the eyes, next the nose, put the least touch—not more than a tiny dot—of rouge. To make up the lips, apply your lipstick in the center, making a beautiful line and a fairly small mouth. The under lip, if it is not too heavy, may be made up more than the upper—this gives a good effect. Now you are ready to powder. The powder should, of course, be olive in tone. Don't attempt to use everyday powder, unless you happen to have a very dark shade on hand. With a large puff pat the whole face softly; *do not rub,* or the paint may smear. Pat well up under the hair and over the eyes. Then, with a powder brush, brush off any powder on eyebrows, eyelids or lashes.

Although there is a technical difference between the make-up of a Chinese and Japanese, in ordinary costume make-up we may follow the same general type. If you use grease paint, cold cream the face as described, wipe off all the cream you can, and apply streaks of yellow paint, blending it all over the face. In this make-up, it isn't always necessary to use the yellow paint, especially if you have a yellow or sunburn powder on hand. The fashionable Oriental lady powders her face so white that the yellow tinge is sometimes lost. Most important, however, are the eyebrows. I watched a young actress put on a Chinese make-up recently for a popular Broadway play, and I was amazed at the simplicity of the trick of blotting out eyebrows. Oriental eyebrows should be black and fine, and slant obliquely from the nose up towards the hair. Before they can be penciled on, however, your own eyebrows should be marked out. Soften a little piece of white toilet soap in warm water and paste it over the normal eyebrow, the part that curves downward, of course. It will harden and make a surface over which you may apply either your yellow grease paint or your own foundation cream and a good liquid powder. I have used the latter combination successfully in a Japanese make-up without grease paint. Of course, it feels a bit stiff and odd, but it does give a remarkably realistic effect. After the unwanted brow line has been blotted out with the soap mixture and covered with grease paint, or foundation cream and liquid powder, you may paint in your eyebrow slanting up, not curved, but straight and tapering smoothly toward the end. A similar line is penciled above the eyelashes and below, extending from the temple halfway across the lid. You may use a little mascara if you wish, but it is only necessary when the lashes are very light. Use cold cream freely to remove paint make-up afterward.

MISS HELEN CHOATE

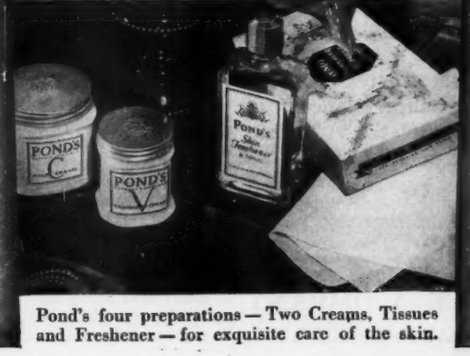
Miss Helen Choate, brilliant young favorite in New York society, inherits the distinction and charm of her famous grandfather, so long our Ambassador at the Court of St. James.

THE CHARMING GRANDDAUGHTER OF AMERICA'S DISTINGUISHED AMBASSADOR, THE LATE

JOSEPH H. CHOATE

IS POET · MUSICIAN SPORTSWOMAN SOCIETY FAVORITE

She is very striking, slim and tall, with shining red-gold curls, big brown eyes and finely-modeled features. Her skin is exquisite — fresh, clear, so beautifully kept that it is always satin-smooth and fine of texture.



Pond's four preparations — Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener — for exquisite care of the skin.

Since she was seventeen her poems have been appearing in the leading magazines. They reveal true talent. This gifted and spirited young favorite is also an accomplished pianist.

YOUNG as she is, Miss Helen Choate is already one of the most brilliant personalities in New York society. She belongs to a family so distinguished that her name admits her to the most exclusive circles of America and Europe. And she herself is so gifted, so delightful that she is a favorite everywhere.

This vivacious girl can sparkle through a dinner party and dance till dawn, yet turn out fresh and crisp for her morning ride in Central Park, or for golf at her country home at Mt. Kisco.

She is an accomplished pianist, speaks French and German admirably; and is already, in her earliest twenties, widely known as a poet whose published work reveals authentic talent.

Miss Choate is slim and tall, with a cool nonchalant grace. Her shining red-gold curls, bright brown eyes and clear fresh coloring make her a vivid figure. She has that precious gift, a beautiful skin, and takes great care to keep it satin-smooth and fine of texture.

She believes whole-heartedly in Pond's Creams, saying, "I've used them ever since I can remember. They are tried and true—I like them best of all. Sometimes I experiment with others, but I always come back to Pond's. And—" here speaks the popular girl whose week-ends are in demand—"they're so convenient for traveling.

"Pond's Cold Cream cleanses divinely! And the silky Tissues for removing cold cream make old methods seem as extinct as the Dodo."

Pond's new Skin Freshener has equally won Miss Choate's approval. "It does away with that oily, shiny look" is her comment, "and makes your skin feel fresh as a morning breeze. And use Pond's delicious Vanishing Cream before you powder. You'll look cool and nonchalant no matter how long you dance or golf."

For unfailing results use Pond's as follows:

DURING THE DAY — first, for complete cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, patting with upward and outward strokes. The fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface. Do this several times and always after exposure.

SECOND — wipe away all cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues — so soft, absorbent.

THIRD — soak cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and briskly dab your skin to banish oiliness, close pores, and preserve the youthful contour.

LAST — smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

AT BEDTIME — cleanse your skin thoroughly with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues. The coupon brings trial sizes of all four preparations. Try them!

Send 10¢ for Pond's four delightful products

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. X
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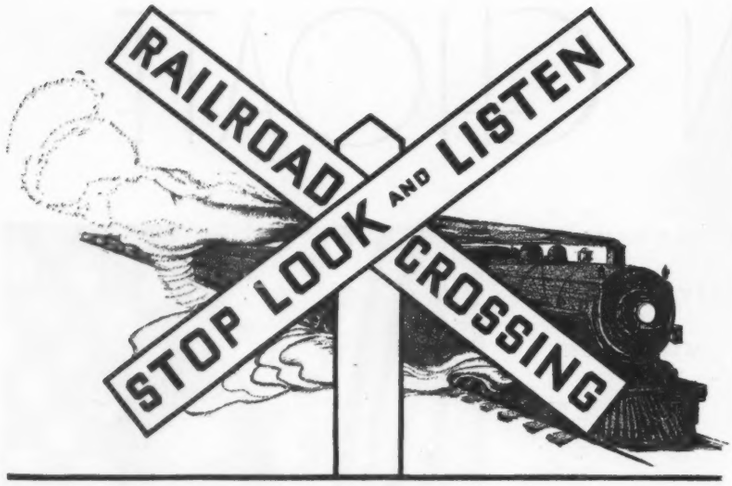

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THE warning signs, "Stop, Look and Listen", have become merely a part of the roadside landscape to many an automobile driver. Heedlessly he passes ten, twenty—perhaps fifty of them—safely. At the fifty-first comes the crash.

Last year 8,383 persons were killed outright or injured in automobile accidents at grade crossings in the United States. There are about 235,000 grade crossings in the country, more than 93% of them are unprotected.

With millions of new automobiles on the roads each year, accidents at grade crossings are increasing at an alarming rate, for the reason that most of the States have no organized program for protecting motor traffic which must cross railroad tracks.

New York, under wise leadership, has shown how to solve the problem. Before the Empire State adopted her present plan, but 10 crossings a year, on an average, were done away with. This year, the first in which the railroads, the State and communities have cooperated — the railroads paying 50% of the cost, the State 49% and communities 1%—85 death-traps are marked for immediate removal. Next year New York hopes to eliminate 150 more of its worst danger spots.

Other States are becoming aroused to this terrible and needless destruction of life and property and are taking steps to prevent it. Canada, too, is taking action.

It will require many years to complete the work. It is estimated that it will ultimately cost twelve billions of dollars. But what railroads and States and communities ought to do is to begin at once with those grade crossings which should be abolished first.

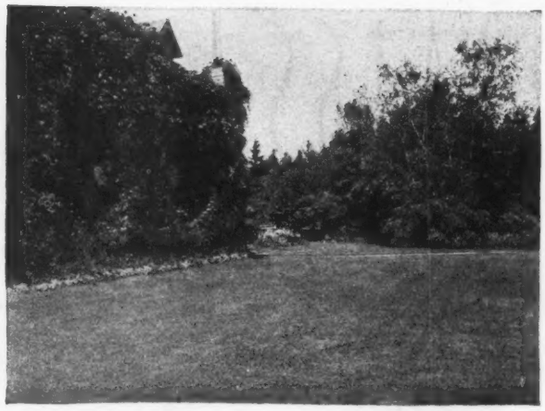
Grade crossings are dangerous not only to automobilists and pedestrians, but to people who are traveling on trains. The first section of a limited train struck an automobile and killed two persons. The train stopped and the second section plunged into it, killing thirty-two passengers in the first section.

Wherever the law provides facilities for eliminating grade crossings, citizens should see that public officials perform their duty and abolish these death traps. Wherever the laws must be amended, people should meet the issue squarely and urge prompt action by legislative bodies.

There is danger at every grade crossing. Get rid of them. Copy of New York's progressive program will be mailed free on request. Address, Department 109-M.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.



THE BEST LAWNS Are Planted In Autumn

By M. G. KAINS

IN ALL parts of the United States and Canada where the summers are dry and hot, autumn is the ideal time to make new lawns, remake spring sown failures and old, worn out ones. To those of us who think of spring as seed time the reasons for this may not be apparent, yet a little observation will show that newly-ripened seeds of the sod-forming grasses start to grow when the fall rains arrive and the little plants become well established before winter. They also hold their own well against such weed seedlings as may start to grow during this season. These advantages are repeated in spring when the grass, already established, quickly chokes out the weeds that start at that time. As hot weather approaches the roots penetrate deeper and deeper and the grass plants resist the effects of drouth far better than do those grown from spring sown seed.

A Successful Lawn

To make a successful lawn, however, even under ideal autumn conditions, it is necessary to do more than merely scatter grass seed on the ground, even when this is newly dug. Proper preparation of the soil is essential.

In general it is safe to assume that the soil around a newly-built house has been more or less reduced in fertility and vegetable matter by previous cropping and probably more or less injured by the spreading of earth from the cellar excavation over the surface and by the burying of builders' rubbish. Probably more lawns fail because of these abuses than from any other two causes. To prevent them by making the contractor place the worthless earth and waste where it will do no harm—even carting them off the property—is to make a long step toward success, not only in lawn making but in all other types of gardening.

Another cause of failure is poor drainage. Though this is sometimes caused by hidden springs it is most often due to an impervious layer of hard soil a foot or so beneath the surface. Tile drains properly laid will remove the excess water, but they demand a good deal of work, money and skill. A simpler, less costly method of drainage is to use dynamite. Anyone can easily and safely do the work by following the directions supplied by the makers. My neighbors and I (all of us amateurs) have fired several thousand such charges without the slightest mishap and with satisfactory results.

After assuring good drainage it is necessary to apply either a heavy dressing of well-decayed stable manure or its equivalent. Manure and other rough material must be spread before digging (or plowing). A wheelbarrow load of manure to the square yard is a liberal application. One of the best substitutes for manure is commercial humus. It may be applied lavishly—even an inch deep—on the surface after plowing and harrowing (or digging and raking). When well mixed with the soil it acts like a sponge, catching and holding water which it releases for the use of plants.

Fertilizers, especially those of chemical origin such as acid phosphate, soda nitrate and ammonium sulphate, must be used with caution, else they will "burn up" the seeds or the seedlings. It is therefore necessary to mix them thoroughly with the surface soil (and the humus) by raking with the steel rake. Sheep manure, a much less powerful fertilizer, and bone meal still less dangerous, are excellent surface dressings for lawns prior to seeding. A pound to each twenty square feet is a safe application if well raked in.

Necessary Steps Before Sowing

The soil for the lawn must be deeply plowed or dug—not less than six inches, preferably eight or ten. All lumps must be thoroughly broken up and made fine, especially on the surface by harrowing, if the ground has been plowed, and raking in all cases. It must also be rolled from end to end and side to side. After rolling, all mounds must be pared down and all hollows filled and the ground rolled again to make the surface smooth and even. Nothing that can be done after sowing will satisfactorily correct unevenness.

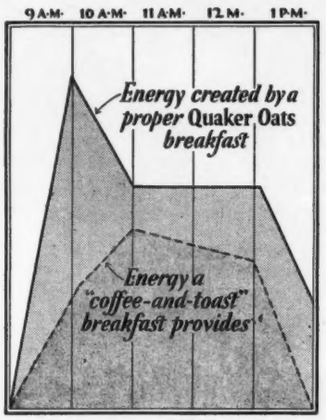
After rolling has made the surface so firm that the weight of a man will leave only slight foot marks it will be ready for seeding. When this stage is reached the steel rake must be lightly scratched over the whole surface to make it slightly rough and thus able to catch and hold the seed.

As grass seed is very light it must be sown when the air is still. Shortly after

[*Continued on page 70*]

"Energy Curve" Shows the Value of a Proper Hot Breakfast

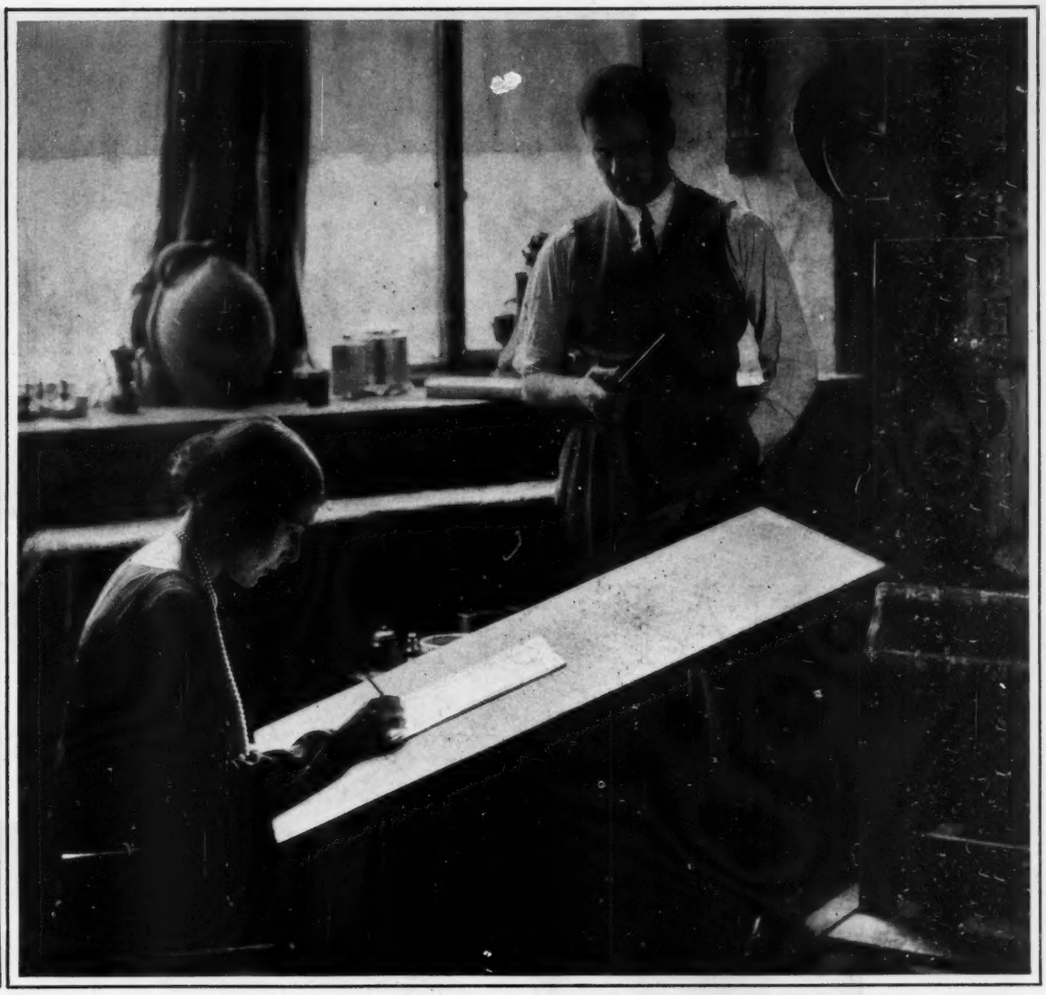
(Based on scientific researches conducted by one of America's largest universities)



This chart demonstrates the energy created by your food. Thus, the top line shows *why* you feel better, are more alert, mentally, after a normal breakfast including Quaker Oats. The bottom line shows the utter inadequacy of a light breakfast.

Into the 4 Morning Hours 70% of the World's Work Falls

70% of the world's work is done in the morning . . . according to a recent nationwide survey of university, schools and great industrial plants. Thus morning hours for children in schools, for men in business, are twice as strenuous as afternoon hours . . . require double the amount of mental and physical energy. Breakfasts that do not supply this necessary energy can hopelessly handicap in the race for success.



Floyd Davis, the artist, takes time out to watch his wife, Gladys Rockwell, at work. The Davis breakfast table offers that stamina food which creative workers need: hot Quaker Oats.

For 100% Mornings

This quick hot breakfast

cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes and provides the sustaining energy that morning activity demands

BREAKFAST . . . the most important meal of the day! This is the verdict of doctors, nutritionists and healthworkers. This is why American women are urged "Watch your family's breakfast."

Fortunately, the very breakfast recommended by healthworkers can be prepared in less time than it takes you to set the table or make toast. For Quick Quaker Oats cooks deliciously done in 2½ to 5 minutes.

Why it takes only 2½ minutes

This is because in Quick Quaker the plump white oat grains are sliced tissue thin and oven processed through 14 successive ovens—at a temperature of over 200°—to flaky, thorough tenderness. Thus no morning is too hurried to have this splendid hot, whole grain energy cereal. If you have time for breakfast . . . you have time for Quick Quaker Oats.

No other cereal grown offers such perfectly balanced nutrition as Quaker Oats. 16% is protein . . . the stamina element that builds and repairs tissues. This is 50% more protein than wheat contains—double the amount found in cornmeal. Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, abundant in Vitamin B. It contains, too, the bran that makes laxatives unnecessary. 65% is energy food.

You will find in no other oats the same creamy richness that distinguishes Quaker Oats. This is not just accident. It is because of a special Quaker process that preserves the natural nut-sweet tang of the oat. Of coarse it's a more costly process but one that gives Quaker unsurpassed flavor.

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats—the regular kind you have always known—and Quick Quaker Oats.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling that have made the name Quaker a household word.

Bud Barbee, famous speed boat racer, and C. R. Kemball, starting a trial spin. They plan their eating carefully to keep fit and resist fatigue. Quaker Oats is a regular morning habit.

Quick Quaker Oats

Now Cooks in 2½ to 5 Minutes

"Master Recipes" tells you everything you need to know about mushroom and other creamsoups

WHAT SHALL I SERVE?

Five practical suggestions for the distracted hostess

Chocolate ice-box cake from "What to Serve at Parties"

All aboard for the social season of 1929-1930! What is YOUR first stop? Halloween? Then Thanksgiving and Christmas are certainly landmarks where you'll want to stop off to do some entertaining. Are you prepared to be hospitable—with new games for the children, new ideas for amusing the grown-ups and plenty of good recipes and menus?

In our service booklets you'll find just the help you need. There are booklets on entertaining—they tell you about every kind of party, from sending out the invitations to the all important matter of refreshments. Others contain recipes for the dishes on this page, besides many more just as delicious.

For complete list of our booklets and prices, see page 62.

Cup cakes, frosted and decorated from "Master Recipes"

"Some Reasons Why in Cookery" solves the mystery of meringue shells

Pop-corn balls for Halloween! See page 62 for full particulars

A lunch for the famous GREENWICH HUNT

KATHERINE CROSSON, "professional" cook to the notables of Greenwich, Connecticut, scores another triumph in this fashionable New York suburb

Katherine Crosson, famous "professional" cook of Greenwich

A few of Mrs. Crosson's well-known patrons are:

MRS. CHARLES D. LANIER
MRS. F. BAILEY VANDERHOEF
MRS. WILLIAM HODGE
MRS. H. J. FISHER
MRS. JOHN D. BARRETT
MRS. STEPHEN W. PRATT
MRS. HERBERT McCORD
MRS. JAMES QUAN
MRS. R. B. THOMPSON
MRS. HARRIET V. SEWELL
MRS. RODGER BALDWIN
MRS. C. D. MALLORY

Baked Ham Slices—one of Mrs. Crosson's luncheon specialties. Here is her recipe:

Moisten two 1 inch slices of Swift's Premium Ham and rub with ⅓ cup brown sugar and 2 tbsps. flour. Cover with milk; bake in moderate oven (375°F) about 40 minutes. On one slice of ham place apple rings cut to ½ inch thickness. Cover with second slice of ham. Around ham place remaining apple rings, the center holes filled with raisins. Bake until apples are tender, about 15 minutes. Arrange ham on platter, surrounded by apple rings. Serve thickened sauce separately.

It must have been brilliant indeed—the luncheon that could make such a stir in this sophisticated community. For fashionable Greenwich is accustomed to lavish hospitality, and these beautiful estates are the scene of constant entertaining.

Of all the festive meals served for the notables of the Greenwich Hunt, this luncheon was one of the most discussed. And like so many other outstanding events of the Greenwich season, it was prepared by Katherine Crosson.

Mrs. Crosson is the "professional" cook whom the important hostesses of Greenwich call in to take charge of such affairs. She not only plans them, cooking the main dishes herself, but often goes into one of the larger houses for two or three weeks at a time, to supervise the ordering and the menus.

A dish that Mrs. Crosson finds a particular favorite with her distinguished patrons is the one pictured on this page. Two tender slices of juicy ham—and between them and over them, the accenting goodness of tart, delicious fruit sauce.

In giving her recipe, Mrs. Crosson added a hint that she says is even more important than the recipe itself: "To make certain of the mild, yet distinctive flavor that blends so perfectly with the apples and raisins, I am always careful to get Swift's Premium Ham. Its rich savor and its juicy tenderness are indispensable for real success. I always use Swift's Premium in my cooking, whether for myself or others."

This famous cook is only one of thousands of women throughout the United States who have long prized the rare goodness of Swift's Premium Ham.

For years its mild, distinctive flavor, its delicacy and tenderness have made Swift's Premium the first choice of those who know the secrets of good living.

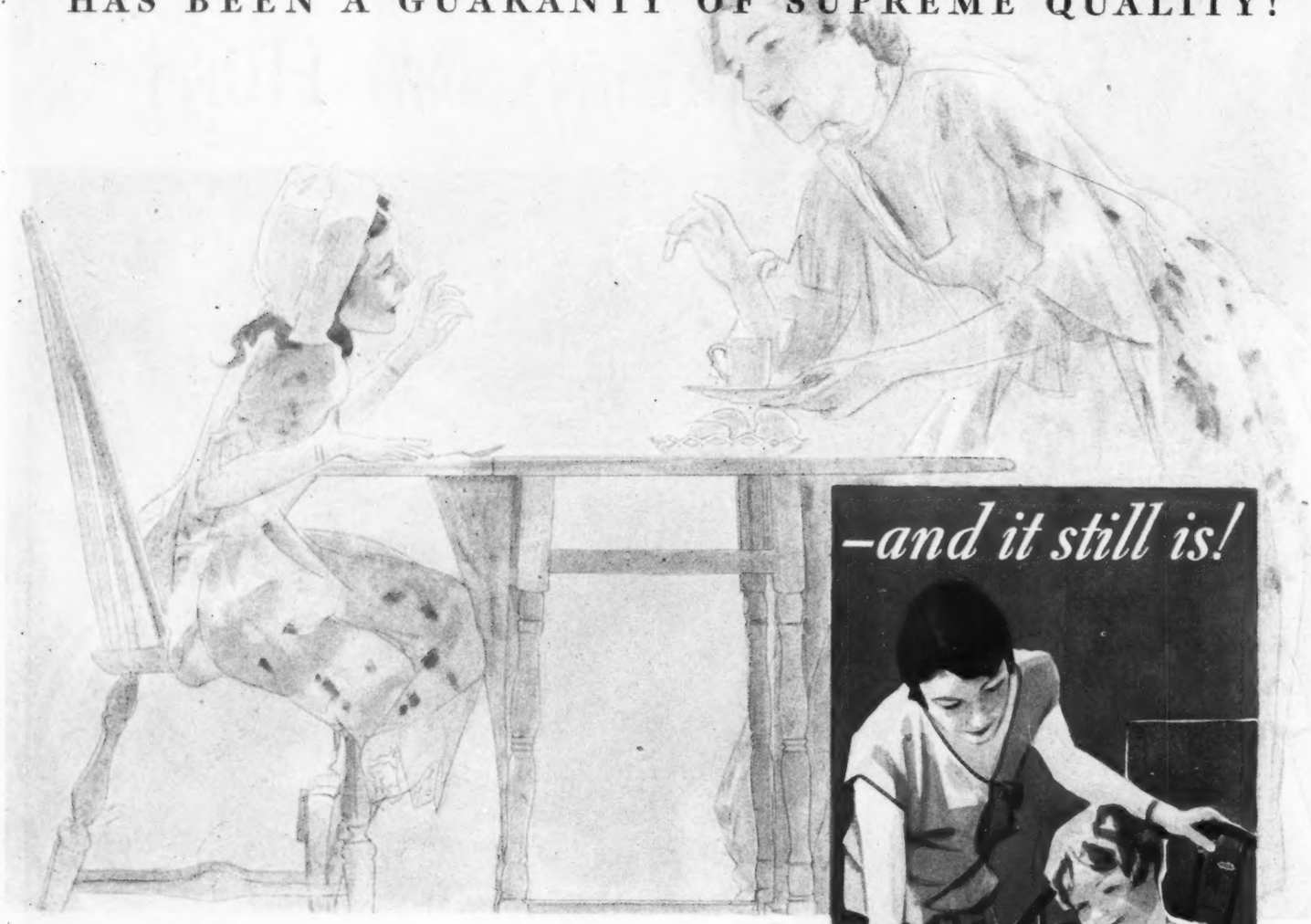
For your guests, or for the simple family dinner, you will find a new pleasure in Swift's Premium Ham. Order a slice from your dealer today and try Mrs. Crosson's unusual recipe.

Swift & Company

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM: *Swift's new Premium "Savor-tite" Ham, ready cooked in the sealed container, bears the familiar blue Swift's Premium label. The uncooked hams and bacon carry their identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the full length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG THE NAME BAKER HAS BEEN A GUARANTY OF SUPREME QUALITY!



© 1929. P. Co., Inc.

It's for *your* children!

Can anything less than THE VERY BEST *even be considered for them?*

When you say "...and a tin of Baker's Cocoa, please," generations of American mothers confirm your judgment. For probably your grandmother was just as fond of it as are your children.

And Baker quality has the endorsement today of dieticians, household economists, nurses, women's magazine editors, and other people vitally interested in child and home welfare. In overwhelming proportions these leaders of thought say... "Baker's is best."

Perhaps you have wondered why one cocoa should enjoy such universal approval. Every delicious cup of Baker's Cocoa you serve answers that question.

Baker's flavor, Baker's aroma, Baker's nutrition start with the painstaking selection of cocoa beans from the world's finest crops. Every step in the manufacture of Baker's Cocoa, from the bean to the rich, ruddy cocoa you find in the tin, is the result of a manufacturing experience that began when America was very young.

It is the guarding of that one standard of quality — the highest — that has made Baker quality an American tradition.

Serve it often... not alone to the children... for Baker's Cocoa made the Baker way will be welcomed by the whole family. In every fragrant cup is the wholesome glow of warmth, the sterling food value of milk, and the added nourishment of the world's finest cocoa. *Write us for a leaflet of cocoa recipes — free.*

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester-Lower-Mills, Mass.

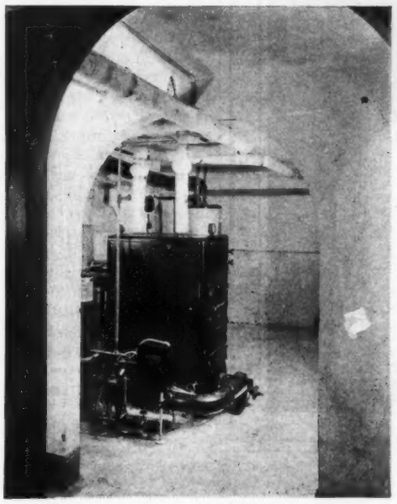
BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE, TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

HOW WILL YOU HEAT YOUR HOUSE?

[*Continued from page 36*]



A mechanical draft oil burner

thermostats are simple mechanisms. New styles are constantly being invented. In the simpler unit type, used for steam and hot water systems in residence work, sufficient energy for operation without outside power is gained from the expansive power of a liquid or a gas contained in a hermetically sealed container.

Our houses would be more livable if some ventilation besides windows and doors were provided for. Fireplaces are excellent ventilators. In addition to these, four inch by four inch register vents leading from the kitchen, bathroom and second story hall would be worth while. These could be led by ducts into an unused attic space in which there are louvred windows or an extra flue in the chimney.

Fuel is one of the most important items in selecting a heating system. Wood is no longer practical for fuel but belongs to the realm of luxury, sentiment and dreams to be indulged in about the family fireside. Even old King Coal which has become the standard of comparison, is on the eve of entering the luxury class because of its low efficiency as a fuel and its wealth of by-products, including fuel gas. The solid fuels are at present the lowest in cost. While oil is the next in line its cost will doubtless increase. It is probable that gas, which is more expensive than oil, will eventually be reduced in cost with greater efficiency in production and distribution.

A one-pipe steam system in the average six-room house requires about nine or ten tons of coal. During an average season when a system seldom runs to capacity, hot water shows a saving of about twenty per cent, which indicates that a hot water system is more economical in the colder climates. The steam system equipped with one-way air valves closely competes in maintenance with a hot water system. Vapor and vacuum systems, while more expensive to install, also show a saving in fuel over a one-pipe steam system.

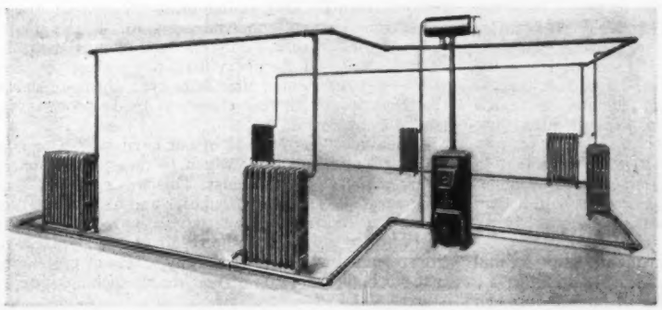
Oil as a fuel is desirable because it is liquid in form having the advantages of space for storage, ease of handling, reduction of labor, elimination of ash removal, ease of control and requires no banked fires. These advantages should be weighed against its increased cost over coal feed.

There are two types of oil burners, the natural draft burner and the mechanical draft burner. The former requires no motor and usually has no moving parts. Air for combustion is supplied by the pull of the chimney. This burner is limited to small heating loads and requires the use of the lighter oils. Its use is very limited in area. The mechanical draft burner is motor driven and the air for combustion is supplied by a fan or blower.

There are vaporizing and atomizing burners. In the former the fuel is vaporized by adding heat. It is easy to control at low temperatures but requires light fuels and is liable to develop carbon trouble. In the atomizing burner the fuel is broken into a fine mist which when properly mixed with air will burn with a clean hot flame. This type will use cheaper oils and start readily when cold. All burners must be carefully adjusted to the system by a capable man.

A small metal storage tank for oil

[*Continued on page 70*]



Radiation plan for a cabinet heater system

MR. ARTIST, PLEASE DRAW THIS KIND OF PICTURE

TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Draw the kind of woman who takes great pride in her home, from cellar to attic — for this is a Fels-Naptha advertisement.

She may have a little house. She may have a big house. But whichever it is, she runs it sensibly and capably. Her work goes along like clock-work — she plans things to save herself as much as possible. That's why she uses Fels-Naptha.

(Since you are an artist, you may not know much about household things, so we'll explain. Fels-Naptha is the soap that gives extra help. It's more than soap alone. It's good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha. Naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener dry cleaners use. Naturally, the soap and naptha, working together, result in extra help. This extra help makes Fels-Naptha get clothes clean clear through without hard rubbing. So—picture the sort of woman who appreciates a real bargain in washing value.)

Of course we can't tell you just how she'll look, the color of her hair and eyes,—but she will be bright, trim and attractive. You know — the sort of woman who reasons things out for herself. They're quickest to take advantage of the extra help that Fels-Naptha can give.

As to what you have the woman doing, that's up to you. Of course Fels-Naptha's main job is helping with the weekly wash, so you might show her doing that. If you do, you can have her at either tub or washing machine, for Fels-Naptha works well in both of them. She might be hanging out the clothes, and if she is, put a lot of breeze and sunshine into the picture — something to show the airy freshness of clothes that are home-washed with Fels-Naptha.

Another idea: She might be smelling a bar of Fels-Naptha, for that's the test thousands of women have made to prove to themselves that this soap holds plenty of naptha. (You can smell the clean naptha odor in every bar.) Or then again, you can show her doing household cleaning, for Fels-Naptha is welcome extra help for that, too.

FELS & COMPANY
Philadelphia

SPECIAL OFFER—*Free for the asking, a handy little device to aid you with your wash. Just mail the coupon.*

© 1929, Fels & Co.

Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little device offered in this advertisement.

McC—10-29

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

True to his pioneer traditions, Elmer Verner McCollum, son of the Kansas prairies, is opening a vast new territory

McCOLLUM—SCIENTIST AND TEACHER

Who has prevented a thousand ills by his food chemistry

By RICHARD J. WALSH

During the last twenty years amazing discoveries have been made in the science of nutrition; for some of the most important of these Dr. McCollum is responsible. His contribution to the improvement of health and the prolongation of life is recognized by scientists in every part of the world.

Dr. McCollum writes regularly and exclusively for McCall's Magazine.

"IF AN angel had told me one night how hard it was going to be, I'd never have had the courage to tackle it." Dr. McCollum was thinking back to the beginning of his long search for the hidden secrets of food.

Few of us realize that within the short space of two decades there has been a revolution in the diet of the American home. Within ten years we have become a nation of salad eaters. Our consumption of greens has more than doubled, while our consumption of meat has been reduced almost by one-half. We no longer look on milk as a food only for children, but know that everybody throughout his life should take the equivalent of a quart of milk daily.

The head and front of the dietary revolution has been Dr. E. V. McCollum. Bold and patient research was, and still is, his chief contribution. He has also been an inspiring teacher. Students of his are leaders in food chemistry. His books are the standard works on nutrition, and in the past seven years he has written for McCall's eighty articles on food and health. "Your readers are long-suffering," he says, with smiling modesty.

He sits at his desk in the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. As he talks he gazes out of the window toward the famous Johns Hopkins Hospital where marvelous cures are achieved by surgeons and physicians. "When I was a boy," he says, "I set out to be a doctor." But he is not a doctor of medicine. His degree is that of doctor of philosophy. His profession is bio-chemistry.

His tall, vigorous figure, without an ounce of extra weight, is a walking testimonial to what rational diet can do. His alert glance, his smooth complexion and ready smile make him seem surprisingly youthful. His voice has a pleasant twang which is accounted for when you learn that he was born on a farm in Eastern Kansas.

His family, like most Kansas families fifty years ago, had much work to do and little cash. "Never did I have more than fifty cents," he says, "and the fifty cents was on the Fourth of July to buy fireworks." From the time he went to high school until he finished college he earned every dollar he needed. The taste for hard work which he acquired then has stood him in good stead.

A Degree But No Job

While at Kansas University, aiming as he was at the career of a physician, he had to study chemistry. He found it so fascinating that when he went on to Yale he took his graduate work, not in medicine, but in organic chemistry. At first chemistry did not seem to promise much as a vocation. "I got my degree," he says, "but I couldn't get a job. So I took up physiological chemistry, and stayed at Yale another year."

Physiological chemistry is the study of the tissues and functions of plants and animals. It led to an unexpected sort of job. In 1907 Dr. McCollum went out to the Agricultural Experiment Station at Wisconsin to find out how farm animals ought to be fed. By a strange turn of fortune's wheel the man who had been born on a farm, and had "set out to be a doctor," found himself back again in the atmosphere of the farm.

He Begins to Experiment

The most spectacular thing in the whole history of animal experimentation had just occurred at Wisconsin. Up to this time it had been believed—strange as it may seem to us only twenty-two years later—that the main function of food was to supply animals and humans with energy.

At Wisconsin, when McCollum arrived, a test of this belief was being made. Three groups of calves had been fed for a period of a year, each on a different ration. One ration was of oats, one of corn and one of wheat. The three rations all had the same composition, the same digestibility, the same calorie value. But the experimenters had discovered striking differences in the health of the three groups of calves. They realized that there was a mysterious factor which defied their chemistry—some hitherto unknown substance. They used a new technical term for it—"a specific effect of nutrients." This meant that some foods were better than other foods, even though they seemed to be identical when analyzed chemically.

"I started in with the enthusiasm of youth to find out why," says Dr. McCollum.

It is at this point he admits that if he had foreseen the difficulties he would not have had the courage to go on, for it was a task filled with disappointments.

"We didn't know at that time that one *protein* may be poor and another excellent; proteins were proteins. Of course we didn't know anything about *vitamins*. And we had paid no attention to the *mineral elements* of food. It was generally assumed that you could estimate the amount of protein in the diet by calculating the amount of nitrogen in the food. For centuries, you know, the world of science had believed that there was only one kind of nutriment and that no matter what you ate your body would soak it up.

"This theory began four hundred years before Christ, with the great Greek physician, Hippocrates, 'the father of medicine.' Until the sixteenth century there was no experimentation even in chemistry. Then about one hundred and thirty years ago, in 1800, Magendie, a French physiologist, tried the first *feeding* experiments. He used dogs. He would give them nothing but olive oil, or nothing but sugar. When the dogs died, his explanation was that the diets had contained no nitrogen.

"Twenty-five years later an extraordinary thing happened in the woods at the upper end of Lake Michigan. A Canadian hunter, Alexis St. Martin, was accidentally shot. He was brought into Fort Mackinaw and attended by the army surgeon there, Dr. William Beaumont. It did not seem possible that he could live. The shot had made a gaping wound in his stomach. Dr. Beaumont made a truss which covered this hole. The man lived and for the rest of his life stayed with the doctor as his personal servant. And out there in the wilds, at an army post, was this strange, fortunate coincidence—the association of a wise physician with a human being who had an open window in his digestive tract. Through this window could be studied the processes of nutrition. So Beaumont and the man who owed him his life worked together, experimenting with various foods.

An Extraordinary Invention

"Beaumont decided, among other things, that Magendie had been wrong about nitrogen. But Beaumont still believed that there was only one kind of nutriment. The difficulty was that chemistry itself had not yet advanced. It was not until some time later that chemists showed that there were different classes of food—proteins, fats and carbohydrates.

"Then at about the time of our Civil War, a machine was built at Munich by which to measure the energy requirements of living beings. This was called the calorimeter. Its inventors, Pettenkofer and his student, Voit, discovered that protein is strictly a body-building food, necessary to growth and the repair of tissue, that a full grown animal or man excretes any excess of protein, but that our bodies store up carbohydrates such as sugar and starch.

"With the calorimeter Voit began to analyze foods. One of his students was W. O. Atwater, an American.

Atwater came back from Munich with a great resolve. He would analyze every American foodstuff to determine digestibility and energy value. He would find out the fuel or calorie needs of people in every walk of life, under every condition. He would also show the calorie needs of every farm animal and the cheapest way of feeding them. He believed that he could revolutionize farming. He expected to tell housewives exactly how to spend their food money most economically.

"At Wesleyan University Atwater built a better calorimeter than Voit had. He made thousands of analyses and experiments. In 1895 the government Department of Agriculture published his final book. It stands as a curiosity in the history of diet. For Atwater was thinking wholly in terms of energy, protein and digestibility. He thought it a great mistake to spend money on milk and butter when you could get as much energy out of cereals, peas, beans and sugar. To eat a tomato was as wasteful as to drink champagne. Fresh fruits and oysters might cater to the taste, but they were mere luxuries."

American women, alert for every possible economy, followed Atwater's lead. Home economics was put on the map. Teachers of domestic science took up the theory of diet according to energy and protein value. The Department of Agriculture spread it far and wide, not only to women but to farmers.

But at least one eminent chemist, Dr. S. M. Babcock, took no stock in Atwater's ideas and used to twit him: "Why not feed animals soft coal, which has just about the right amount of fuel value and is cheaper than any food you can buy?" It was under Babcock, then seventy years old, that McCollum went to work at Wisconsin.

Mystifying Results

"I soon discovered that I couldn't analyze stock foods," says Dr. McCollum. "I was always spoiling animals, producing runts. I analyzed tissues and did physiological studies. Inside of a few months I decided that the lines on which we were working were hopeless. For example, we tried a ration for swine which the government was recommending to farmers. It consisted wholly of grain. We found that little pigs wouldn't grow on it. They became thick-skinned, thin-haired and could not stand on their legs. We knew that farmers were using the ration with apparent success. But we knew also that farmers had a practice of giving their pigs the skimmed milk from the dairy and letting them feed in the pasture.

"There must be secret ingredients that our chemistry did not reveal. That autumn I read a brief report of some experiments by Professor Hopkins, of Cambridge, England. He was far ahead of his time. He had made up a mixture of pure proteins, starches and other food elements. He knew positively that this mixture contained all the supposed food requirements and that it was digestible and palatable. Yet when he fed it to animals they could not live on it any better than if they had been fed nothing at all. But if, when the animals were beginning to die, he gave them a little milk, not more than four per cent of their total calorie needs, they recovered completely. Obviously in this mixture of pure foods something was missing, something which a very little milk could supply. This suggested a new starting point.

"A little later I was asked to write a text book of organic chemistry. I listed one thousand organic substances which occur in nature, being found in various plants and animal tissues. And I concluded then that this matter of food was so complex that *any diet might fail for lack of any one of a thousand things.*

"One Sunday morning I was in the laboratory when Dr. Babcock came in. I told him I was convinced that we were never going to succeed by the methods we had been using, feeding farm animals one diet after another. I said 'Let's take this up from the simplest possible standpoint and proceed from the simple to the complex.' Again with the enthusiasm of youth I was proposing to start in and eliminate those thousand substances, one by one!

"Now we didn't want to try so many thousands of experiments on valuable farm animals. So we thought of rats. I went ahead. I made some cages out of packing boxes, caught some rats and kept them in my own office. We fed those rats on mixtures of all sorts of things; protein, fats, carbohydrates, minerals. We had no theory to guide us. We met with failure after failure.

He Finds a Solution

"Along in 1911, however, Miss Marguerite Davis and I got a striking result. Our animals would grow if the pure food elements were mixed with butter fat and egg yolk, but they would not grow if the pure food elements were mixed with lard or olive oil. We decided then that there was something in certain fats which made them of better nutritive quality. In 1913 we published a paper on this difference. Two months later Osborne and Mendel at Yale published almost the same conclusions, although they had used different fats."

One of the mysterious ingredients had been found at last! The word vitamin was then almost unknown outside of laboratories. It had been coined three years before at the University of Berlin by a Pole, Casimir Funk, who had decided that there was at least one unknown factor in food, and possibly several.

Funk had come to this conclusion through rediscovering some obscure experiments made by Eijkmann long before in Java. On that island, as in all rice-eating countries, the disease called beri-beri had been rife for centuries. It had killed millions of people. Doctors believed it was caused either by bacteria, or by some poison in the polished rice which was the national diet. In 1897 the Dutch medical authorities in Java noticed that the chickens who ate the garbage at the beri-beri hospital were dying of the disease just like human beings. This led them to try various diets on chickens. And when they fed them rice from which the husks had not been removed, the chickens lived and thrived. Studies were then made in prisons and insane asylums which proved that when unpolished rice was eaten ,no beriberi occurred. Finally it was found the polishings of rice soaked in water would prevent the disease.

For thirteen years those experiments had lain neglected in the records. Then Funk brought them out and created the word vitamin for the unknown factor. And now McCollum had shown that butter and egg yolk, too, contained a mysterious something.

As the result of further experiment, Dr. McCollum decided that there were *two* of these unknown vitamins. At first they were given the names of X and Y, but in 1916, after a third vitamin had been discovered, Dr. McCollum suggested that they be called A, B and C. This suggestion was adopted by scientists all over the world, and as each new vitamin has been identified it has been given a succeeding letter of the alphabet.

In 1921 Dr. McCollum and his associates discovered vitamin D, the vitamin which protects against rickets. It is now believed that there are at least six vitamins. The credit for discovering two of these, vitamins A and D, belongs to Dr. McCollum and his associates.

Another of his outstanding contributions to science is a system of feeding experimental animals which he laid down in 1915. This system, followed ever since by every research worker in diet, has made possible the great strides in nutrition during the last ten years.

The same procedure is also showing the function of the various mineral elements found in the human body. It is proving the effect upon the teeth of too little calcium or fluorin. Steenbock, a student of McCollum's, using his method, made the startling discovery that rickets could be prevented by foods which have been exposed to ultra-violet rays. Within the past year Steenbock and Hart have shown that copper is indispensable in the diet.

The work of McCollum has likewise given a new direction to domestic science. His address before the American Home Economics Association in 1918 marked a new epoch in the teaching of nutrition. It was on this occasion he first used the term "protective foods", to designate the only two classes of food which are rich in the element, calcium. These are milk and the leafy type of vegetable, and without them, the nutritive needs of the body are not properly supplied.

New Discoveries Beckon

Dr. McCollum had then definitely turned from the problem of food for farm animals to the broader problem of food for humans. When the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University was formed in 1917, through the generosity of the Rockefeller Foundation, he was asked to join the staff, not only to teach but also to carry forward his study of diet.

There he now has cages containing two thousand animals, which have been bred through thirty-five generations. On these animals and their ancestors there have been carried out nearly ten thousand experiments in feeding, with every individual variation noted upon the thousands of record cards.

And there Dr. McCollum is constantly planning still more difficult experiments, raising new questions. How many more vitamins are there? What further can we learn about those already found? Why do we find traces of zinc in the blood? What is the effect of aluminum?

From all over the world, students of advanced biochemistry now come to Johns Hopkins to study under McCollum. His books are the standard scientific works on nutrition. Yet he regards the articles he writes for McCall's Magazine as one of the most important contributions he can make to his chosen work.

For his dream, like that of every other great teacher, is to serve—not a little handful of fellow-scientists—but Humanity; to reach the homes and the mothers who make those homes; and through them to give all children a better chance for health and happiness.

So the wheel of fortune has whirled a second time. The farmer boy who set out to be a doctor, has returned, after working ten years with farm animals, to his original ideal of saving human life. And there can be no doubt that for every ill he might have cured as a physician, he has prevented a thousand ills by his chemistry.

Dr. McCollum's laboratories in the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins

MRS. MORGAN BELMONT

a popular member of New York's exclusive younger set, says of her Simmons equipment. "My new Simmons bed"—she chose Bed No. 1569—"fits into my room perfectly. It is beautifully executed. And my new Beautyrest Mattress is unique! The superb comfort of this mattress and of the Ace Box Spring makes it possible to equip a bed that is luxurious and in good taste in every detail."

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

leader in many important movements for women, says, "I have covered my demure little Simmons beds"—she chose Model No. 1595—"with spreads of unbleached homespun, cross-stitched in green with designs of fir trees. Under them are the most marvelous mattresses in the world, also by Simmons. Really I've never known such comfort. Once you've tried them you will never use any others."

MRS. JOSEPH LEITER

a favorite leader of Washington society, says, "My Simmons beds"—she selected No. 1581—"with their charming curved headboards and slender posts, have a delicacy of line and color that goes exquisitely with the blue brocaded walls and old blue satin hangings of my favorite guest room. And the marvelously comfortable Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs are as smart as one could wish!"

MRS. ROBERT R. McCORMICK

a charming hostess and member of the well-known Chicago family, says, "Everything that furnishes the bedroom must be carefully chosen to give an effect of charm and restfulness—beds of individual appeal, springs and mattresses that give the utmost in comfort! My Simmons equipment is splendid on all counts. The buoyant Beautyrests and Ace Box Springs are the last word in comfort."

Among America's Distinguished Women who h for their

WOMEN all over the country, whose homes are expressive of the American tradition of comfort coupled with beauty, have chosen sleeping equipment by the world's largest makers of fine beds, springs, and mattresses.

In their famous products the Simmons Company have embodied the latest discoveries in comfort, yet they have not sacrificed the smart lines and good looks which the fastidious modern woman demands. Indeed they have given her smartness and beauty she never dreamed of!

The Beautyrest Mattress with its heart of finely tempered coils gives nights of deep, revitalizing rest. And its neatly tailored finish and smart damask covering, which comes in a choice of two patterns and six pastel shades, make it an asset to the most perfectly decorated bedroom.

Simmons Ace Springs—both open coil and boxed types—are wonderfully resilient, giving proper support to the body when relaxed.

Simmons Beds come in a wide variety of beautiful designs to harmonize with your favorite style of bedroom deco-

Bedroom in the Chicago home of Mrs. Robert R. McCormick reflecting the elegance of the French manner, decorated in tones of rose and green. Simmons Bed, No. 1581, with pleasingly curved headboards and slender little posts, is painted a soft blue green; spread of old rose taffeta.

MRS. JOHN WANAMAKER III

whose keen judgement is typical of the family whose distinguished name she bears, says, "With my old mahogany, my Simmons Windsor bed is most harmonious. Its dignity is characteristic of the furniture of Colonial days. And I never knew real comfort until I got my Simmons Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring. Their damask covers are the final touch of perfection."

MRS. VANDERBILT CHURCH

of the gay younger set, says of her delightful Newport home, "Dudley Place demands the simplicity of Early American furniture. So I selected Simmons 'spool' beds"—she has No. 1850. "They harmonize with the old pieces perfectly, and are exceedingly comfortable. I'm enthusiastic about the Beautyrest Mattresses and Ace Box Springs and I was glad to find them covered in damask."

MRS. JOHN SARGENT PILLSBURY

whose beauty and charm make her a leading favorite in smart circles, has Simmons equipment in both her Palm Beach and Minneapolis homes. Of her Simmons Bed, No. 1581, she says. "My Simmons bed is amazingly comfortable! The buoyant Beautyrest is exactly right with the resilient Ace Box Spring. For thoroughly restful nights there is no equipment like Simmons."

MISS ANNE MORGAN

who has Simmons equipment in her own home, applauded the choice of Simmons Beds, Springs and Mattresses for the American Woman's Association Clubhouse, New York. Miss Morgan, speaking as President of the A. W. A., says, "Simmons beds, springs and mattresses have been used throughout the Club-house and since I use them myself, I know of their comfort and reliability."

ho have chosen Simmons Sleeping Equipment eir Homes

For this bedroom in her home just outside of Philadelphia, Mrs. John Wanamaker III chose Simmons Windsor Bed No. 1590 and Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Box Spring in rose damask. This design also in light blue, lilac; medallion pattern in sea-foam green, beige, Venetian blue.

ration, from the studied simplicity of the Modern back to the charming elaboration of classic French styles, and the naïveté of Early American.

Handsomely burnished, Simmons Beds come finished to match the grain of natural wood, or painted in gay colors, charmingly decorated.

You will find them at all better furniture and department stores. Simmons Beautyrest Mattress, $39.50; Ace Box Spring, $42.50; Ace Open Coil Spring $19.75; Beds $10 to $60. The Simmons Company, New York, Chicago, Atlanta, San Francisco.

SEND 10¢ to the Simmons Company, Dept. B-4,666 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill., for "Bringing Beauty and Comfort to the Bedroom," a book with beautiful photographs of bedrooms of distinguished women, and delightful ideas for home decoration.

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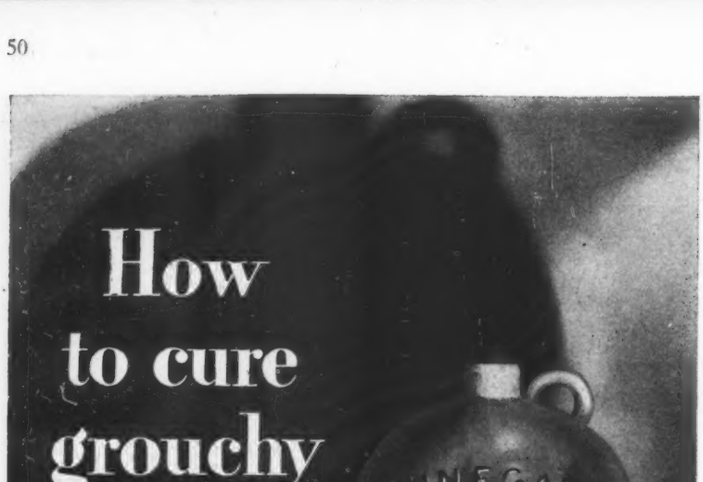
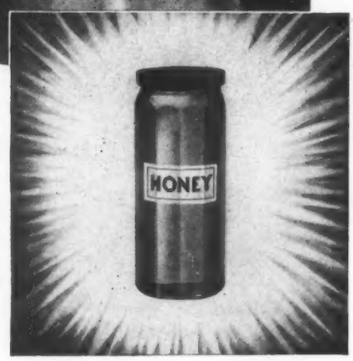


How to cure grouchy husbands

—by one of them



"I am a grouch. My father was a grouch and so was my Mayflower ancestor. I have long been loaded with crepe and vinegar. On my honeymoon, my wife diagnosed the cause. 'Quit using caffein,' she said. I did it for a week, then weakened. For 18 years I used caffein and remained a grouch.

"Then one morning my wife made some Postum. It looked good. I drank a cup and then a second. Now for more than a month, caffein has meant nothing to me. I no longer read myself to sleep. Yesterday, I weighed 131 pounds—six pounds more than a month ago. I find I can whistle and stir up a smile.

"I started by proclaiming myself a grouch and I stick to it. But if you don't believe I have thrown off some of the crepe and vinegar and taken on some honey and molasses, just ask my wife."

CECIL EASTMAN
225 East Robinson Ave., Orlando, Fla.

• • •

RASPING nerves and lack of sleep can make a grouch of the most cheerful man living. A man simply can't smile when he has risen, tired and grumpy, from a sleepless bed. But the sad part of it is that so many men fail to trace their grouchiness to its source—often the artificial stimulant they take with their meals. They fail to realize that caffein, by disturbing sleep and the calling for use of much reserve energy, has turned many a man into a "bundle of nerves."

Try this test and see how it works in your case! Eliminate caffein from your diet for thirty days—drink Postum with your meals instead. Then judge!

Postum contains no trace of any artificial stimulant—nothing to fray nerves, keep you awake, or impair digestion. Postum is made of roasted whole wheat and bran. A wholesome drink with a rich, full-bodied flavor—a flavor that millions prefer.

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil.

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P.—McC. 10-29

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(prepared by boiling)

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In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.*
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Postum is one of the Post Food Products which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

RECIPES FROM

Eggs à la Riviera

Maria reveals her best secrets

By DAY MONROE and MARY I. BARBER

MARIA, our neighbor in the apartment across the way, explained to us that she came from the Riviera, but that she did not know whether she was French or Italian because one grandmother, living on one side of the border, called her "ma petite Marie," and the other, across the line, called her "Maria." She had been taught to cook by both grandmothers, and now she wanted to learn to make American corn bread. Would we teach her?

What does it matter that we spent our time showing her how to make hot muffins, waffles and layer cakes? From her we learned far more—how to combine some of the best features of the cookery of her two countries. Together we worked out adaptions of her recipes to American foods and tastes. Together we explored unknown realms in the culinary world.

One whole group of delicious dishes centers around her tomato sauce. It is wonderful. The flavor of it changes some of our most ordinary dishes into masterpieces which delight epicures.

Because it keeps, we seldom, if ever, make it up in small quantities; by doubling or trebling the recipe below, we are able to keep a constant supply of it in the ice box, ready to use on a few minutes' notice.

The sauce itself cannot be made in a jiffy. Much of its goodness is due to its long, slow cooking. But if you plan ahead, it can cook while you are preparing a meal, or doing your dishes.

Maria's Tomato Sauce

¼ teaspoon black pepper
¼ cup olive oil
1 small onion
3 tablespoons tomato paste or canned tomato sauce
½ cup water
2 cups canned tomatoes
1 bay leaf
2 cloves
1 teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar

Add the black pepper to the oil and cook for two minutes. Cut onion in thin slices and cook in the oil until tender, being careful not to brown it. Mix the tomato paste with the water, add it in three installments to the oil, allowing the mixture to boil up after each addition. Add the tomatoes, bay leaf, cloves and salt and cook slowly for 45 minutes. Add the sugar and cook for 10 minutes longer. Tomato catsup may be substituted for the tomato paste.

This recipe makes about 1 1/3 cups sauce when finished.

Spaghetti à la Monte Carlo

1 cup spaghetti
2 quarts boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
1 bouillon cube
½ cup cooked veal *or* lamb cut into cubes
1¼ cups Maria's tomato sauce
¼ cup Parmesan cheese, grated

Few Americans can master the art of eating long, unbroken pieces of spaghetti gracefully, hence we usually break it into short lengths before dropping it into the boiling salted water to cook. However, if you wish to have it look as it does when served in an Italian restaurant, you may prefer to cook the long strips unbroken, and allow your guests to cut them at the table. To do this, dip the ends of a handful of spaghetti into the boiling water, and as they soften, and can be bent, the long pieces can be coiled into the water without breaking. Cook until almost done, about 15 minutes. Drain off about ½ the water, leaving enough to cover the spaghetti. Add the bouillon cube dissolved in 1 cup of boiling water (or substitute one cup meat stock). Simmer gently until spaghetti is very tender. Drain. Add tomato sauce and meat which have been heated together.

The grated cheese may be stirred into the spaghetti just before serving, but the true Italian way is to pass the cheese at the table, allowing the guests to serve themselves as liberally as they choose. Parmesan cheese is very hard and can be grated easily. Its flavor is distinctive, and in many cities it can be bought in bottles, already

THE RIVIERA

grated. However, if it is not to be had, substitute a well-ripened American cheese, sufficiently hard to grate well.

Veal Milanaise

5 veal chops, or pieces of veal steak
1 egg
2 tablespoons water
½ cup fine bread crumbs
2 tablespoons olive or salad oil
2½ cups cooked spaghetti
1½ cups Maria's tomato sauce
1/3 cup cooked ham, cut in strips
1/3 cup cooked tongue, cut in strips
¼ cup Parmesan cheese, grated

Trim the veal, dip into slightly beaten egg, to which water has been added. Then dip into the crumbs, so that it is well coated. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cook in frying pan containing oil until golden brown and tender. Add the tomato sauce to the cooked spaghetti, ham and tongue and heat thoroughly. Add the cheese, and mound in center of platter. Lay cooked veal on the sides of mound of spaghetti.

The tongue and ham add a desirable flavor to spaghetti. However, other meats may be used in their place.

Polenta

½ cup corn meal
2 cups boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup grated cheese
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 cup Maria's tomato sauce

Add corn meal gradually to boiling, salted water, stirring constantly. Continue stirring while the mixture cooks over the direct flame for 10 minutes. Then cook over boiling water (in a double boiler) for an hour. Remove from the fire, stir in the grated cheese, and pour into greased molds. When the polenta is cold and firm, cut into thin slices and sauté in olive oil until golden brown. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

This dish may be varied by serving as follows: Remove from the fire when corn meal is cooked, stir in the cheese and 1/3 cup tomato sauce. Turn out as a mound in a deep platter, and serve with the remainder of tomato sauce. If served in this way, the polenta must be cooked until somewhat dry, in order that it may keep its shape on the platter.

Hamburg Steak à la Maria

1 pound lean, uncooked beef, chopped
1 egg
¾ cup Maria's tomato sauce
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour
1 cup brown stock.

To chopped meat add slightly beaten egg, salt and tomato sauce and mix thoroughly. Form into meat cakes, pressing them only lightly in order that they may not be tough and compact. Sauté, using as little fat as possible, until they are of the desired rareness. (It is a mistake to cook hamburg steak until it is hard and dry. Instead, cook only until it is of the rareness which you like in a good steak.) Remove from the pan. To the fat and meat juices in the pan, add 1 tablespoon butter, or sufficient to make about 2 tablespoons melted fat in the pan altogether. Add flour and stir until brown. Add meat stock and cook until thickened. Pour over the Hamburg steak and serve at once. If you do not have meat stock on hand for the brown sauce, make some by using a bouillon cube.

Eggs à la Riviera

2 cups cooked rice
1 1/3 cups Maria's tomato sauce
4 slices bacon
5 eggs
2 tablespoons grated cheese

Cook bacon until crisp, break it into small pieces and add to the cooked rice, together with the tomato sauce. Put this mixture into a greased shallow baking dish. With a tablespoon make 5 hollows or "nests" in the rice; break an egg into each of them. Sprinkle with grated cheese and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until eggs are of the desired hardness.

When we serve this dish, we have hot tomato sauce and grated cheese on the table so that guests may add more of either of these ingredients as they choose.

Stuffed Peppers

¼ cup uncooked rice
2 slices onion
1 tablespoon olive oil
¾ cup boiling water
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup cooked meat, diced
4 green peppers
1 cup Maria's tomato sauce

Brown the rice and the onion in the olive oil, add boiling water and salt, cover and cook until water is absorbed and rice is tender. Unless it can be carefully watched, it is safer to do this cooking over hot water. When done, add chopped meat and ¼ cup of the tomato sauce. Stuff peppers with rice mixture, tie on the covers, place in a baking dish with ⅛ cup water and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 25 minutes.

Serve with remainder of tomato sauce, heated.

Squash à L'Italienne

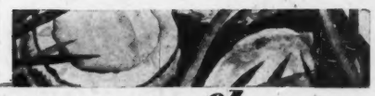
¼ small winter squash
1¼ cups Maria's tomato sauce
1/3 cup grated cheese

Pare the squash, remove seeds and center pulp, and cut the solid portion into thin slices. In bottom of a greased baking dish place a layer of squash; cover with tomato sauce and sprinkle with grated cheese. Fill baking dish with layers, in this manner. Bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.) until squash is tender.

Eggplant Provençale

Cut an eggplant in halves, remove the seeds and make several lengthwise incisions with a sharp knife. Sprinkle with salt and let stand for a half-hour. Squeeze to press out water, then rinse and dry. Brush the inside with olive oil, and sprinkle with salt, pepper and chopped parsley. Make a bread crumb mixture as follows:

Fry 1 tablespoon chopped onion in 2 tablespoons butter until a delicate brown. Add 1 cup soft bread crumbs, ¼ cup chopped olives, ¼ teaspoon salt and a few grains pepper. Fill the eggplant and dot the tops with butter. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until eggplant is tender. Serve with Maria's Tomato Sauce.



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Desserts

Chocolate Coconut Frosting

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups sugar
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
5 tablespoons cold water
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup Baker's Coconut, Southern-Style
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled.

Put egg whites, sugar, cream of tartar, and water in upper part of double boiler. Beat with rotary egg beater until thoroughly mixed. Place over rapidly boiling water, beat constantly with rotary egg beater, and cook 7 minutes, or until frosting will stand in peaks. Remove from fire; fold in vanilla and coconut. Do not beat mixture. Cool. Add chocolate. Spread on cake. Makes enough frosting for two 9-inch layers.

All measurements are level

OF all the luscious fruits and foods that grow in the tropics none is more delicious—more varied in its uses than juicy, tender coconut.

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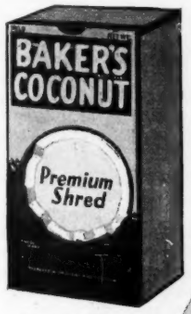

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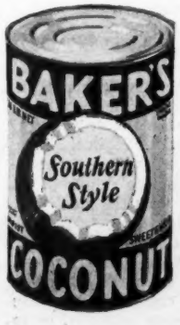

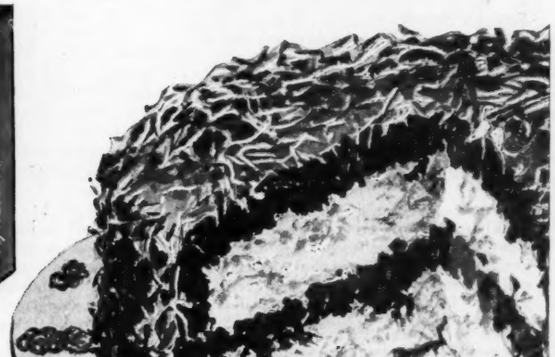

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"adds tropic richness to desserts"

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Meat pies, large and small, may have crusts of different kinds

MEAT PIES

Are an easy way to save money and please the family

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department Foods and Household Management

A QUAINT old English history tells us that when deer was brought in from the hunt the choice cuts were roasted for the lord's table, while the poorer cuts were made into "umble pye" for his retainers and servants. How different from today, when a well-made meat pie is regarded as a delicacy, and is seen much too seldom on the tables of most of us.

A friend of mine who runs a tea-room in New York, catering chiefly to men, tells me she cannot keep up with the demand for beefsteak pie and chicken pie. Her supply invariably sells out before the luncheon hour is over. "We *never* get meat pie at home," many of her customers confide to her, trying hard to look pathetic!

Meat pie has so many points in its favor that it belongs high up on the kitchen honor roll. It is delicious, cheap (most kinds), wholesome, easy to prepare, and it simplifies dishwashing. Unlike dessert pies, a meat pie may have one of several kinds of crust, consequently there is no chance of failure. If pastry happens not to be one of our accomplishments, we can fall back on a baking powder biscuit mixture for a crust; and if that is beyond our talents, we still are not lost, for some fluffy mashed potatoes will provide us with a guaranteed-not-to-go-wrong covering. What more can one ask?

The meat or fowl for pies is cooked until tender, then allowed to cool. If it is put into the baking dish or casserole while still hot, and covered with a crust, steam will be generated, which will, of course, make the crust soggy.

Another safeguard against soggy crust is to turn a baking cup or ramekin upside down in the center of the dish before filling with the meat. This simple little device draws the liquid under the cup during cooking and holds it there by suction where it cannot sink into the crust. When serving the pie, raise the cup slightly by slipping a fork or spoon under it, or remove it entirely after the first serving is taken out, to release the rich gravy. The original English pie dish had sloping sides and a lip about ½ inch wide to support the crust, (photograph, lower left). We, too, find these best suited to *covered* pies. A straight-sided casserole can be used, however, and is especially good when the pie is to be baked without a crust, and served with individual pieces of puff pastry, (photograph, lower right).

Crusts For Meat Pies

English Pastry

2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup shortening
½ cup hot water
2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 egg yolk

Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Work half of the shortening into the flour mixture. Dissolve the rest in hot water; add lemon juice and slightly beaten egg yolk. Add liquid to dry ingredients. Turn out on slightly floured board and knead lightly. Roll out while still warm. This kind of pastry is used for the English type of meat pie—individual "pasties"—which are entirely enclosed in pastry, (photograph, upper left). Or it may be used to *line* baking dish or casserole as well as for the top of the pie.

Pastry Crust

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
¾ cup shortening
Ice water

Mix and sift flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in half of the shortening with a knife or pastry blender. Add enough water to make a stiff dough. Roll out in an oblong piece on a slightly floured board and dot with bits of the remaining shortening. Fold over ends to the center and fold again to make 4 layers. Press ends together and roll out. Dot again with shortening and roll. Repeat this process a third time. Chill thoroughly. This crust may be used to entirely cover the pie or it may be cut with a cookie cutter into fancy shapes. These are baked in a hot oven (450° F.) and placed on the pie when it is ready to serve, (photographs, lower right and upper center).

Potato Crust

1 cup mashed potato, well seasoned
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder

Add baking powder and salt, sifted together, to hot mashed potato. Mix and turn out on slightly floured board. Roll out lightly to size which will cover dish. Plain mashed potatoes may also be used for a crust.

Biscuit Crust

2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
1/3 cup shortening
¾ cup milk

Mix and sift flour, salt and baking-powder. Work in shortening with the finger tips or pastry blender. Add milk gradually and mix to a soft dough. Roll out on slightly floured board to a ½ inch thickness.

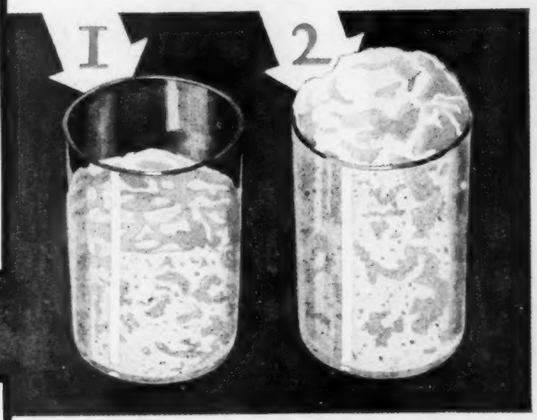
Chicken Pie

1 fowl (4 or 5 pounds)
1 tablespoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Celery tops
1 small onion
4 tablespoons flour

[*Continued on page 68*]

Then....*up it goes again!*

it's Calumet's double-action



TEST CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's double-action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts *twice* to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of *hot* water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

Make this test. See Calumet's double-action which protects your baking from failure.

that makes better baking

"WHY do I get such wonderful results when I bake with Calumet?" women are always asking. "Fluffy cakes, light biscuits, all my baking just the way I want it."

It is because Calumet Baking Powder has double-action. *Two* leavening actions, not *one*. And these two leavening actions protect your baking from failure to a remarkable degree. Women who used to have "bad luck" with baking, women whose ovens were always "acting up," find it easy to bake successfully with Calumet.

They tell their friends about this modern baking powder . . . they run in and show their cakes and biscuits to their neighbors. That's why Calumet today is the most popular baking powder in the world.

The test above illustrates Calumet's two leavening actions. The *first* action takes place in the mixing bowl—a steady, even rising that gets the leavening properly started. Calumet's *second* action begins when you put the cake in the oven. It literally "props up" the batter while the oven heat does its work. As a result, a cake made with Calumet has a smooth, velvety texture that is simply beautiful ...Calumet biscuits are light and feathery . . . muffins rise right up to perfection . . . and waffles and corn-bread turn out exactly the way you always hope they will.

Easy Success With Calumet!

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome, healthful ingredients. But not all baking powders are alike in their action. Not all give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients in exactly the right proportions to produce perfect leavening action. Its dependable double-action makes baking an easier, pleasanter task.

Here's a recipe for Calumet Coconut Cake. Notice that it calls for only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to a cup of flour. This is the usual Calumet proportion. A double economy, since Calumet's cost is moderate to begin with. Mail the coupon and Marion Jane Parker will send you the Calumet Baking Book—a collection of splendid up-to-date recipes prepared by baking experts.

CALUMET

THE DOUBLE ACTING

BAKING POWDER

Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health

COCONUT CAKE (3 eggs)

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅔ cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 3 eggs, unbeaten
- ⅔ cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 can (1½ cups) Baker's Coconut, Southern Style.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add flour alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans, 25 to 30 minutes in moderate oven (375°F.). Spread boiled frosting between layers and on top and side of cake. Sprinkle thickly with coconut while frosting is still soft. Double the recipe for three 10-inch layers. (All measurements are level)

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

MARION JANE PARKER C.—McC.—10-29
c-o Calumet Baking Powder Company
4100 Filmore Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, free, a copy of The Calumet Baking Book.

Name_____

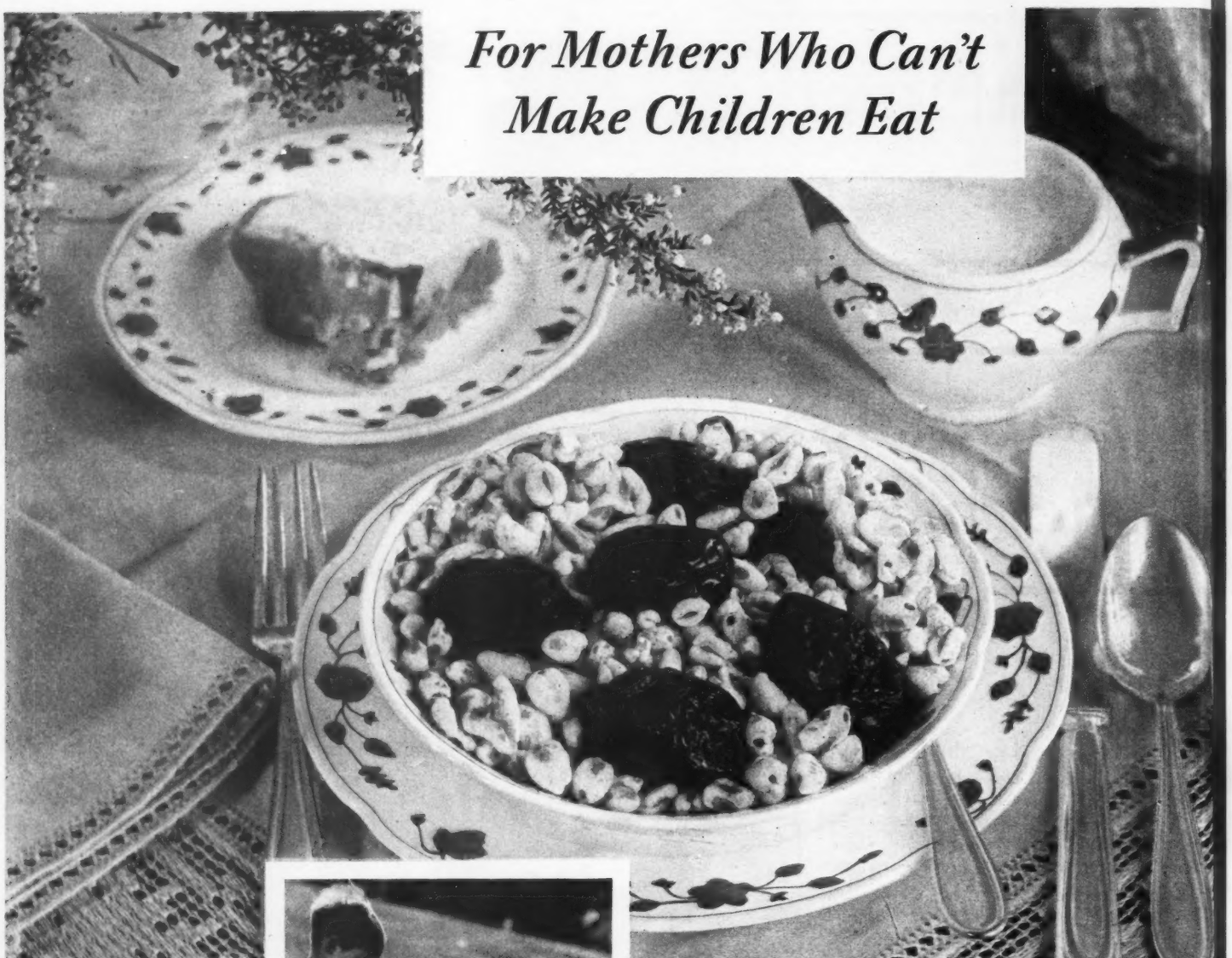
Street_____

City_____ State_____

Please print name and address plainly

A Breakfast Discovery

For Mothers Who Can't Make Children Eat



Puffed Wheat with cream or half-and-half makes prunes delicious and enticing

These delicious Puffed Grains, as energy-giving as hot cereals, were first choice with children in a recent nation-wide survey

"Peter never would touch his cereal," writes this young stalwart's mother, Mrs. Paul Sefton, "until I began to serve Puffed Grains. I can't tell you what a difference that made."

DIETICIANS have made an important discovery for the many mothers of children who "don't want any cereal today." They need that cereal, they need its energy content, its mineral, its bran! And here is a way to give them what they need in a form they like best.

A recent survey in 42 states shows that children, when allowed to choose, will ask for Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, so toothsome, so crunchy, so delicate in flavor. And, though many mothers don't know it, these delightful cereals conceal amazingly rich nourishment. With milk or half-and-half they offer practically the same amount of actual nourishment as a serving of the favorite hot cereal.

Needed food elements

Made from whole wheat, essential food elements of this rich grain are provided in Puffed Wheat in a delightful way.

There are the precious body-building minerals, energy-making carbohydrates, and tissue-building proteins. Added to this is 20% of bran that supplies the necessary roughage.

Quaker Puffed Rice is a delicious dainty, full of the ready energy of fine white rice. It tempts millions of lagging appetites to better breakfasts. Puffing these grains is a unique process that explodes the 125 million tiny food cells of each grain by turning their moisture into steam. This opens up the cells, releases the proteins, carbohydrates and minerals for easy assimilati And making each grain eight times normal size gi a delicious nut-like texture that children love.

Serve in many delightful ways

Keep Quaker Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat handy the pantry shelf. Grownups like them, too, served between-meal tidbit as well as for breakfast, luncheon or supper. With fruit or berries, with jams or jellies — with rich milk, half-and-half or cream, these cereals offer the charm of endless variety. Buy today. At all grocers.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

GOOD FLOORS FOR SERVICE AND BEAUTY

The second article on floors and floorings

By ELIZABETH HALLAM BOHN

THE interesting grain and mellow sheen of a fine wood floor may serve as the decorative starting point for the whole room. In a bedroom for instance the maple floor may be dyed a delicate orchid with one of the new transparent color stains. Around this unusual note the treatment of the sunny room revolves in a harmony of sunset hues and soft dove grays. The more conventionally-minded prefer to copy Nature's own plan, subordinating the floor into a background, allowing the graining and pattern inherent in the wood itself to be its own excuse for being. To harmonize the floor in type and color with the room it is to grace is the esthetic side of the problem. When this is successfully achieved at a not excessive first cost, and the floor is finished so that upkeep is reduced to a minimum, the really successful floor is accomplished.

Specialists who design and lay original and distinctive floors use the lovely teak, mahogany and rarer woods of the tropics. Or they select the warm-hued and versatile walnut to lend its characteristic charm. Wide planks are added to give the primitive appearance of the craftsman's handiwork in homes of Early English, French or Spanish type. The old-time "pegs" cover the countersunk screws. Strips of rosewood simulate wide cracks. Sometimes the surface is veneered on a frame backing to prevent warping. Wax only is used as a finish to nourish and protect the pores of the wood, which colors and ages in its own time. The old painted floor of New England is also revived. Resinous knots show through the rubbed down paint in truly Colonial style giving an atmosphere of revolutionary days to the newly-built dwelling. Redwood blocks floor still other types of homes.

For more formal settings, these designers lay the most intricate and exquisite parquetry effects, rivaling the historic floors of Versailles and Fontainebleau. Such floors, like all individually created works of art, are for houses where first cost is of only relative consideration. But they serve as models of harmony and appropriateness when more modest surfaces are planned from the wide range of floorings which mass production have brought within the range of the great American purse.

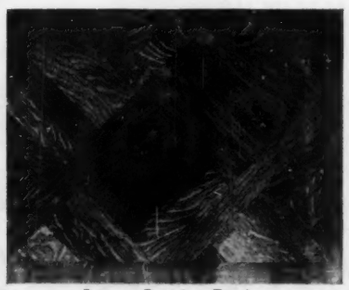
The varying qualities, widths and thicknesses in which all flooring woods may be obtained gives the widest range to choose from when deciding on the new floor. Except in localities where conditions of supply especially recommend some local wood, oak is the material most commonly thought of for fine flooring in the moderate home. It is a friendly and companionable wood, sturdy and, with average care, almost immortal. Its open grain takes kindly to any colored stain, blending the floor happily into varied decorative schemes. Oak floors may be laid throughout the house in a wide variety of appropriate patterns.

If the living-room is of the rough plaster and beamed ceiling type, it demands one of the informal wide plank floors which have achieved such popularity since their introduction into the realm of reasonably priced floors a few years ago. Diversity and interest is secured not only by the uneven width planks, but also by mingling the quarter-sawn lumber, with its distinctive grain, and the simpler figure of the plain-sawn boards. Slight grooves are chiseled out between the planks to give the effect of old open flooring, though underneath this effective bevel, the

[*Continued on page 66*]

Walnut Fontainebleau

Weathered Antique Oak



Japan Lattice Design

Can you smile like this?

Or are you afraid? Does acid drive wedges into your teeth enamel, which later develop into cavities?

Turn to Pebeco... **the one tooth paste which scientifically checks "acid-mouth." Pebeco more than cleans teeth—it *saves* them. It stimulates the flow of saliva which neutralizes the mouth acids caused by fermentation of food particles in the mouth. Try it seven days in a row...and you'll know the reason for its tremendous popularity.**

A Product of LEHN & FINK, INC

Here is YOUR Washing Machine

Shipped You FREE for 5 Day Trial

WE want you to actually experience the thrill of doing a washing on your kitchen table or bathroom floor, in the Edenette Portable Electric Washer. We have such faith in this amazingly compact washer, that we will ship you an Edenette without a deposit and prepay the express. Could any offer be more fair? You are to use it and test it for 5 Days before deciding that here is the washing machine you have longed for. Then in addition to that you can pay for it on easy terms if you wish.

The Edenette is approved by leading testing laboratories and endorsed by thousands of women everywhere. One woman writes "you might be interested to know that we even used it to wash large blankets with a winter of Pittsburgh dirt in them." —A doctor writes "We have been using the Edenette ever since our baby came. From a hygienic standpoint it is perfect. It certainly frees the mother from the usual drudgery with little expense." Another woman writes "I never found a washer that would get all the dirt until I used your machine."

The Edenette is amazingly compact and efficient—may be easily carried. Top when inverted nests into tub and can be stored on pantry shelf—Weighs less than 20 pounds.

To operate, simply pour hot water into the EDENETTE tub, add soap flakes and toss in an armful of clothes, such as you see in the picture. Place over the tub the top containing the motor-driven vacuum-cup and plug extension cord into any light socket. You can forget the EDENETTE, do your household duties, return in 15 minutes or whenever convenient, and the clothes will be beautifully washed. The dip-dip action of the vacuum-cup has done the washing without "fuss", bother or slopping of suds.

Send No Money!

This is the time and labor saving device you have needed. Don't delay —Now is the time to examine it free. Read convenient terms in coupon below. Mail coupon now.

Mail Coupon for FREE Trial Machine

DISTRIBUTORS WANTED. Open territory for exclusive representatives. If you wish to build your own business have $300 to invest in merchandise write for Distributors Prospectus outlining our amazing proposition.

Eden Appliance Corporation
225 West 34th Street, New York, N. Y.

Send me the EDENETTE clothes washer for 5 days' FREE TRIAL. If I keep it I will pay $49.50 cash or $4.50 at the end of trial period and $5.00 per month for 10 months until paid. Title to remain in YOU until fully paid.

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Dept. 1310

Decoration by Henry R. Sutter

When To Feed Your Baby

By CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.
Author of "Short Talks with Young Mothers", "What Every Woman Should Know", "Practice of Pediatrics" and others

IT HAS been abundantly proven when mothers' milk is not available for the infant that cows' milk is the best substitute. But there are various baby foods on the market which may do for temporary use for the first few weeks of life or for convenience in traveling. Like all humans, the baby requires a balanced ration consisting of fat, carbohydrate, protein, mineral salts and vitamines. Human milk contains all of these substances in proportion to supply proper nourishment, and the child's stomach is so arranged in size as to care for the amount necessary for the child's maintenance which must be supplied at definite intervals.

The stomach of a well baby empties in from three to four hours, and thus gives us the indication for the feeding intervals. When the stomach empties the infant becomes hungry, he has what is known as hunger pain and expresses his discomfort by crying. The average well baby should be fed at about four hour intervals, at 6 A.M., 10 A.M., 2 P.M., 6 P.M., 10 P.M., and 2 A.M. This gives plenty of time for stomach emptying and the seemingly long interval will do much to prevent colic and vomiting. Colic, vomiting and constipation are the most frequent complaints the young infant has to offer and when a food is given before the stomach is empty trouble is sure to be the outcome.

DR. KERLEY has helped thousands of McCall mothers to keep their children in good health through the articles written exclusively for them. Besides these monthly talks on many phases of child health, Dr. Kerley is the author of well-known books on the care of babies as well as older children. His work in famous New York hospitals has established him as one of the foremost child health specialists in the country —a position which brings to McCall Street homes the same fine consultation available in New York's great medical centers.

For Successful Feeding

A baby weighing ten pounds should get five ounces of a well adapted formula at four hour intervals, six feedings in the twenty-four hours. The premature and very delicate may require more frequent feeding, but in such instances a lesser amount in ounces is given. For successful feeding which means a contented baby gaining five to seven ounces weekly the infant dictates in a considerable degree what should be supplied him. It must be a fluid food which he can swallow readily and it must contain the nutritious substances that exist in mothers' milk. It must be as nearly like these substances as possible. The baby's stomach is arranged to hold the right amount and his digestive tract elaborates digestive ferments, enzymes, so called, especially made to digest human milk. So we have no choice in the matter but do as the baby tells us and supply what nature demands.

In our use of cows' milk it must therefore be our aim to make its nutritional constituents correspond in nature and quality as closely to mothers' milk as possible. This has given rise to the term *modified milk*, which means changing cows' milk in the preparation of the feeding formula, imitating human milk. Cows' milk differs from human milk in that it contains a higher percentage of protein (curd)—about twice as much and of a somewhat different nature. It also contains about half the amount of sugar found in human milk and an equal amount of fat. This is why in modifying milk for the baby, water is used to dilute the milk, thus reducing the curd element and sugar is added to raise the sugar content to that of human milk. For purposes of increasing the fat content which is reduced in the dilution with water, top milk which contains all the cream is employed. After this fashion a food resembling human milk is obtained better than any other way and it is a method that I have used successfully for many years upon thousands of young infants.

It is quite impossible to set down feeding instructions for every infant. Later I will give food formulas for the early months of life arranged on the age requirement basis and if average weight for age and in good physical condition, these feeding schedules will answer in a great majority of cases. In some the plan suggested will not answer—a six-months-old child, strong, active and over-weight may require the nine months formula. Again a weakly underweight infant at six months will thrive best on a three months plan; and further there are some infants who can never take a plain cows' milk mixture such as has been suggested. They require a special adaptation by cooking, perhaps the addition of different starches and perhaps a different type of sugar. The signs of successful bottle feeding in the baby are comfort, sleep and an average gain of five or more ounces a week. There should be at least two evacuations daily.

The Use of Evaporated Milk

In not a few infants who come to me for feeding problems, fresh cows' milk is impossible. For such infants evaporated milk (plain) is a great help. Milk that has undergone the process of evaporation is much easier of digestion by scores of infants than fresh

[*Continued on page 65*]

Beautiful teeth, firm and white

—with a minimum of brushing

BEGIN today using Listerine Tooth Paste and see how quickly it rids teeth of discoloration and deposits and makes them white and lustrous. Brushing is reduced to minimum.

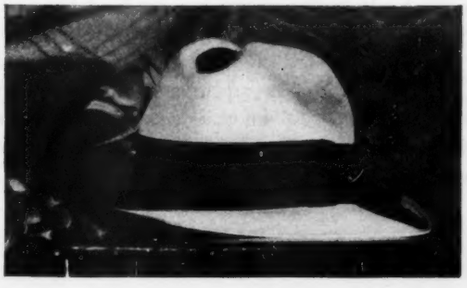
That is because we have included in this paste, modern polishing agents. They are harder than tartar but softer than enamel.

So they quickly remove the former and polish the latter without damage.

Carried by your brush, they penetrate and cleanse tiny crevices between the teeth where decay so often gets the upper hand.

After you have used Listerine Tooth Paste note how clean, fresh, healthy, and invigorated your entire mouth feels—something like the sensation given you by Listerine, itself.

It must be evident to you that Listerine Tooth Paste is exceptional else it would not have leaped from obscurity to leadership in 4 years. Try it yourself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



Buy a hat with what it saves you

Buy yourself a new hat with what you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of dentifrices in the 50¢ class.

The saving averages about $3 per year per person, assuming you use a tube a month.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

DOWN FROM THE SUN SPEEDS A MYSTERIOUS P

NOW in a familiar food · · t

HIDING FROM the sun in office, factory, school, home, a "sun-starved" race is growing up—soft-boned, weak-muscled, teeth a prey to decay . . . Read how you can *eat* your sunshine now in a food already famous for its health qualities.

THERE is mystery, fascination in the great healing power of the sun. For centuries persons with sick bodies, who could afford to go where the sun was, have bathed themselves in its light, to be cured.

But millions today must spend the sunny hours in cave-like offices and factories, in sunless schools, shops, homes. Victims of a sunless age, they are literally "sunlight starved."

An astonishing discovery promises to end all this! —a discovery hailed as the greatest health advance in twenty years. A brilliant scientist in one of America's leading universities has made it possible to capture the health energy of the sun and place it, intact, in a simple, inexpensive food.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is this food. Already an average of one person out of every three has eaten Fleischmann's Yeast—and benefited. It has proved itself the easy, natural way to banish constipation—to renew appetite and digestion—to clear up long-standing skin complaints.

But now the health value of this famous food has been enormously increased! The *new* Fleischmann's Yeast, "irradiated" by a unique patented process, brings you the mysterious "sunshine" vitamin—the vitamin "D" of science. It is the richest food source by far of this vitamin. Our laboratories estimate that three cakes are equivalent to the ultra-violet effect of a whole day in the summer sun!

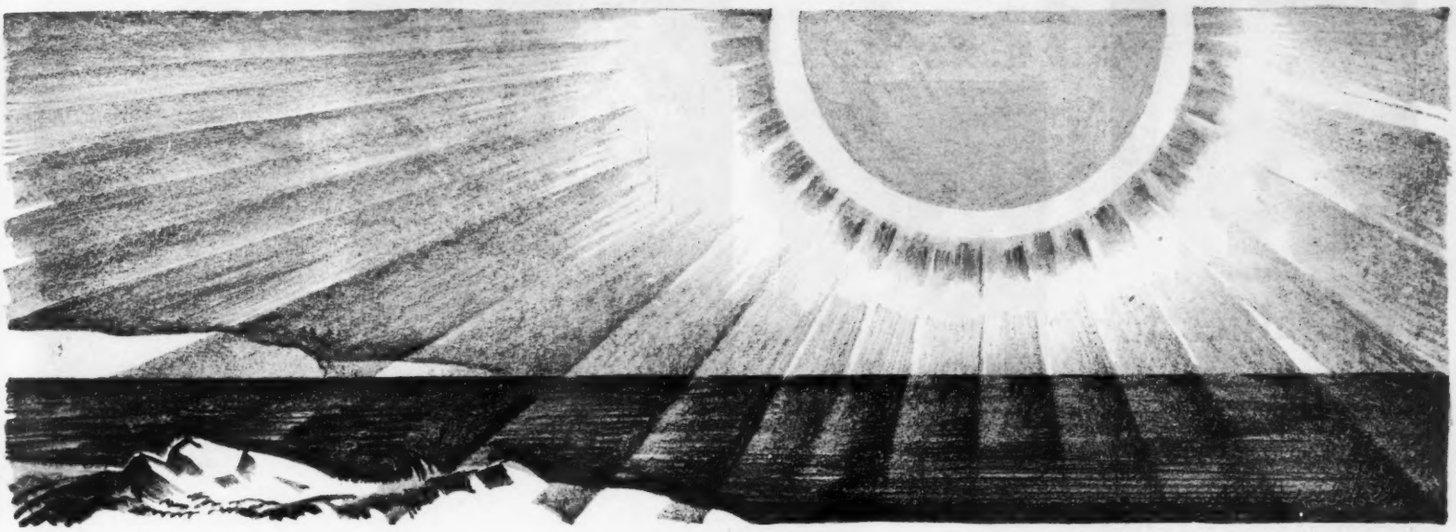
How much healthier we would be

Most people, especially those of growing age (under twenty-five), need the "sunshine" vitamin now in Fleischmann's Yeast. Without it, your system cannot absorb enough lime and phosphorus —elements essential to bones, teeth and muscles. With it, bones and teeth grow straight, strong. Your body is harder, tougher.

The expectant or nursing mother needs it daily. Her bones and teeth tend to soften as the infant drains her body of phosphorus and lime. The "sunshine" vitamin enables her to assimilate these bone- and tooth-hardening elements. This also fortifies the unborn or nursing child

The NEW FLEISCHMANN'S Y

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS · WELL



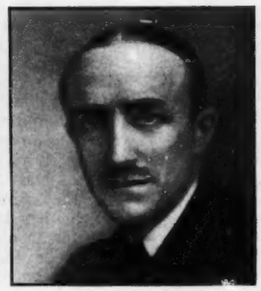
the health value of hours in the Summer Sun

if we could get plenty of sunshine

against rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth). Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat 3 cakes every day, before or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking. Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. F69, 701 Washington St., New York.

In the front rank **of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, special lecturer to graduate doctors in the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in hospitals in America.**



Considered by many **as Europe's greatest gastro-enterologist, Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, Paris, is the author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."**

Director of the famous **Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician and lecturer in the great University of Berlin.**

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY . . .

Dr. Cherubini: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones, sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

Dr. Delort: "Ergosterol, which exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

Dr. Neuberg: "The vitally important provitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

YEAST *contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin*

© 1929, F. Co.

Vegetables for baby

Fresh-to-the-Cooker

ALL through the Winter—just as all through the Summer—the new Gerber Products provide mothers with dependably fresh and wholesome strained vegetables for the daily vegetable supplement to baby's milk diet. The choice garden products used in Gerber's Strained Vegetables are specially grown—carefully selected. They reach our Fremont, Michigan cannery fresh from the gardens in which they are grown, and are thoroughly cleaned and started on the cooking process before they have time to wilt and lose their garden freshness. They reach you rich and wholesome—ready-to-serve. Just warm and add a pinch of salt.

Tested and Approved

Thousands of physicians are prescribing the Gerber Products today for use in infant feeding. They save the overworked mother the hours of time and effort ordinarily required for preparing strained vegetable feedings in the home. They give baby a richer Vitamin A, Vitamin B, Vitamin C, and mineral salt content than is possible in cooking vegetables in open vessels. The Gerber Products are steam pressure cooked—sealed—steam sterilized. They effect maximum conservation of the natural vegetable food values. Each product is finely subdivided—strained to the nice degree most pleasing to baby. Your doctor will gladly explain why they are really better for your baby than open vessel cooked vegetables. He, too, can best prescribe the feeding schedule you should use for the correct diet for your very own baby.

Send for Assortment

If your grocer can't supply you with Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup, Gerber's Strained Spinach, Strained Carrots, Strained Peas, Strained Prunes, and Strained Tomato—send us today the coupon below with $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian Currency or Money Order.*

Free samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

A WEEK'S SUPPLY — SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.

$1.00 Complete Assortment — Dept. M-5—Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked. *NOTE:* Soup now packed in 10½ oz. and 4½ oz. sizes. 1 large or 2 small in Complete Assortment.

25c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c	15c
Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Vegetable Soup	Strained Spinach	Strained Carrots	Strained Prunes	Strained Peas	Strained Tomato

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My Grocer is _____

Frau Antoine Buchner

Vulgaris

President Poincaré

Order Tulips and Lilacs in October for Spring Blooming

By MRS. FRANCIS KING

ON A late April day I came to live in a small but beautiful old house in the country and the next day because the house had had no tenants for two or three years the process of "cleaning up" began—raking, burning, mending gates, shifting the situation of the ash-pile to make things neater. But as we cleaned, as various aspects of the old house broke upon me from time to time I thought—the wall of this woodshed has a barren look—the angle there by the low-roofed porch needs something green. Lilacs! Nothing but the lilac would be right here! So half a dozen were brought from an old cellar hole, the property of a neighbor half a mile away and set that very day. Full of buds they were when moved and they sank into their places as though they knew them. Nothing but lilac for an old house, first; and they should be the common lilac too,—*syringa vulgaris* — French hybrids would have no place here, beautiful as they are, near these walls of a hundred years ago—they might be planted in a place apart but not near the almost classic doorway of this house.

But the mere mention of the word lilac—or syringa—its botanical name—sets the gardening mind aflame with delight. Until lately little had been written on the lilac; but now we have a book, by Susan Delano McKelvey called simply "The Lilac" (MacMillan) in which is all one can know or needs to know, accompanied by photographs so glorious of lilac buds, flowers and trees in bloom that the most ignorant may identify and learn. With this book in hand, and a list of good growers (and this I will send if asked for) you are quite ready to become as much of a lilac enthusiast as any gardener.

Adjectives fail as one thinks of the beauty of the French Hybrid lilacs, of the species lilacs as yet comparatively little known, but all, all so valuable for gardens in the cooler parts of this country. There is for instance *syringa pubescens;* its delicate lace-like bloom, its hue of pearly lavender, its delicious fragrance—and when this shrub, even a small one, for it blooms as one might say almost before it can talk, has two or three dozen bulbs of the lovely rose-colored tulip Roseabella set before it, the picture in May is one to make anyone wish to be a painter of flowers.

Groupings for Color

Here are a few good groupings of lilacs according to their colors. For deep mauve flowers, Danton, President Poincaré, Marèchal Lannes, Milton; for pink flowers President Fallières, Montaigne, Frau Antoine Buchner. And here are some names of lilacs which if planted beside each other will give most beautiful color contrasts: Thunberg, Merèchal Lannes; R. Jarry Desloges, Danton; Marceau, Macrostachya; Diderot, Fallières, Gentil; Montaigne; and these three together Coerulea, Gilbert and Macrostachya. These are all rather expensive but remember that like the little Edith Cavells, those loveliest of all white lilacs, they all bloom tremendously when they are six or seven years old and only four feet tall.

Then the long season of bloom that can be had from the use of the lilac now is very remarkable; six weeks or more I have had, but this of course by means of some presents of rare kinds not generally obtainable. The very earliest to bloom in named kinds, as I know them, is Mirabeau, with a beautiful lilac-mauve flower. Then come Claude Bernard and the beauteous Mme. Morel with its light upstanding flowers of pinkish-lavender, one of the best of all for cutting as well as growing. (The secret of keeping such woody things in water when cut is to split the stem up for three or four inches and also strip off the bark for that length.)

But tulips and lilacs together—there is something surprising in the beauty of these. People have long grown irises below the lilac and peonies too, early ones; but the range of color is so great in the tulip that it is easy to find the most beautiful foreground plantings for lilacs among the tulip tribe. There is for instance the pink tulip Psyche, beautiful below the bluish French lilacs Gilbert or Pasteur; Gilbert is one of the loveliest of all the soft bluish ones and has pinkish buds. Then below the young May foliage of a copper beech, tulips Valentine and Inglescombe Pink used

[*Turn to page 103*]

Inglescombe Pink

Franz Hals

"Bead Soap Faster than chips or flakes"

Wash–rinse–drain–that's all! Forget about dishwiping. Dishes washed with Super Suds dry brighter than a towel could polish them

That's why 1 woman out of every 3 now uses Super Suds, the new bead form of soap. Test shows how beads give instant suds all through the water . . . dishwashing faster – wiping unnecessary.

"BETTER because faster." That, in 3 words, tells the bead soap story. It is Super Suds' amazing *speed* that has made it America's greatest dishwashing soap in little over a year. It is *speed* that has caused thousands of women to forget about chips and flakes after the first trial of Super Suds.

Briefly, here is what a speed soap means in dishwashing.

Instant solubility without stirring. As soon as water touches bead soap, you have suds! Even in hard water. Even in water so comfortably tempered that it will not redden or roughen your hands.

Rich suds all through the water. Because every trace of bead soap dissolves instantly and completely, you get instant suds *where you need them*—under the water, where the real work is done. (Note test at left.)

Dishes come clean quicker. Underwater suds attack grease on dishes with lightning speed. All the soap works—none is wasted through slow-dissolving.

Wiping not needed. A hot rinse is all that's needed with Super Suds. No soap film is left, to streak dishes and mar their lustre. Dishes will drain dry and sparkling clear without wiping.

Clothes out sooner with Super Suds. Faster washing. One less rinsing.

Why bead soap is faster

Bead soap is the most brilliant achievement in soap-making in generations.

It is made by spraying melted soap from great towers, many stories high. In falling, the soap divides into millions of tiny, hollow beads, so fragile that you can crush hundreds of them between thumb and finger. Only in this way can soap be made so very thin. Machines can't do it.

So you see why bead soap dissolves in an instant. Because it's so tissue-thin. There's not a chance of a single soap particle remaining undissolved. No possibility of gummy chunks of soap sinking to the bottom.

Bead soap is fast. And economical, too! The big Super Suds box holds 10 full cups of soap. Think of it—a cup of the speediest soap made, for a cent! Can you afford *not* to use this soap that one-third of America* says is the best? Your grocer has Super Suds—give your order today.

This test convinced thousands

Put a teaspoonful of Super Suds in a glass; a teaspoonful of any chip or flake in another. Fill both glasses half full with water cool enough to be comfortable for hands.

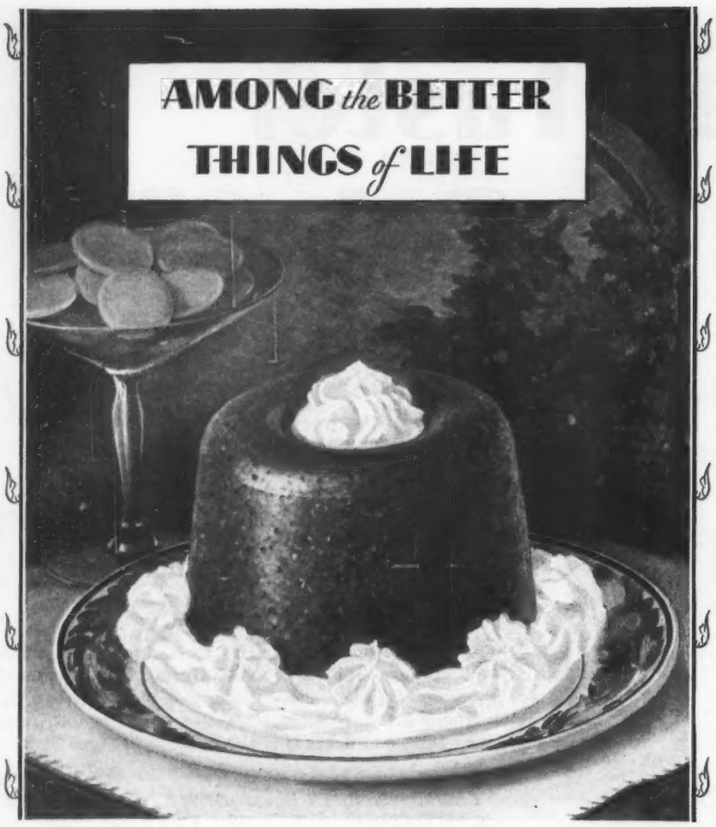
Instantly, every bit of Super Suds rushes into rich, soapy suds. Instantly every drop of water in the glass becomes creamy with soapiness. While in the other glass, gummy chips float on top or sink to the bottom, dissolving slowly.

Remember, this is the way these two soaps act in your dishpan. No wonder Super Suds washes so much better and faster.

*These figures are based on a recent nation-wide investigation, when 212,960 answers from women showed that Super Suds has already replaced the older forms of soap in one home out of every three.

4872

THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR 10¢



REAL PLEASURE . . . REAL HOSPITALITY . . . . REAL GELATINE

The *real* things are the better things of life! Having *real* friends. Showing them *real* hospitality. Serving good things to eat. *Delighting them with a dessert or a salad made with real gelatine.*

Have you learned how good Knox, the real gelatine *is*—do you know how many different desserts, salads, meat or fish loaves, aspics, sherbets, pies and other dainties you can make with it? Knox Gelatine is *all* gelatine—no ready-made mixture of coloring and flavoring. You combine it with *real* fruits, vegetables, meats, fish, and other foods. You make dishes whose appearance and taste are *different—natural,* and they have *real* food value! And all are easily and quickly made.

Just try a package of Knox Gelatine. (There is enough gelatine in one package to make four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each.) And—if you want a real surprise for your kitchen library—mail the coupon—today!

CHOCOLATE SPONGE
(*6 Servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 teaspoonful vanilla — Few grains of salt
¼ cup cold water — ¼ cup sugar
¼ cup boiling water — 2 eggs
1½ squares of chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls cocoa

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add cocoa or melted chocolate. Beat egg whites until stiff and add well-beaten egg yolks to the whites. Add sugar, then the dissolved gelatine, which has been beaten well. Beat and add flavoring. Pour into wet mold, chill and serve with whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk.

NOTE. Chopped nuts or macaroons may be added and, for a more elaborate dessert, line mold with stale lady fingers or sponge cake.

TOMATO JELLY
(*8 Servings*)

2 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water — ½ bay leaf — Few grains salt
2½ cups canned tomatoes — Stalk celery
2 tablespoonfuls onion juice — Few grains cayenne
2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix remaining ingredients, except vinegar, bring to boiling point and let boil ten minutes. Add vinegar and soaked gelatine, and when gelatine is dissolved, strain. Turn into wet molds, and chill. Remove from molds to bed of crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise dressing; or the jelly may be cut in any desired shapes and used as a garnish for salads or cold meats. Dressing may be forced through a pastry bag and tube.

KNOX *is the real* **GELATINE**

★ *A New Surprise for Your Kitchen Library* ★

Mrs. Knox's cook books abound in recipes featuring Knox Gelatine in each of these seven departments in cooking:

1. Soups 2. Meat and Fish 3. Vegetables
4. Salads 5. Desserts
6. Cake Fillings and Icings 7. Candies

Knox Sparkling Gelatine has important nutritive and dietetic uses in feeding children and for invalid diet. Ask your doctor or write for special booklets.

Mrs. Knox
Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

Please send me FREE copies of your recipe books.

My name is.....

My address is.....

My grocer's name is.....

The Art of Entertaining

THE party season is here again! But some of us have no time to plan original entertainments for our home, club or church. A successful party means unique table decorations, appropriate favors, amusing games and most important of all, unusual and delicious refreshments. It appears to be a real problem, but with the help of McCall's Home Service Booklets listed below your worries are over for they tell you how to plan jolly parties for all occasions.

Unusual Entertaining: Chock-full of original schemes for bridge parties, dances, school affairs and seasonal entertaining. (Price twenty cents.)

Parties for Grownups: Have you ever given a Gypsy Party? Included with parties for every month in the year are plans for a Gypsy costume party and other October frolics. (Price twenty cents.)

Parties for Children: Here are delightful parties for children of all ages—with games they will find lots of fun to play. A party for Halloween is included. (Price twenty cents.)

What to Serve at Parties: The answer to this all important question is adequately covered in this booklet. You will particularly like the orange and black menu for a Halloween party. (Price twenty cents.)

Parties for Halloween: Would you like to give a Spooky Dozen Bridge Party? Or maybe you prefer to give your friends a jolly evening of ghostly games and Halloween stunts. This new leaflet contains plans for both of these parties. (Price ten cents.)

Popcorn Balls. (Price two cents.)

Parties for the Bride: Announcements, showers, and a housewarming. (Price two cents.)

Parties for Young Girls: Jolly times and stunts for girls. (Price two cents.)

The Family Budget: You may live better and still save money if you budget your income. This booklet tells you how to start your budget and keep it going through the year. (Price twenty cents.)

Book of Etiquette: Here are the answers to all questions on everyday good manners, including several chapters on wedding etiquette—form of announcements, proper wearing apparel, hints for best man and bridesmaids, the correct procedure of the formal and informal wedding is fully described. (Price twenty cents.)

Time Saving Cookery: Quick ways with delicious meals. (Price ten cents.)

Some Reasons Why in Cookery: Rules for supposedly difficult dishes such as mayonnaise, meringues, unusual frostings; also a chapter on making jelly a new way. (Price ten cents.)

Master Recipes: It is surprising how many interesting foods can be made from the basic recipes with simple variations in ingredients. (Price ten cents.)

How to Serve Afternoon Tea: (Price two cents.)

Decorating Your Home: Harmonious interiors. (Price ten cents.)

Four Lessons in Interior Decoration: (Price twelve cents.)

The Friendly Baby: Proper care of the baby; Dr. Kerley's feeding schedules. (Price ten cents.)

The Friendly Mother: Advice on the pre-natal period. (Price ten cents.)

Preserving for Profit: Money may be earned with home-made jams and jellies—if you know how. This leaflet explains fully. (Price ten cents.)

Home Money Making with Boarders: How to run a successful boarding house all the year. (Price six cents.)

When You Travel To Europe: A helpful leaflet for the person planning a trip abroad. (Price ten cents.)

Books You Ought To Own: A list of books helpful to the hostess and the clubwoman who is called upon to plan entertainments, bazaars, pageants, etc. (Price eight cents.)

Books on Church and Family Problems: A list of books on mind training of children, spiritual enlightenment, church work etc. (Price eight cents.)

Send stamps to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

HALLOWEEN CAPERS

This new leaflet gives plans for a jolly, "ghostly" evening on Halloween. It also presents a new idea in Halloween entertaining—"A Spooky Dozen Bridge Party!" Send ten cents in stamps for these two thrilling October parties.

The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine
230 Park Avenue, New York City

Why was the name DEAUVILLE Chosen for this Distinguished Design?

DEAUVILLE, *notable among French seaside resorts, show place of fashion. Glittering sands, tea dances . . . dinners starting at midnight . . . costumes. Financiers making holiday . . . diplomats forgetting statecraft . . . royalty at play . . . magnificent women, perfectly gowned. Whether you have visited Deauville as guest from one of the palatial homes nearby . . . or have entered directly into its whirl . . . you know how utter smartness interprets its spirit completely.*

That supreme note of what is smart perfectly expresses DEAUVILLE . . . and quite as perfectly describes this new COMMUNITY design. Richly bevelled planes . . . relieved by the ebony glow of platinum surfaces . . . outlines at once elegant and substantial . . . that is DEAUVILLE interpreted in COMMUNITY PLATE. Truly a design that appeals to those persons of taste and position, who make . . . as the French say . . . "the world." As you examine the DEAUVILLE at your jeweler's, you will recognize at once its style, and feeling for smartness, for modernity.

DEAUVILLE teaspoons, six for $4.00.
Complete service, six places, $36.50.
Service for eight places, $48.00.

Also an assortment of lovely Service Ware in DEAUVILLE design. . . . Three piece tea set, (illustrated) . . . $40.00

ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LTD · ONEIDA · N.Y.

DEAUVILLE

COMMUNITY PLATE

ALSO MAKERS OF TUDOR PLATE

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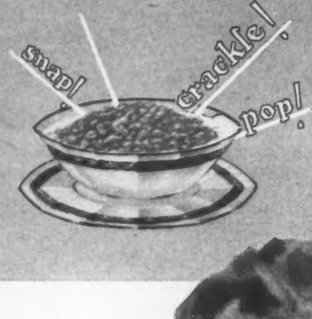
Listen to it! Taste it! The new Kellogg cereal!



Crisp? Why, you can hear it *crackle* in the cream!

IF YOUR family haven't had Rice Krispies yet, they're missing the cereal hit of the year. Something different from anything ever before made!

Golden-crisp rice bubbles. That's what you have in store! Rich with roasted-rice flavor. And so crisp they actually crackle when you pour on milk or cream.

Order a package in time for breakfast tomorrow. And taste them before you fill the bowls. You'll like them.

Have Rice Krispies for lunch. A wholesome dish for the children's supper. Try them with fruits and honey. Nourishing and easy to digest.

Try Rice Krispies in soups. Put them on ice cream. Make crisp macaroons, candies. Butter and serve Rice Krispies like pop corn. Order a red-and-green package from your grocer. Then watch the family enjoy themselves! Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, ALL-BRAN, *Pep Bran Flakes, Krumbles, Kellogg's Shredded Whole Wheat Biscuit—also Kaffee Hag Coffee—real coffee that lets you sleep. Other plants at Cleveland, Ohio; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.*

Kellogg's

RICE KRISPIES

WHEN TO FEED YOUR BABY

[*Continued from page 56*]

cows' milk. In the use of this product one-half the quantity advised for fresh cows' milk should be used and water added to make up the entire amount in ounces.

In using fresh cows' milk for infant feeding the milk is allowed to stand in the quart bottle on the ice for five hours. The top sixteen ounces are then dipped off with a one ounce cream dipper obtainable at most drug stores and milk stations. If a dipper is not available, the top sixteen ounces may be carefully poured out of the bottle. The poured off top sixteen ounces is the milk used until the third month; after this age, larger amounts must be poured or dipped from the top.

Suggested Formulas

The following formulas are suggested for well babies of average weight:

During the First Three Months

Milk (top 16 ounces)	5 ounces
Limewater	1 ounce
Milk sugar	1½ ounces
Boiled water	18 ounces

Six feedings in twenty-four hours, 3 to 4 ounces at four hour intervals, during the day and night.

From the Third to the Sixth Week

Milk (top 16 ounces)	10 ounces
Limewater	2 ounces
Milk sugar	2 ounces
Boiled water	20 ounces

Six feedings in twenty-four hours, 4 to 5 ounces at four hour intervals.

From the Sixth Week to the Third Month

Milk (top 16 ounces)	14 ounces
Limewater	3 ounces
Milk sugar	2 ounces
Boiled water	19 ounces

Six feedings in twenty-four hours, 5 to 6 ounces at four hour intervals.

From the Third to the Fifth Month

Milk (top 16 ounces)	16 ounces
Limewater	3 ounces
Milk sugar	2 ounces
Boiled water	16 ounces

Five feedings in twenty-four hours, 6 to 7 ounces at four hour intervals during the day and last feeding at 10 P.M.

From the Fifth to the Seventh Month

Milk (top 24 ounces)	24 ounces
Limewater	3 ounces
Milk sugar	2 ounces
Barley water	13 ounces

Five feedings in twenty-four hours, 7 to 8 ounces at four hour intervals, the last feeding at 10 P.M.

From the Seventh to the Ninth Month

Milk (whole)	28 ounces
Limewater	3 ounces
Milk sugar	2 ounces
Barley water	9 ounces

Eight ounces every four hours, last feeding at 10 A.M. Barley water is prepared by cooking one ounce of barley flour thirty minutes. Add boiled water at the completion of the cooking to make one pint.

The milk sugar may be dissolved in the barley water while hot.

From the Ninth to the Twelfth Month

Milk (whole)	32 ounces
Limewater	3 ounces
Milk sugar	2 ounces
Barley water	10 ounces

Five feedings in twenty-four hours, 8 to 9 ounces at four hour intervals, the last feeding at 10 P.M. Nine ounces is the maximum amount that should be given a baby at one time.

The feeding should be continuous. Re-warming milk that has been kept in the bottle is a very dangerous practice. If the entire contents of the bottle are not taken, it may mean that the food is too strong, or that the interval between feedings needs to be lengthened. Twenty minutes is the usual time allowed for taking the bottle.

Whole Milk—To obtain whole milk, shake up the bottle before use. Keep the nursing bottles on the ice after they are filled.

The cooking of whole milk with barley—Before deciding that fresh cows' milk will have to be supplanted by another substitute it will be well to attempt making it easier of assimilation by cooking it with starch—thus in a given formula, mix with the milk and water one tablespoon of barley flour, and simmer in a double boiler for thirty minutes.

At the completion of the cooking and while the mixture is still hot dissolve the milk sugar; when lukewarm add the limewater and boiled water to make up the amount that is lost in evaporation.

The barley flour must be made into a paste by the use of cold water before adding it to the other ingredients. If this is not done a smooth uniform mixture will be impossible.

The cooking of the milk with the barley water makes it easier of assimilation in a good many infants.

Special Adaptation

When the milk does not agree the cause must be discovered. The food as a whole may be too strong. If this is so, there will be indigestion and colic, and possibly diarrhea and vomiting. If the food contains too much cream there will be looseness of the bowels, and colicky stools with considerable strain; there is apt to be regurgitation also. An indication of excess sugar consists in the eructation of gas and regurgitation of sour, watery material. Diarrhea may alse be produced by too high sugar.

Excess of cows' milk protein (curd) may be the cause of habitual colic and is an important element in habitual constipation. When the use of fresh cows' milk from any standpoint is impracticable, evaporated milk should be used. In using cooked or evaporated milk, orange juice, a teaspoonful or two daily should always be given.

At about the seventh month additional feedings in the use of cereal jelly and simple green vegetables are begun. Before the 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. bottles a tablespoon or two of strained oatmeal or cereal both of which have been cooked four hours and strained may be given. A portion of the milk formula should be poured from the bottle over the cereal.

Before the 2 P.M. feeding a tablespoon of carrots, squash or spinach may be given. These vegetables should be cooked one hour.

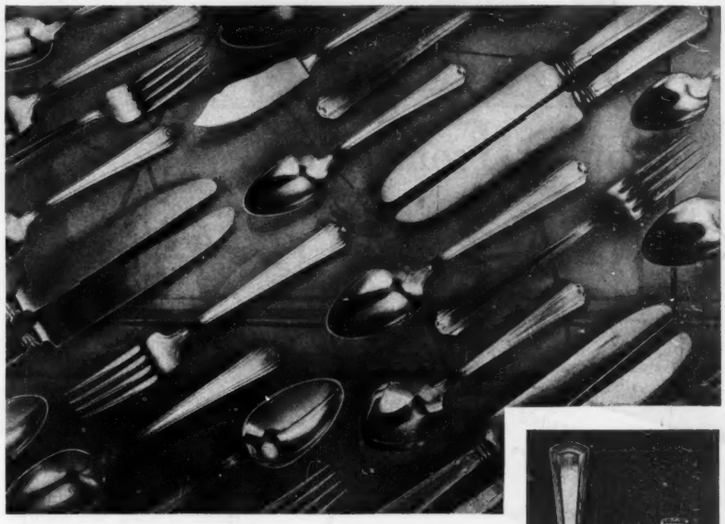
Orange juice is best given one hour before the second feeding. I rarely advise more than one-half ounce diluted with the same quantity of water.

The Silver *you have dreamed of!*

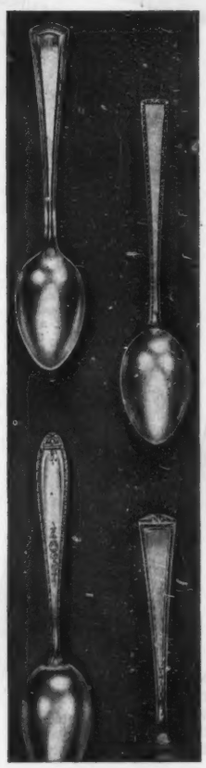
$33.25

. . . for a complete table setting of this beautiful new Alvin pattern

Smartly modern — yet with a quiet, cultured beauty that women are quick to appreciate



Twenty-six pieces in a handsome modern tray of black and silver—all for $33.25. Pieces may also be purchased separately



NEVER before has silver of such surpassing beauty been available at such moderate cost.

For only $33.25 a complete table setting of 26 pieces — enough for a family of six — in Dawn, the newest, loveliest silver plate pattern in all the world. This price includes a handsome modern black and silver tray.

Never before have craftsmen lavished such skill and care in the designing, the die-cutting, the production, the finishing of inexpensive silver! Never has plated silver been more beautiful!

Only in your own hand can you realize its exquisite finish, its perfect weight and balance.

Lovely enough for your most important entertaining—inexpensive enough to add *at once* to whatever silver you now have.

Every piece of Alvin Long-Life Plate is guaranteed to your complete satisfaction. All good dealers in silver plate can show you this new silver.

DAWN

The new pattern by **ALVIN**

Above at left . . . George Washington, at right . . . Classic; below, Louisiana and Luxor—popular patterns in Alvin plate

THE ALVIN CORPORATION, Dept. P-2, Providence, R. I.

☐ Please send me your FREE booklet illustrating the new DAWN pattern.
☐ Please send me your FREE booklet by Oscar of the Waldorf on "Setting the Table Correctly."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

*My jeweler is*_____

"Camping From
Maine to California
—yet some of my Pequot Sheets appear good
for another seventeen and a half years!"

OLD STOCKBRIDGE
1730 A. D.
STOCKBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

March 4th, 1929.

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.

When I was married in September, 1911, my mother furnished my trousseau with the best of everything. Of course, that included Pequot sheeting - by the yard. (My sheets were made extra long, a luxury I have appreciated all these years.)

My Pequot sheets appear good for another seventeen and a half years! At any rate, I have never found the least sign of wear on any of them - and some have been "camping" from Maine to California! And camping is hard on everything.

My daughter shall be taught the value of good household linens, and no doubt she will some day proudly be using her mother's "hair-loom" sheets!

Yours most sincerely,
Blanche Lewis Lonegren

March 14th, 1929.

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co.,
Mr. J. Foster Smith, Agent.

Dear Sir:

If my letter to you regarding my satisfactory experience with Pequot sheeting will be of use to you, you may use it with my willing consent.

If it will influence brides or other housewives to make a good investment, I shall feel that much good has been accomplished. One can hardly enumerate all of Pequot's good points in one brief letter.

You may rest assured that my few words of praise are most sincere.

Yours very truly,
Blanche Lewis Lonegren.

These two letters from Mrs. Lonegren make an eloquent advertisement. The first letter was a "find" in our morning mail. We promptly asked the author's permission to publish it here, and the second note is her answer.

Such experiences as Mrs. Lonegren's, repeated generation after generation, have made Pequot today the most popular brand of sheets and pillow cases in America!

Naumkeag Steam Cotton Co., Salem, Mass. Parker Wilder & Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston: Selling Agents.

PEQUOT
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES

GOOD FLOORS FOR SERVICE AND BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 55*]

Quartered and plain oak plank

usual tongue and groove construction makes the floor tight and easily cared for. Butterfly "keys" or simulated "pegs" give the final touch of old-time atmosphere to these most modern of floor surfaces.

Not only is there wide range in designs and qualities of oak flooring. There is also a thickness for every purpose. For the newly-built home, the 13/16 inch lumber adds strength and rigidity to the entire house and can be laid directly on the studdings or joists. A sound-deadening under-layer adds greater comfort to the modern home. The thinner grades, of 3/8 or 1/2 inch, effect a real saving in first cost. But as they have not the strength of the heavier stock, they must be laid over an under-floor, level and substantial. These floorings are unexcelled for rejuvenating the old house. When laid directly over the existing floor the boards must always run in a different direction.

Maple, Beech and Pine

The close-grained strong maple is often associated only with service floors—those subject to ruthless usage and heavy traffic. Yet its golden brown sapwood or darker heartwood can be made very attractive with wax or varnish. And the newer developments in acid and water stains have made possible the most enchanting colored surfaces. Pastel green, silver gray, royal blue and other lovely shades blend into the "ensemble" of bedroom or studio. Beech has much the same appearance as maple but more grain and takes a deeper color tone when varnished or waxed. Birch with its smooth white sapwood and pinkish heart, absorbs a beautiful, even stain. Where a less expensive floor is desired, quarter-sawn or "edge grain" Southern pine is hard and free from splintering. It too may be laid over old floors. These floorings may be had in different grades, widths and thicknesses.

Paint is the finish par excellence for the softwoods—pine and spruce. The north room, with its steady sunless light can be given life and warmth by the sunshine colors which retain and reflect the light. The glare of a sun-bathed chamber can be softened if the floor is painted one of the absorbing shades—the cool blues, greens and grays. The new paint developments are indeed first aid to old floors where economy and appearance must go hand in hand.

Shellac, Varnish or Wax

Unless one of the factory waxed varieties is used, the laying of the boards is but the first step in the achieving of the perfect floor. For on the scraping, sandpapering and surface treatment depends the final smoothness, beauty and life of the finished area. It is not the lumber itself which should stand the ruthless wear and tear which any floor receives, but the substance which seals and protects the fibers. This protection is furnished by shellac, varnish or wax.

A new floor should be scraped by hand, with the grain of the wood. Where an old surface must first be removed, however, the new electric floor machines—which work with a circular movement—will prepare the surface far more quickly. They scour off the dingy old finish and sandpaper to a satin texture. When the floor has been so prepared for its top finish, it should be covered with paper against disastrous footprints, until its final protecting coat is applied.

The modern tendency of architects is to use the darker floors, and in key with this note come many excellent floor stains to give a weathered or Flemish effect to oak or to lend a desired colored note. And on the open-grained woods such as oak, a "filler" is needed to seal and protect the pores before the surface finish is given. Some

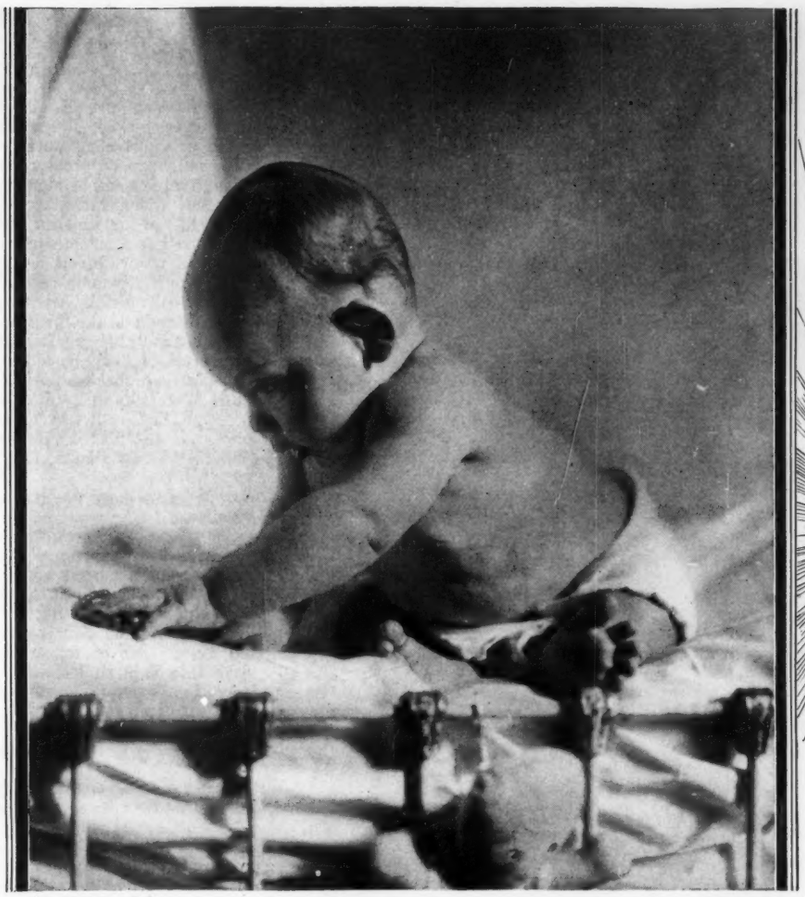
[*Continued on page 115*]

OCTOBER BRIDES!

Do you know rules of convention on weddings? Do you know how to word the announcements and invitations and to whom they are sent—the correct attire for bride, groom and attendants, the order of the processional, the receiving line, the arrangement of the bridal table? All these points and many others of equal importance on formal and informal weddings are covered in the *Book of Etiquette*. Send twenty cents in stamps to,

THE SERVICE EDITOR, McCALL'S MAGAZINE
230 Park Avenue, New York City

A Year from now ... 2 years or 5 or 10



Bottled Sunshine! Every baby needs it, physicians say, to help build strong straight bones and sound uncrowded teeth

YOU DREAM of what he will be like then ... As you dream do not forget this important fact: *the kind of bones and teeth* your baby is building *now*, will affect his appearance and his health all through life!

The most beautiful babies and the healthiest babies *always* have these characteristics: a well-shaped head, a full deep chest, a sturdy, well-knit framework, straight legs, well developed jaws and chin, and teeth that come in straight and evenly spaced.

These things do not come or fail to come by accident. They are *built*.

Whether your baby is building the right kind of bones and teeth *now*, at the very start, depends on whether you are supplying him with the proper materials.

Most of these materials he gets from his food—from milk and vegetables.

But there is one essential factor which is not obtainable in sufficient amount from food. It is Vitamin D.

There are two common ways to provide your baby with the Vitamin D he must have. Exposure to sunshine is one.

Your child may be out in the sunshine every day, but clothing shuts out the precious ultra-violet rays

If your baby could get *enough* sunshine on his bare body every day of the year, it would provide him with enough Vitamin D.

But under modern living conditions, this is hardly possible. Weather prevents. Clouds, fog, smoke, clothing, shut out the precious health-protecting rays—the ultra violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

Bottled Sunshine—*good cod-liver oil*—is the surer safeguard, specialists say.

They further say that the kind of cod-liver oil given is very important. This is why so many physicians recommend Squibb's.

They know that Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is guaranteed to be very rich in Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin which helps to build good bones and teeth.

In addition it is very rich in another vitamin, Vitamin A, which promotes growth and increases resistance to many infections.

How much a well-shaped head, a full chest, straight legs, and sound teeth mean to your child all through life!

Ask your physician about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil; he will tell you that the vitamin content of Squibb's will supply your baby with the factors he needs to build his bones and teeth properly *from the start.*

> > >

Expectant Mothers Also Need Bottled Sunshine Specialists are advising expectant mothers that they, too, need Bottled Sunshine, good cod-liver oil. Taken during pregnancy it not only helps to build good bones and teeth for the coming child but also helps to protect the mother's teeth from the decay which so often occurs during this period.

A New Pleasant Mint Flavor! Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil is now offered in a pleasant new form, easy to take—a mint flavor which is cool and refreshing. It appeals especially to grown-ups and older children. All good drug stores have Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil, both Plain and Mint-Flavored.

FREE *Important facts for Mothers in this Booklet*

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
Dept. M10, 80 Beekman St., New York City

Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free, "Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine."*

*NAME*_____

*ADDRESS*_____

*CITY*_____

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

PLAIN OR MINT-FLAVORED

Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

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Definable Charm

. . . . instantly you choose the one or two girls of a group who have achieved it.

Ineffaceable impressions are made at social presentations. You find yourself delighted with the brown-eyed girl at the bridge table just beyond. Something about her exceeds the ordinary.

Unconsciously you study her face lines, her speech, gestures, "air." Surely she is attractive—but not beautiful; pearly teeth, certainly. Perhaps it is her creamy complexion or dainty, restrained manner?

And then it dawns—*beautiful Hair!* That perfect lustre has no shop origin! *It is real!* You compare her with the others. "Hair" has given that girl "definable charm!" As you know her better she confides that California fresh Lemon Juice Rinses have made her hair a crown!

In so sincere a way she explains that it is all quickly and efficiently done. The delicate acid of California Lemon Juice entirely eliminates the sticky, color-dimming soapy curds and brings out the true color and lustre of her hair, besides retaining the curl!

Only hair so rinsed is really sweet, clean and beautiful, she suggests. You decide then and there to try a fresh California Lemon rinse—tomorrow!

Her simple directions thrill you. First, the usual washing and rinse; then, the juice of two lemons in four quarts of fresh water and a very thorough rinsing; again, a clear water rinse. And she adds confidentially, "Do send for that perfectly wonderful booklet 'Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic.'" Here's the coupon:—

© 1928 C.F.G.E.

. . . . . MAIL THIS COUPON FOR AN EVERY-DAY USEFUL FREE BOOKLET . . . . . .

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE, Sec. 610, Box 530, Station "C." Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me FREE book, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, manicuring, and beautifying the hair.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MEAT PIES

[*Continued from page 52*]

Clean, singe and cut up fowl as for fricassee. Cook slowly until tender in enough boiling water to cover with salt, pepper, celery tops and onion. There should be about 2½ cups stock left when chicken is done. Remove chicken and thicken stock with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Invert a small baking cup or ramekin in center of casserole or baking dish. Arrange chicken around it and add the thickened stock. (At this time *cooked* peas, carrots or other vegetables may be added.) Cover with pastry or baking powder biscuit crust. Make slits in it to allow steam to escape. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) for 20 minutes, then in moderate oven (350° F.) for 20 minutes longer.

Chicken and Oyster Pie

Cook fowl as for chicken pie and remove meat from bones. Place in baking dish. Drain oysters and lay them on top of chicken. Sprinkle with salt, pepper and dot with butter. Thicken chicken stock and pour over chicken and oysters. Cover top with pastry, make slits in it to let steam escape. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 or 45 minutes.

Chicken and Vegetable Pie

Prepare chicken as for Chicken Pie. Add an equal quantity of vegetables —potatoes cut in cubes, small onions, sliced mushrooms, sliced carrots, and peas are suitable. Put these into casserole with cooked chicken; cover with stock and pastry. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 to 45 minutes.

Beefsteak Pie

2 pounds beef (round)
2 onions
½ green pepper
Salt and Pepper
Pastry

Cut meat into thin strips, cover with water and cook slowly until tender. (There should be about 2 cups stock when meat is done.) Place meat in baking dish with sliced onion, chopped green pepper, salt and pepper. Thicken the stock with a little flour and pour over contents of baking dish. Cover with pastry or mashed potato crust and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) about 40 to 45 minutes.

Steak and Kidney Pie

2 pounds beef
2 pair kidneys
2 or 3 onions
Salt and Pepper
Pastry

Cut meat in small pieces, cover with water and cook slowly until tender. Wash kidneys in cold water; remove skin and excess fat. Cover with cold water and bring to boiling point. Pour off water, cover again with cold water and cook slowly until almost tender. Drain and slice thin. Place steak and kidneys in baking dish with sliced onion. Season with salt and pepper. Thicken about 2 cups beef stock with a little flour and pour over contents of baking dish. Cover with pastry, biscuit or potato crust and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 30 to 35 minutes.

Beefsteak and Potato Pie

Cook beef as for Beefsteak Pie or use left-over beefsteak. When placing it in casserole, add alternate layers of sliced potato; dot potato layers with butter and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour over enough stock or gravy to almost cover. Bake with or without a crust. If baked without a crust, place small baking powder biscuits on top.

Beefsteak pies may be made with left-over roast beef or beefsteak. If there is not sufficient gravy left over, make a stock by cooking bones or beef trimmings, etc. in sufficient water to cover. Or use bouillon cubes. Season and thicken.

Veal Pie

1 small onion, sliced
2 tablespoons fat
2½ pounds veal, cut in pieces
Salt and Pepper
Flour
3 hard-cooked eggs
Pastry

Cook onion in hot fat 5 minutes. Sprinkle veal with salt, pepper and flour and cook with onion until slightly brown. Add enough water to almost cover (about 2 or 3 cups) and cook slowly until meat is tender. Thicken stock with a little flour. Line glass baking dish with pastry. Fill with cooked veal, layers of sliced hard-cooked eggs and gravy. Cover with pastry and make slits to let steam escape. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 35 or 40 minutes or until pastry is brown.

Cottage Pie

Cut cold cooked lamb or beef in small pieces or put through food chopper if desired. Heat with enough left-over gravy to moisten. Season with salt, pepper, onion, and chopped parsley. Line a baking dish or individual ramekins with hot mashed potato (stiff enough to handle), fill with meat mixture and cover with a layer of mashed potato. Mark with a fork to make a fancy edge, and dot top with small bits of butter. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 15 or 20 minutes.

Venison Pie

Cut meat into small pieces, removing all membrane and bone. Dredge with salt, pepper and flour and brown in a little melted shortening with a minced onion. Add just enough water or stock to cover and allow to simmer until tender. Lay in baking dish with some cooked onions and a cup of sautéed mushrooms. Thicken stock in which venison was cooked with a little flour and pour over contents of baking dish. Cover with plain pastry crust. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) until brown.

Vegetable Pie

1 cup diced carrots
1 cup cauliflower
1 cup peas or string beans
2 cups well-seasoned white sauce
¼ cup grated cheese

For this recipe left-over vegetables may be used. Place them in casserole, cover with white sauce and grated cheese. The addition of a mashed potato crust makes this into a delicious one-dish vegetable luncheon—or dinner. Bake in hot oven (400° F.).

Individual Pies

Any of these pies may be made in individual dishes or ramekins. Instead of baking them with pastry or biscuit crusts they may be baked without a covering and served with small piece of baked pastry.

SITUATION WANTED

by the World's Most Famous Dressmaker

I am ready to come to you wherever you are. From the moment I arrive I promise that all thought of sewing as a task will go out of your house forever...We shall work together—you and I. You are to plan all the lovely clothes you have dreamed of having and I will create them for you. I will never ask you to touch a foot to a treadle—hidden electric power will serve us both. You are to sit restfully while I sew. And I will work so quietly and quickly that you will soon be planning other things that we can make together—cunning frocks and suits for the children and friendly curtains and draperies for your windows...I have no "hours", no vacations. I shall be ready to help you always, on a moment's notice...I want the privilege, first, of proving my skill. So I will come to you to help you make something you are planning now. Without any charge I will demonstrate in your own home the value of my services...My references are legion, for I am a member—the youngest, most "modern" member, if you please—of the famous family of Singer sewing machines...You may reach me through the Singer Shop in your community. For my telephone number look up Singer Sewing Machine Company in your directory.

The Modern Singer Electric Sewing Machine

Ask any Singer Representative or Singer Shop for a free copy of How to Make Dresses, How to Make Children's Clothes or How to Make Draperies—regular price 25 cents each.

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THOUSANDS of earnest, thankful letters say:

"Eagle Brand saved my baby's life!"

LETTERS that throb with drama, with pathos, with hope and fear – with happiness! Some were written over 70 years ago, when Eagle Brand was a brand-new discovery, of vital interest to the medical world. Some were written no longer ago than last week . . . Surely, this is one of the most interesting collections of letters in the world – here in the Borden Company's files in New York!

Each letter tells the story of a mother's bitter anxiety – an anxiety changed to relief and delight by the discovery of a food upon which her baby could thrive. And one of the most interesting things about it all is the way that these different generations of mothers, down through the years, have used over and over again the same phrases: "I am so grateful for this wonderful food." . . . "I feel as if I wanted to tell all mothers about it." . . . "Eagle Brand saved my baby's life."

It is just because mothers *have* told each other about Eagle Brand that this milk is today the most widely used infant food in the world. And every mother who cannot nurse her baby or whose baby is not thriving on his present food, should thoughtfully consider Eagle Brand's remarkable history.

Successful where other foods fail! Why?

Eagle Brand is pure, fresh, whole cow's milk, modified by the addition of refined sugar and condensed by the removal of most of the water. The sugar supplies carbohydrates, required by all infants. The milk supplies bone and tissue-building materials and growth-promoting vitamins – the same elements found in pasteurized Grade A milk. But here is the important difference:

Eagle Brand is far easier to digest than ordinary cow's milk. In the infant's stomach it forms the softest and finest of curds – like those formed by mother's milk. That means that all the precious elements this food contains go to nourish the baby – to build up that tiny body into a strong, sturdy piece of human machinery.

Send for free booklets

Mail the coupon below for "Baby's Welfare," containing practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods – orange juice, cereals, cod liver oil, etc. Also, "The Best Baby," a beautiful little book, illustrated in color, for keeping records of baby's growth and development.

Mail the coupon today!

I. McC.—10-29

THE BORDEN COMPANY, *Borden Building*,
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copies of "Baby's Welfare" and "The Best Baby." My baby is_____ months old.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(*Print name and address plainly*)

THE BEST LAWNS ARE PLANTED IN AUTUMN

[*Continued from page 40*]

dawn is usually a favorable time. To make sure of even distribution the seed is best divided into two equal lots, one to be sown up and down the area, the other from side to side. Still further to aid even distribution it is a good plan to stretch conspicuous strings up and down and from side to side of the area at eight or ten foot intervals and to confine sowing to one strip at a time. After all the seed has been scattered and the strings removed the entire area must be very lightly raked with a pull stroke only. This will cover the seed sufficiently and will not be likely to thin it in spots and thicken it in others.

After this final raking it is important to roll the whole area so as to firm the seed in the soil. This greatly increases the number of plants and aids the grass in getting a good start.

The best guide to the quality of seed is the reputation of the seedsman. Avoid all cheap mixtures, samples that are lighter than twenty pounds to the bushel and those that cost less than forty cents a quart in small quantities, unless the seedsman lists it for some special purpose.

Seedsmen who specialize in lawn grass offer mixtures adapted to specific conditions such as shady spots, putting greens, or laundry yards, steep banks, etc. So it is wise to choose such of these as seem to fit one's specific conditions. Most professional lawn makers advise against mowing a fall made lawn the same fall as made. Others cut when the grass gets about three inches tall. They then use a sharp scythe because this tool shaves each grass leaf separately instead of chewing bunches of grass and perhaps pulling up the imperfectly established plants, roots and all, as the ordinary mower is sure to do if the blades are dull. When a man skillful with the scythe cannot be found the mower, with newly-sharpened blades set to cut two inches above ground, may be used after the grass is three inches tall.

In early spring the most important thing is to roll the lawn with a heavy roller while the ground is soft. This will press down the grass roots that have been raised by frost during winter. It is also a good plan to comb up the matted grass and to cut it.

One of the secrets of maintaining a greensward during hot, dry weather is to avoid sprinkling at all times, especially during the first three months of the season. By allowing nature to provide moisture during that period the grass in a lawn made as described will send its roots deeply in the soil that is not sprinkled. On the other hand, if sprinkled, the roots will develop near the surface. In this latter case, unless sprinkled almost daily except in rainy weather, the grass will become yellow in patches long before the unwatered lawn shows signs of suffering.

When the time comes during dry weather that the deep-rooted grass begins to turn yellow it may be revived and made green again by thoroughly drenching the ground to the depth of a foot or more at intervals of two or three weeks. One drastic drenching is worth far more than double the daily dribbling that many people erroneously surmise keeps their lawn alive.

HOW WILL YOU HEAT YOUR HOUSE?

[*Continued from page 45*]

fuel may be used in the cellar at a safe distance from the heater. The oil may be fed to the burner by gravity but with this method there is danger of flooding. The best installation is a tank buried outside the house which will hold a larger supply. It should have a non-syphoning feed to the burner. However, local ordinances and fire underwriters' rules must be observed in such installation.

Gas is a high grade fuel having many advantages. Its efficiency as compared with coal is as 90 to 35, practically all of its heating value being utilized. It gives constant heat, eliminates smoke, dust and soot. It is under constant control and is not paid for until it is used; the gas company is the fuel bin. It frees the householder from the last vestiges of inconveience in running the heating systems and gives him the unique advantage of having the corporation furnishing his fuel maintaining a constant interest in the upkeep and efficient operation of his heater.

With gas fuel there should be provision for adequate and rapid venting of air from steam heating systems with a combination of "all on" or "all off" control which gives maximum economy and minimum temperature variation.

There should be a draft breaker on the flue pipe similar to those on kitchen ranges to divert down drafts from the heater and an additional thermostatic pilot control to shut off the gas supply in case the pilot light is extinguished.

Complete combustion of fuel and the disposal of surplus gases from the process depend upon a properly constructed chimney. Every heating unit, except electric, should have an independent terra cotta lined air-tight flue, the size of which is proportioned to the requirements of the unit. The chimney should be extended at least three feet above the highest portion of the roof and its top must be thirty to thirty-five feet above the fire grate.

Where erratic air currents may interfere with the draft the chimney should be topped out with a noiseless ventilator of good appearance. The mason contractor should be required to guarantee the chimney to meet smoke test.

Proper warmth, circulation of air, moisture are essential to health. There are on the market home heating systems with which the air is cleaned before it is dispensed through the rooms. These are warm air systems which have always been basically logical in that the air is prepared for circulation at the heater and delivered directly where it is needed. Circulation is produced and maintained by an electric rotary blower. Air is taken into the system through filters, passed over the heating element and warmed to a proper temperature. At this point the warm air meets the water vapor from the humidifier, a container in which water has been heated to the vaporizing point, and the proper moisture content is established.

The "conditioned" air, cleansed, warmed, humidified, is sent out by the blower through ducts to the rooms, as in the usual warm air system. The ducts are much smaller, however, and can be run level and between floor beams, taking little space in the cellar. The registers may be placed in any wall where the location will have the greatest heating effect.

From luscious ripe grapes comes the Cream of Tartar in Royal. Remember that baking powder is not made with Cream of Tartar unless the label says so.

ROYAL *isn't just a different brand of baking powder—it's a different kind—it's Cream of Tartar baking powder*

ROYAL IS THE ONLY NATIONALLY DISTRIBUTED BAKING POWDER THAT IS MADE WITH CREAM OF TARTAR

"If you want cup cakes like mine, use Cream of Tartar baking powder,"
says IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen—internationally known food authority, whose talks on cooking are broadcast from New York over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"HUMPS are vastly becoming to camels, but did you ever try to ice a *cup cake* with a hump?" Mrs. Allen raised merry eyes from the heavy morning mail just received at her model kitchen. "This puzzled young woman writes, 'Why are my cup cakes knobby on top, coarse-textured, and full of holes?'

"There are several contributing reasons. But the *main* factor is the baking powder. It is important to use the kind that acts evenly and steadily until the baking is finished—Cream of Tartar baking powder. I have been teaching cooking for over twenty years, and I know from experience that cup cakes made with Royal invariably rise evenly. They are always light and even-grained—their texture velvety perfection.

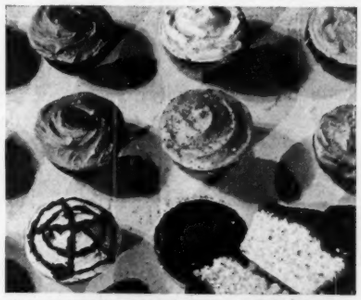
"I often serve cup cakes plain, without icing, and my family are especially critical of flavor. The Cream of Tartar in Royal protects the flavor of my cakes from any bitterness. I wouldn't risk using any other baking powder.

"From the health point of view, too, I prefer Royal. Doctors and dietitians, you know, say that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made."

Here is an exceptionally good master recipe for cup cakes, with four enticing ways to vary it:

CUP CAKES. Cream thoroughly ⅓ cup butter; add 1 cup sugar, a little at a time, beating well. Add yolks of 2 eggs and beat well. Sift 2 cups flour with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Add to first mixture 1 cup milk a little at a time alternately with the sifted dry ingredients. Fold in stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs. Bake in greased cup cake tins or in paper baking cups in moderate oven at 375° F. for 25 minutes.

PLAIN CUP CAKES WITH CHOCOLATE FROSTING. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract to cup cake batter just before adding the egg whites. Cover tops only with a thick, fluffy Chocolate Seven-Minute Frosting.



One master recipe made this attractive variety of cup cakes. But you will want to serve some warm from the oven, lightly sprinkled with powdered sugar. The frosting recipes are in the new Royal Cook Book.

ORANGE CUP CAKES. Add to cup cake batter ½ teaspoon orange extract and grated rind of 1 orange. Cover with orange frosting and sprinkle with grated orange rind, before frosting sets.

CHOCOLATE CUP CAKES. Omit ⅓ cup flour in the cup cake recipe and sift with the dry ingredients ⅓ cup cocoa. Cover with a coffee frosting and garnish each with a half pecan nut.

SPICED CUP CAKES. Sift ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon cloves and ¼ teaspoon nutmeg with the dry ingredients. Flour 1 cup raisins. After the batter has been put into greased cup cake tins, drop a few raisins into each. Cover with a fluffy white boiled frosting which may be colored a delicate pink if desired. Decorate with a fine cobweb design in chocolate icing.

Free—New Royal Cook Book, with 125 entirely new recipes for cakes, cookies, shortcakes, hot breads and salads. 360 tested recipes in all, with complete up-to-date directions and correct cooking temperatures, delightful luncheon and supper menus, suggestions for appetizing sandwich fillings, and other new features.

New Royal Cook Book FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. K, 105 East 42nd St., N.Y.C.

Please send my free copy of the new revised edition of the Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

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Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

JEANETTE LOFF, *Pathé, says: "No matter what climate my pictures take me to, I find that Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin enviably smooth."*

"Exquisite smooth skin fascinates"

Hollywood directors find

"PEOPLE open their hearts instantly to the appealing loveliness of exquisite skin," says Edward Sedgwick, director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, expressing the experience of 39 leading Hollywood directors.

The screen stars know that flawlessly smooth skin is the most alluring charm any girl can have, and *nine out of ten screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their skin lovely.* Of the 451 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 442 care for their skin with this delightful soap. Also, all the great film studios have made it the official soap for all dressing rooms.

If you're not already devoted to this white, delicately fragrant soap, get several cakes today. It is made by the famous French method.

PATSY RUTH MILLER *says: "Lux Toilet Soap gives my skin such a petal-like texture."*

BETTY COMPSON *says: "I'm delighted with the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for my skin."*

Lux Toilet Soap *Nine out of ten screen stars use it for smooth skin* **10¢**

CARRY ON!

[*Continued from page 13*]

really hope that the change will be lasting. The great ideal set up by that Pact has been accepted by the Powers; and whatever doubters and scoffers may say, I believe that the world will never go back from it. And what is more, I think the women are going to be a very important factor in holding their Governments to it in the letter and in the spirit.

Women can do such a lot, if they really try, with their own generation, with their children, and by their constructive thinking. If they really want world peace—and I believe they do—they can get it. But not by sitting still and leaving politics alone, nor even by voting at election times and doing nothing more. They've got to be up and doing, in the political world, to which now in most countries they are at last admitted.

It was this side of women's effort for peace, the organized political side, which the international Council meetings were displaying. Not that there was a very great deal of talk or eloquence. Women's organizations tend to be severely practical, and the foreign delegates who met showed it clearly enough. They didn't sentimentalize over peace; they worked for it.

The whole machinery for international work is modern and new, and we have all a great deal still to learn about it. But I think the way the women are taking is a very good one, namely that of connecting up all the different lines of interest in each country with the similar things in the others. The immediate outcome, of course, is to get the people who are interested in the same subjects into friendly touch with each other all over the world; and the result is to increase their sympathy and understanding.

But over and above all this, the International Council has another method, too. It finds out what official international movements there are on the lines of its own interests, which are being promoted by the Governments of different nations, and it gets into relations with them. For example, the Council has a Section on Migration and the protection of women who move from one country to another. On this subject there exist two International Commissions each dealing with aspects of the question, the International Maritime Conference and the League of Nations Committee on the Protection of Women and Children. So the women get into touch with both these bodies, and give and receive useful first hand information and advice.

The health Section of the Council, in the same way, gets into touch with the Opium Commission when it deals with the problem of drugs; and the section on laws, when it considers marriage laws or nationality laws, finds and gives help to the International Institute of Private Law. By this means the women connect up their own effort with the official movements; and in this way they can keep a watchful eye upon what their own countries are doing in the matters they know about. And not only can they keep a watchful eye, but also an eye which knows what to look for. It is only by the strictest vigilance on the part of the people that any of our Governments can be kept straight; and it is only the people who know what they are looking for who can be really vigilant. And so I feel that the international organizations of women are doing a splendid thing.

Women know that peace is essential to their homes and their children and all they care for; and I believe their peacemaking activities are among the surest hopes of the future.

NAPOLEANA

[*Continued from page 8*]

man—inarticulate, sensitive, lonely and idealistic—the most romantic figure in the world. The book is written with Miss Hurst's accustomed abundant vitality, and it contains some genuinely moving scenes. The relationship between Ramon and Jenny is deftly handled, and so is the love of the two Jenny's for each other.

Romain Rolland's *Beethoven*—one of the most beautifully made books that I have ever laid eyes on—deals with the man in his early thirties, when he first feels the heavy hands of deafness clapped to his ears. It is the first of a series on which Rolland is engaged—the others are to deal with later periods of his stormy career. Though Rolland modestly calls it an essay, it is a rather epic essay, to say the least! It is superbly done, though limited in its scope; and anyone with a genuine love of music will find it both illuminating and provocative. Throughout we find him comparing his protagonist to the French Emperor; and it is obvious what an enormous terrain the two men held in common, even though the great musician scornfully tore out the dedication page of the "Eroica" inscribed to Bonaparte, when his idol, the Republican consul, decided to see whether a crown would become him as well as his tricone.

I suggest that as a background to any or all of these books, you read again a life of Napoleon, and for picturesqueness and accuracy combined, it would be difficult to better Emil Ludwig's. Though nowhere, in any book written, will you find as dramatic a "Finis" as Napoleon wrote to his own life—the one that is written in that incredibly melodramatic setting where he finally lies at rest—you can read it quite clearly by the long golden light that slants across the blue shadows like a finger, pointing—"Let my ashes be laid on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people which I have loved so well." . . . It is a good end surely to the ballad.

Fair Warning!

Bright Interval, by Nancy Hoyt. An amusing and sophisticated novel, written with considerable charm and a fair measure of bad taste . . .

All Quiet On the Western Front, by Eric Maria Remarque. A German story of the war, from a young private's point of view—an extraordinarily moving and disturbing book, profoundly beautiful in spite of the ugliness and despair that form an integral part of it, and that were more familiar to the young soldier than his daily bread . . .

Hans Frost, by Hugh Walpole. A study of an eminent author, who at seventy, turns rebel against the society that he is supposed to adorn. Very pleasantly and sensitively done, though it is hardly calculated to keep you up until the small hours of the morning.

Water-Weed, by Alice Campbell. An unusually well-written murder story, which can be heartily recommended if you have no objection to a slightly pathological twist.

...and of the BRAN Cereals

HERE'S THE FAVORITE!

As a cereal or in muffins millions prefer it because it is so effective . . . so good to eat

Post's Bran Flakes, the most popular bran cereal in all the world—how easy it is to understand why!

Here's the bran cereal so delicate in flavor, so tempting to the taste, that you'd want to enjoy it every day in the week, even if you knew nothing of its effectiveness. Richly mellowed with other nourishing parts of the wheat—here is bran in its most delicious form, toasted into tender flakes—crisp on the tongue — gentle, normal, natural in action. Little wonder that Post's Bran Flakes is the leader of them all! So effective—so good to eat!

For tomorrow's breakfast, which will you try first—the favorite bran cereal of the nation, served crisp from the package with milk or cream or piping hot bran muffins with all the full mellow flavor of the most popular bran cereal in the world?

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.

"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN"

HAVE YOU TRIED THEM?

POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour
3½ teaspoons baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup milk
3 tablespoons butter, *melted*
1 cup Post's Bran Flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt, and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins.

All measurements are level

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

© 1929, P. Co., Inc.

Post Food Products

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

Why ATTILIO *of* Rome

Beauty Specialist to the Italian Aristocracy

advises all his patrician clients to use Palmolive Soap twice daily

"The finest cleansing agents for the skin are, by general consent, olive and palm oils. For that reason, I always ask my clients to improve complexions by cleansing the skin twice a day with Palmolive Soap, which embodies these two soothing oils in their purest form."

Attilio Colla

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA 68, ROMA

The typically Roman marble facade of Attilio's salon on the Piazza di Spagna . . . where the patrician ladies of Italian artistic and social life consult the most distinguished of all Roman beauty specialists.

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic "Spanish Stairs," the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla . . . better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

For years Attilio worked and studied the art of beauty culture in Paris. He then went to Budapest . . . then to Vienna, to London, once more to Vienna . . . always adding to the invaluable store of information which today sets him apart in his chosen field.

In his shop, at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly-placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin.

"Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin."

The lovely Ada Fontanesi, of Attilio's staff, is a perfect type of Italian beauty. She carries out, in her salon work, the theories and practices of her distinguished employer, Attilio, who always recommends Palmolive Soap.

Attilio's distinguished colleagues, in every great capital of Europe, in every smart resort . . . repeat this same advice. Lina Cavalieri, of *Paris;* Pessl, of *Vienna* and *Budapest,* adviser to crowned heads of Europe . . . these and dozens of other experts tell their discriminating clients this easily-performed, twice-a-day treatment: massage a smooth lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water into the skin. Allow it to penetrate the pores. Rinse, after two minutes, first with warm water, now with cold. Then—and only then—are you ready for make-up!

If you do not already keep your skin fresh and lovely by the use of this simple home treatment, take the advice of the world's greatest beauty authorities: begin to use Palmolive today!

A priceless formula embodying the precious oils of palm and olive, famous since the days of Cleopatra for prolonging health and beauty.

4812

Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

JONQUIL

[*Continued from page 15*]

Molly was the only person she had in the world to lavish her baby affection on—but she took the foolish slippers, the gay bits of ribbons, the tiny ivory brush that fluffed out her golden hair, quite philosophically. Jonquil, at three, had begun to learn that shiny, soft feeling things were to be hers always.

It was when Jonquil was ten that she said, one day, "Mummy, why don't we have a home?" Jonquil had just found out that most little girls lived in homes instead of in shabby rooms, and how sweet it would be, thought Jonquil, to live in a home. To have a little kitchen where her mother could make cookies; to have pretty rooms where they could housekeep together.

Molly smiled brightly and said, "Someday, Jonquil, you'll be rich enough to have the loveliest home in the world. But just now, with all your dancing lessons—"

Jonquil screwed up her smooth little forehead and pondered that thought. For the first time Jonquil was not sure she wanted to be what her mother wanted her to be. "Couldn't we stop makin' me a dancer, Mummy, and jus' have a little home, instead? I—I'd love a little home, Mummy, where you and me could live forever."

Molly sighed. She, too, had once wanted a home. But now the only thing in the world she wanted was to make life lovely and glamorous for Jonquil. To give Jonquil something to stand between her and the drab, ugly side of life. She kissed her small daughter. "Someday, darling, you'll be having everything you want. Someday, when you're rich and famous!" And with that Jonquil, still regretful, had to be satisfied.

WHEN Jonquil met Ronny Winters she was eighteen, and so lovely that she made you catch your breath. But underneath that golden beauty, Jonquil had learned a lot about life. She'd learned it in shabby dressing rooms, in third rate stock shows, during seasons when there was never quite enough to eat though always enough to buy delicate satin slippers for her slim feet and soft, shining things for her slender body. She'd never had a home, but she had her mother, and Jonquil worshiped her mother. She told her, passionately, "Soon it will be my turn—you've always done the hard things, made the living, gone without things so I could have them. And I've had to take them, because I've been the one in the show window. But I want to give you things—a home, Mummy, where we can be together. A little home where I can have parties like other girls and friends and everything!"

And Molly's face lost its tired lines as she said, "I don't ask anything of life, Jonquil. darling, but just to see you on top of it all, one of the famous ones. My baby, with her name in big lights outside some fine, big theater!"

Jonquil met Ronny in Bryant Park, where she shouldn't have been at all. She should have been doing her bar work, flexing her already lithe and well-trained muscles. But it was spring, and even in New York, where spring blossoms its flowers in the florist's windows, there was something heady in the air.

When Ronny first saw her she was feeding popcorn to a tiny yellow Chinese tot, and Ronny, who had three small nephews of his own, gave voice to his disapproval. He was on his way downtown, for Ronny sold bonds in a bond house after the manner of most Harvard graduates, and he did it seriously, but he didn't think Byrant Park was any place for a little China baby to choke to death, so he stopped and said to Jonquil: "I suppose you know you must hang him up by the heels, in case of accidents?"

Jonquil lifted her golden head and stared at him. "Accidents?" she queried.

IT SPOKE well for Ronny's self-control that he was able to answer her at all, for he hadn't thought girls grew like Jonquil, not off covers of magazines. But he said, "Popcorn in his little windpipe, you know. Bound to happen."

Jonquil crushed the bag of popcorn in her hand and eyed her small guest fearfully. She'd never thought anything about his windpipe. She'd been wholly concerned with the beatific expression on his flat little face when his mouth was full of popcorn. She asked incredulously, "Do they—choke to death?"

It was evident to Ronny that for the good of the Chinese nation he had to sit down and explain a few things about the proper diet for infants. He did so, but it was springtime and Jonquil was like a lovely, glowing part of it. Also Ronny, who was young and eager and heartfree, was as presentable a looking youngster as anyone could want to see.

It was inevitable that Jonquil and Ronny should meet again, for spring stayed in the air and Jonquil, hungry for youth's companionship, was made courageous by it.

They smiled at each other like old friends and the bond business, as far as Ronny was concerned, stood at a temporary standstill. This time they exchanged names, and Jonquil said, "Ronny—it sounds like a little boy!"

But Ronny said, "Jonquil—it sounds like you—shining and all goldeny." And beneath something in his young eyes her own wavered and fell.

They said many other things, but it doesn't matter what they were. The only thing that mattered was that the sky was as blue as only a spring sky can be, that life was suddenly very exciting and glamorous and that, in bringing the two of them together, fate had done a very remarkable thing. Ronny told about the bond business, and about the Harvard football team, and about his family, including his mother who was, Jonquil gathered, expecting great things of Ronny. And Jonquil told him about her own mother and how she had worked and struggled that Jonquil might dance, but when she told him about the dancing and the golden apple of fame that her fleet feet were racing after, she felt afraid. Ronny might not like girls who danced.

But he said, "You—I've heard about you. Imagine, sitting here and talking to a famous dancer!"

She shook her shining head. "I'm not famous yet. Though someday I shall be, perhaps."

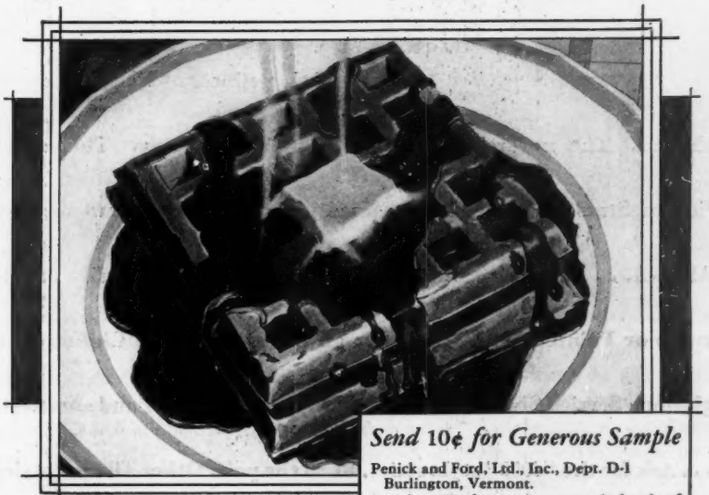
[*Continued on page 76*]

IT'S MADE IN VERMONT . . . BY VERMONTERS

Delicate brown waffles . . . enriched with butter . . . glowing in golden pools of rich, transparent Vermont Maid Syrup . . . what finer treat could you offer your family?

Pure maple sugar . . . made from sap gathered in the famous maple woods of Vermont . . . is blended with pure cane sugar to give that smooth, subtle, true maple taste that makes both pancakes and waffles a rare delight to eat. For no other spot on earth produces maple sap of such fine flavor as the maple groves of Vermont.

Ask your grocer for Vermont Maid Syrup . . . in attractive glass jugs, ready for the table. . . . Penick and Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.



Try Vermont Maid Syrup on your waffles or your pancakes and judge its deep, rich, maple tang for yourself. For ten cents we will send you a generous sample of this famous syrup.

Send 10¢ for Generous Sample

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Burlington, Vermont.
I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

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VERMONT MAID SYRUP

. MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

AN UTTERLY NEW NOTE IN HOSIERY

SUE CAROL, *dainty Fox Star, favors Allen-A Hosiery, found in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Avenue at 38th Street—and other New York Stores—and at Allen-A dealers the country over*

NEW shapeliness of leg. Ankle more slender. The natural curve accentuated engagingly. This effect Screen Stars have found is attained with an ultra-modern hose by Allen-A. . . . It has a charming "Tipt Picot Top." Exclusive Panel-curve or Pointed Heel. In either an extra-fine gauge Chiffon or a glorious Service Sheer. The shades are the very newest and smartest. . . . Ask for the "4000" style series. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.50, $1.65 and upward. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A Allen A **Hosiery**

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

JONQUIL

[*Continued from page 75*]

Spring passed at last, and Ronny and Jonquil fell in love. Not that love was made easy for them. It wasn't. There was Ronny's mother, to whom famous was synonymous with infamous when it was applied to a Broadway dance.

As for Jonquil's mother, her fear was even greater; but so was her wisdom. This was Jonquil's first, her only romance, and Jonquil's mother knew it was woven of too fragile a fabric to be lightly torn. And she knew, too, for she was a judge of men, that Jonquil would never come to harm through Ronny. So she let them have their romance.

"That's the only promise I'm asking of you, Jonquil!" she cried. "That you'll be waiting until you've reached the top. After that—"

"After that I can choose for myself?" Jonquil was starry eyed. "You promise that, Mother?"

And Molly promised. Surely Jonquil with the world at her feet, with everything lovely and glamorous in life hers for the taking, would never throw it away to marry the first man she'd ever known, even if that man were Ronny.

But Jonquil and Ronny; how surely and triumphantly they planned out life. "Mother—doesn't understand," said Ronny confidently. "She can't imagine how wonderful you are because she's never seen you. Besides, she's always had the notion she'd pick out a wife for me. Mothers are that way, I guess. But not for me. I pick out my own."

Jonquil caught her breath. Was Ronny asking her to marry him? She felt herself trembling. She couldn't speak.

She didn't have to. Ronny, his own heart in his throat for fear she wouldn't accept him, was speaking with a rush. "Jonquil, darling, there, it's out. What I've been trying to say for weeks. Oh, Jonquil, if you'll only marry me! I know—" he broke off, caught her hands pleadingly. "It's such a fearful lot to ask you to give up your dancing and where it will take you, just for a home with me. But I would love you so!"

Just a home! As if Jonquil had ever wanted anything else! What matter if she looked like Broadway? What matter if she fitted the frame of a Broadway darling! It was a home she'd always dreamed of having. And now a home with Ronny—Ronny whom she loved!

AT LAST it came, Jonquil's opening night; the night that was to make or break her. For though Flaubert, her manager, was confident, it was the public after all who had the last word. And the public, as represented by that first night audience, took Jonquil, with her golden head, her magic feet, her lovely, incandescent youth, to its heart.

Then it was over, and Jonquil, a slim, golden figure, was on the vast stage alone, laughing and bowing.

She took a pirouette on her toes. She ducked her jonquil head—this girl they called Jonquil because of her goldenness. Then she turned and ran, for the very last time, as she told herself gleefully, back to the little dressing-room with her name printed on its door. With the blindness of young eyes that have looked into other eyes as young and found romance there, she didn't see the glamor that followed her even behind the footlights. And before her were stretched a row of little satin slippers, beginning with those first tiny pink ones bought for Jonquil before she could even walk and going on down to the last pair Jonquil had discarded. Shabby, many of them were, bearing proof on their scuffed toes of the usage they had known. But to the eyes of Jonquil's mother, kneeling there, they were the shining symbols of that long march from ugliness and poverty to beauty and success. And now, like a devotee before an altar, she knelt, touching them softly, crying a little over them.

JONQUIL, her eyes on that tender, absorbed figure, felt something clamp about her heart. Something that tightened until it hurt.

She turned away, the sting of hot tears in her eyes. And even as she turned she heard her name called.

Ronny! She faced him, white and numb. But Ronny didn't notice. His face was eager, his eyes shining.

"Jonquil! Have you told her?"

"Told her?" Jonquil's eyes looked as if a curtain had been drawn across them.

"Yes! That we are going to be married now! Oh, Jonquil, you were like something enchanted tonight! And to think you'll give it all up for me!"

She caught his arm desperately, her voice a sob. "Always remember this, Ronny: I'd give the world up for you! But I haven't told her! I—I can't!"

"Can't? I don't understand." He saw, then, the look on her face. "Jonquil, what has happened!"

She tried to make him understand, and all the time she knew he'd never understand. She told him what she had seen, back there in her dressing-room. "Oh, don't you see! She's never had anything all her life but me and this dream. And we're tied up together; we're one. It would kill her to lose either of us. Mother down there on her knees before my shabby slippers! So tiny—those first ones. Like milestones, marking the years. And she's done it all. Now when the dream's come true, I can't break it!"

He couldn't understand. He said, "You mean this is the end? You're giving me up?"

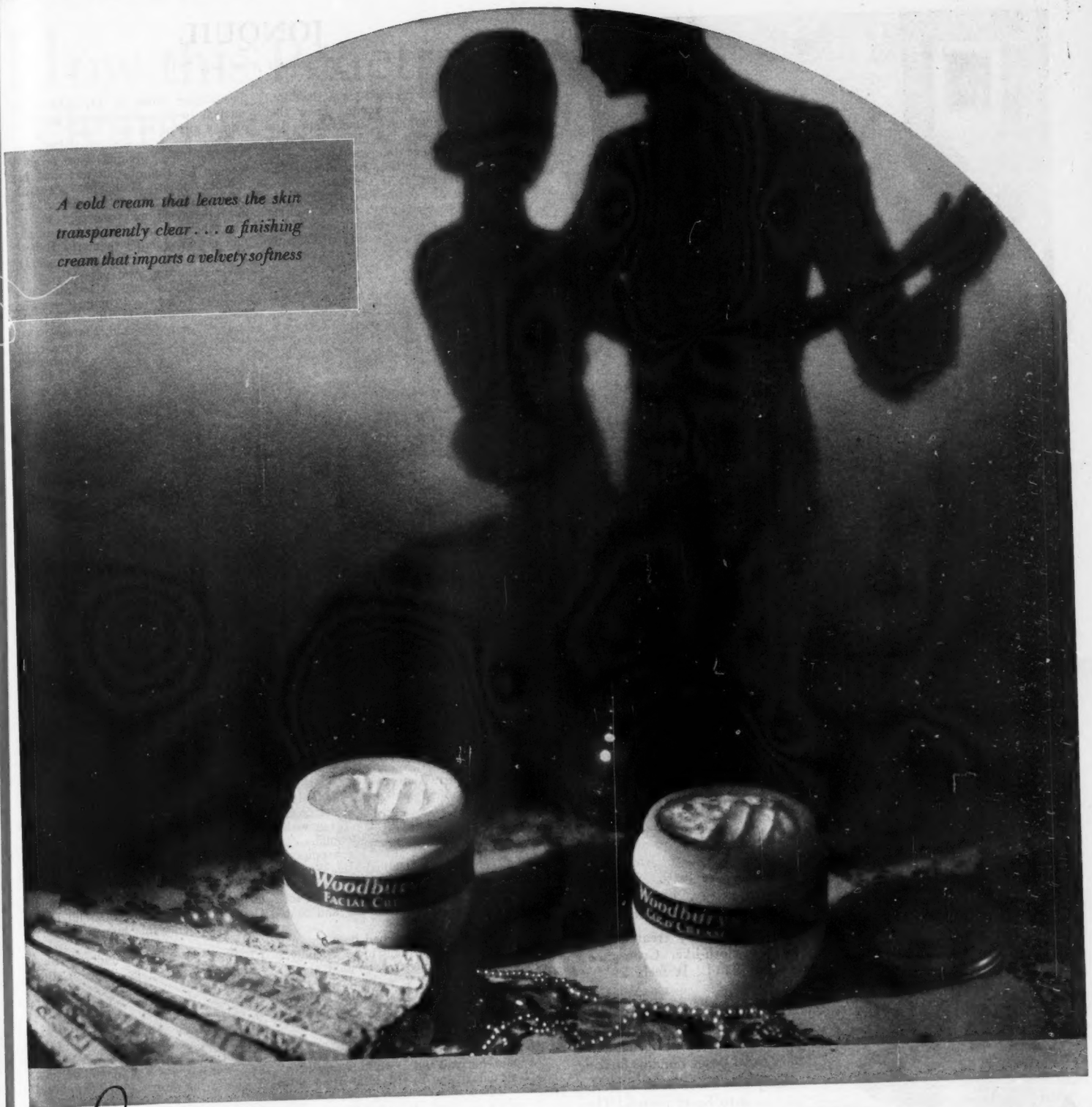
The end? Jonquil clung to him at the thought. "Give you up? Oh, I can't, I can't! I love you too much! Perhaps, if you'll wait, if you care enough to wait—"

His eyes were sober. "I'll always care, Jonquil, and wait as long as I have to. But the waiting will steal something from us that we'll never get back again."

They both felt it, the pity of that first break. Love, to Ronny and Jonquil, was such an ecstatic thing, born of springtime and eager youth. Love, after a year or two of waiting, what would it be then? Something not quite so shining and beautiful.

They kissed—this boy and girl who couldn't mold life after their own

[*Continued on page 78*]



a Lingering Good-night

. . . humming the melody of that last wonderful waltz, you bring your face close, *close* to its reflection—you want your dressing-table mirror to tell you the truth about your complexion. You want to see whether your skin really looks as dry and drawn as it feels.

Dry and drawn—a warning! For, unless you remove the powder and rouge which are clogging the pores, your skin cannot breathe. Your complexion will soon become cloudy and dull—even disfigured with blackheads!

Now—at this very moment—apply Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. As it liquefies under your fingertips, penetrates down into the pore-depths, it helps you to gently rub out the last particle of clogging make-up. You know that your skin is free to breathe again—renew itself.

Then, tomorrow, before powdering, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. Fluffy and quite greaseless, a light touch of this finishing cream leaves your skin soft and pliable, imparts just the right amount of natural moisture.

The two Woodbury Creams come to you from the makers of Woodbury's Facial Soap—authorities on skin beauty and skin care. And, because so many women use these creams regularly, you will find them on sale everywhere. Or, we will send you a trial set of the creams and Woodbury's Facial Soap, upon receipt of 25c in stamps or coin. The Andrew Jergens Company, Dept. M-10, Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE *TWO* WOODBURY CREAMS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . *caressingly soft*

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . *refreshing, greaseless*

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Humiliating···
and extremely painful
these troubles that come from harsh, non-absorbent toilet tissue

AILMENTS of this kind bring mental, as well as physical, suffering. For these are troubles one must bear in secret.

Yet millions have them. In fact, doctors estimate that over 65 per cent of all middle-aged men and women suffer from some form of rectal disease.

How are these troubles caused? In many cases, inferior toilet tissue is directly responsible.

A famous intestinal specialist connected with one of New York's largest hospitals recently listed in an article 15 ano-rectal troubles caused or aggravated by the use of harsh, chemically impure toilet tissue. Among them are: Hemorrhoids; Eczema Ani; Follicular Anal Abscesses; Pruritus Ani; Infection of the Anal region; etc. . . .

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue, and Waldorf are famous bathroom tissues specially processed to satisfy the three requirements doctors say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *absorbency—softness—purity*. Each sheet is made up of millions of "thirsty fibres."

These specially treated fibres are soft and cloth-like. Crumple a sheet in your hand. It feels as suave as old linen.

Roll it into a little ball and drop it in water. It sinks almost instantly—proof of unusual absorbency. Ordinary toilet tissue remains floating.

Only the finest fresh materials go into Scott tissues. They are neither acid nor alkaline in reaction.

Why take chances—when it costs no more to buy these fine quality toilet tissues. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

These prices for United States only

Scott Tissues

NOTE: ScotTissue and Waldorf are the two largest selling brands in the world . . . Sani-Tissue is the new popular priced white toilet tissue embodying the famous thirsty-fibre qualities.

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JONQUIL

[*Continued from page 76*]

pattern—and between them their first shadow fell. For Jonquil knew that Ronny would never understand, and Ronny, though he didn't, knew he couldn't change Jonquil.

And then, at last, Jonquil sent him away, feeling as if she were sending him out of her life forever. He'd said he'd wait, but what if the waiting meant years? She turned back to her dressing room, a desolate little figure. But outside the door she paused. She mustn't let her mother know.

MOLLY knew. But to her this was still Jonquil's first romance and she thought it would pass. Also, she was sure of Ronny. But with Ronny's mother it was different. From the first she had disapproved of what she called "Ronny's infatuation"; but when she had seen Jonquil and seen her dance, she'd grown uneasy. Now, knowing that no day passed without these two seeing each other, her feeling changed to fear. What if Ronny decided to marry this girl? Mrs. Winter set her lips firmly. She had no intention of permitting such a marriage.

All of which explains why, upon a certain afternoon, Mrs. Winter paid a call on Molly Reilly, knowing full well that arguing with Ronny would get her nowhere.

Oh, she was very suave, very polite. And for the first part of her visit she seemed very much in accord with Jonquil's mother. Neither of them, so said Mrs. Winter, wanted these foolish young people to rush into marriage. Of course Mrs. Reilly didn't, not with more triumphs ahead of Jonquil.

"Mothers must guard the happiness of their children," smiled Mrs. Winter. "Don't you agree with me? And Jonquil has such a future. She mustn't let anything come between her and that career."

Molly Reilly, who had been shy at first, smiled and felt more friendly. Such lovely things, to be said about her Jonquil.

But what was Mrs. Winter saying? "And so, don't you think, it would be better if they saw less of each other? Of course, I know I can't force my wishes on Ronny, who is no longer a child, but you and I, working together, can put an end to this infatuation."

"Infatuation?" Molly didn't like the sound of that. It savored of some cheap affair between a chorus girl and a young man about town. It didn't belong, as applied to Jonquil and Ronny. "It's not quite that, Mrs. Winter," she said staunchly. "If you know your Ronny as well as I know my Jonquil, you know that. It's romance, young love, if you want to call it that and it may not last. But it's nothing shabby for you and me to put a stop to."

Mrs. Winter lifted her eyebrows. Evidently, she would have to speak a little plainer. Of course this woman was a schemer, trying to get Ronny for her daughter.

"Perhaps this romance, as you choose to call it, doesn't matter in your daughter's life. I understand the artistic temperament thrives on such episodes. But with Ronny it is different. He is twenty-four, old enough to be settling down in life. Quite old enough to be contemplating marriage with a girl of his own class."

There it was, as plain as the nose on Molly's face. Jonquil wasn't good enough for Ronny, that was what his mother meant. Molly felt her Irish temper rising. Another moment and she'd be saying things she might regret. She checked herself. After all, she didn't want Jonquil to marry Ronny. She didn't want her to marry anybody, not right away. And yet—

Mrs. Winter rose. After all, she'd said the things she'd come to say. She added, just to make things perfectly clear, "You understand, I'm sure, that there can be no question of marrying between Ronny and your daughter. I should never permit it. Ronny's future depends upon an advantageous marriage. I came here today because I think it is better to be frank about such things, don't you?" And still composed, confidently smiling, she went her way.

Molly, left alone, felt a curious change come over her. That woman—to think Jonquil was not good enough for Ronny! What if this were not just first love, but real love, the kind that comes once in a lifetime! Fame was fleeting. Ten years, and Jonquil would be through. Ten years, and Ronny's mother might have won. Then if Jonquil really cared for Ronny, what would be left for her? What besides a heartbreak?

"And I can tell her," snorted Molly to herself, "her Ronny is the lucky boy to have a girl like Jonquil. Broadway! As if Jonquil belonged to Broadway! Broadway belongs to Jonquil. If she chooses to give it up and take Ronny in its stead, he can get down on his two knees and thank the good God for his fortune. If Jonquil loves him, if Jonquil wants him—"

IT WASN'T easy to find out what Jonquil wanted, she clung so stubbornly to the part she was playing. And Molly didn't want to push her into the marriage. She only wanted to give it to her, if that was Jonquil's dream. She said at last, for she was wise in the ways of a girl's heart, "I'd not be seeing so much of Ronny, Jonquil darling. 'Tis not right to flirt with the lad and mean nothing by it."

Jonquil flushed. "Flirt with him? I couldn't flirt with Ronny, Mother. I—love him!" There—it was out. It couldn't be unsaid.

Molly stilled the swift beating of her own heart—her baby, knowing love! "Then you mean you'll be marrying him?"

Jonquil wouldn't meet her mother's eyes. She couldn't. She mumbled, half beneath her breath, "Oh, not for ages, Mother. Someday, perhaps, when there are no more worlds for me to conquer."

Molly sniffed. Oh, Molly could be an actress too. "More fame? Sure, you've got a big share now, Jonquil. But getting it doesn't mean you have to hang on to it, like grim death."

Jonquil stared at her. What on earth did her mother mean?

[*Continued on page 80*]

WHY DID SHE RETIRE AT 22?

Was it love? Or disillusionment? Or the reflection of a predetermined will that lured Marion Talley from the heights of operatic fame to the seclusion of a prairie farm?

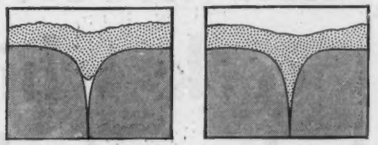
MARION TALLEY'S

personal reply to this universal question is featured exclusively in the

NOVEMBER McCALL'S

How this Penetrating Foam cleans your Teeth better

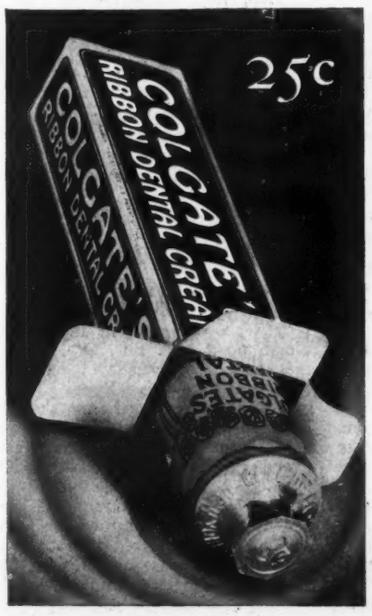
Why Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start



Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate down where the causes of decay lurk.

This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

. . . *and only 25¢* The famous 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste than any other leading brand priced at a quarter. This is because Colgate's is the largest selling dentifrice in the world—and volume production, everybody knows, means low price.



Colgate's not only polishes the outer surfaces . . . it cleanses completely, because it washes the impurities from the tiny tooth-crevices.

DON'T be content with merely polishing the outer surface of your teeth—any toothpaste can do that. Use the dentifrice designed especially to go down into all those little crevices and fissures where impurities collect, and where ordinary brushing cannot reach.

Recent scientific tests prove that Colgate's has a higher penetrating power than any other leading toothpaste, because of a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") possessed by the bubbling foam into which Colgate's breaks when brushed on teeth. This active foam gets down into every tiny crevice softening and dislodging the decaying impurities and washing them away in a detergent wave.

In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe, yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly but because of its greater penetrability, it cleans where ordinary brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpastes.

Remember, the function of a toothpaste is to *clean* the teeth. No toothpaste can cure pyorrhea; no toothpaste can correct an acid condition of the mouth. Colgate's does not claim to do these things—but it *does* claim to clean teeth better!

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

COLGATE, Dept. B-2515, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York. Please send a FREE trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name .....

Address .....

This Electric Maid cooks while the Modern Mother is free

"The Electric Maid for Modern Mothers"

(*The Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range shown is Model RA100*)

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Electric Ranges and Household Electric Heating Appliances

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JONQUIL

[*Continued from page 78*]

"But, Mother!" she cried bewilderedly. "Surely you don't want me to marry Ronny now! Think of what I'd have to give up, the money I can make for us—"

Molly lifted an eyebrow. "Oh, if money means more to you than love—"

Things were getting topsy-turvy for Jonquil. She found herself arguing with her mother. "But the years—the years we've been working and waiting for this—me at the top!"

Molly was sure of Jonquil's heart now. Something in Jonquil's strained face made her so. She smiled. "Well, I've seen you at the top, haven't I? As for the years, if they've led you to the man you love, what more can you ask of them?" Then she put her arms around her darling. "Jonquil, do you love him enough to marry him, in the face of trouble?"

JONQUIL'S face was filled with beauty. "Oh, Mummy, I'd marry him in the face of death! I love him! It was only, I didn't dream you'd want me to! Your dream, you know, of me being famous—I couldn't smash it!"

Molly's eyes were bright with tears. Not every mother was loved this way! "The only dream I ever had was for something beautiful in life for you. Didn't you know that? And what could be more beautiful than love! So go to your Ronny, tell him—"

But when she was gone, half mad with happiness, Molly sat alone, staring out before her with eyes that were blind with tears. After all, she was giving her baby, her Jonquil, to another. At last she rose and stumbled to the little chest where all those satin dancing slippers were put away. She took them out, touched them gently. She held one, the littlest one, in her hands. The years swept back over her again, the long years when she had worked for these, the hard years when getting these and the things they stood for, had been her job. Her job? And knew it was finished. Her work was over. She felt strangely empty, futile. But was she finished? Didn't she still have a job? The job of keeping happiness for Jonquil, now that she had given it to her? Jonquil, of the dancing feet and the golden head—she wasn't fitted for a housewife. Why Jonquil, for all her sweetness, couldn't cook a meal if her life depended upon it. And as for running a home!

Molly sat up a little straighter. There was still work for her to do. It would take a year or two to train Jonquil in the things a wife needed to know. A year or two before Molly would be the fifth wheel in the home of Ronny and Jonquil, the one unnecessary one in that household.

A year or two? Molly looked down at the tiny fairy slipper in her hands. Such a very pink satin slipper. A baby's slipper. A baby's? A stab of joy pierced Molly's heart, a glow spread through her. Why, of course there would be babies! Babies for her to care for and nurse. She caught the tiny slipper to her breast. Life was so sweet! Life would always give her—her job to do!

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 18*]

"Wal, lad, hyar I am, an' darned glad to see you," said Tanner as he swung on the extended hand and gripped it hard.

"Same heah, old timer," drawled Rich Ames, his cool lazy voice in strong contrast to the smile that was like a warm flash.

The second rider trotted up and dismounted. He was as tall as Ames, only heavier, and evidently several years the senior. His features were homely, especially his enormous nose. He had a winning smile and clear gray eyes. He wore the plain jeans of the homesteader, which looked dull and drab beside Rich Ames' gray, fringed buckskin.

"Sam, it's shore old Cappy Tanner, my trapper pard," said Rich. "Cap, meet my friend, Sam Playford."

"How do," greeted Playford, with an honest grin. "What I haven't heard about you ain't worth hearin'."

"Wal, any friend of Rich's is mine," replied Cappy cordially. "You're new hyarabouts?"

"Yes, I come in last April."

"Homesteadin'?"

"I been tryin' to. But between these two Ames twins I have a plumb job of it."

"Twins? Which ones?"

The boys laughed uproariously, and Rich jabbed a thumb into Sam's side.

"Cappy, it shore's not Manzi an' Mescal," he drawled.

"Ahuh! Must be Nesta an' you, then? I'm always forgettin' you're twins too, though Lord knows, you look like two peas in a pod."

"Yep, Cap, only I take a back seat to Nesta."

"Where is thet lass? My pore eyes are achin' for a sight of her," returned Tanner.

"You'll have them cured pronto then," said Rich, for she's comin' along the trail somewheres behind. Mad as a wet hen!"

"Mad! What's the matter?"

"Nothin'. She's been stayin' at Snells' over at Turkey Flat. She an' Lil Snell have got thick since last winter. I like Lil an' I reckon she's all right. But all the same I don't want Nesta stayin' long over there. So I went after her."

Sam turned down the trail. "She's comin' now, an' I reckon it'll be safer for me to run along till you cheer her up," he said.

"Cap, Nesta's got an eye like a hawk. She sees me, an' she'll hang back till I go. Old timer, I'd begun to fear you'd died or somethin.' Doggone, but I'm glad you've come."

IN THESE words and the wistfulness of his glance, Rich Ames betrayed not only what he said but the fact that a half year had made him older and graver.

"You've had some trouble, Rich?"

"Shore have."

"Somethin' besides—Tommy's death?"

"Reckon so."

"Wal, what is it?"

"It's aboot Nesta. An' it's got me plumb up a tree. But, Cap, I want more time to tell you so I'll run along home while you meet Nesta."

A bay pony emerged from the wall of green down the trail. Its rider was a bare-headed girl whose bonnet hung over her shoulders. She sat her saddle sideways. But when she neared the pine log where the trapper leaned watching, she partly turned. Then she sat up startled, her red lips curling in a smile of surprise and delight. She slid off the saddle to confront him.

[*Continued on page 82*]

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 80*]

"Cappy Tanner! So it was you Rich was talkin' to?" she cried.

"Wal, Nesta, if it's really you, I'm sayin' howdy," rejoined the trapper.

The beautiful blue-flashing eyes, so characteristic of the Ameses, met his only for a moment. Hardly more than six months ago she had been a slender, pale-faced girl, pretty with all the fairness of the family. And now she seemed a woman, strange to him, grown tall, full-bosomed, beautiful as one of the golden flowers of the valley.

She slipped an arm under his and then, with her horse following, she led him toward the cabin.

"Cappy, I'm more in need of a true friend than ever before in all my life," she said soberly.

"Why, lass, you talk as if you hadn't any," returned Tanner reprovingly.

"Cappy, I don't mean no one cares for me. Rich, and Sam Playford—and —others—care for me, but they boss me and force me. They don't help. They can't see my side. Cappy, I'm in the most terrible fix any girl was ever in. I'm caught in a trap. Do you remember the day you took me on a round of your traps and we came upon a poor little beaver caught by the foot? Well, I'm like that."

"Nesta, I'm awful interested, but I reckon not much scared," replied Cappy with a laugh that did not quite ring true.

They reached the three huge spruces overspreading the cabin, and Nesta turned to unsaddle her pony.

Mescal and Manzanita ran out to overwhelm Tanner, shouting gleefully. "Here comes Santa Claus!"

"Wal, mebbe, when Christmas comes, but not now," retorted the trapper resolutely.

AN HOUR later Cappy Tanner gazed around the Ames' living-room utterly happy to contemplate the joy he had brought to the little family. Not for nothing had he, in the past, made note of what they needed and what they had longed for.

For once Mescal and Manzanita were confounded and mute. Mrs. Ames was not ashamed of her tears, if she was aware of them; and she regarded Tanner as if he were beyond comprehension. Nesta had been most blessed by the trapper's generosity. As she opened parcel after parcel she gasped. The last was a large flat box, somewhat crushed from the many packings on the back of a burro, but the contents were uninjured. At first she seemed rapt and spellbound, then she hugged him. Cappy felt rewarded beyond his deserts, for the radiance and eloquence of her face had more than repaid him. At last she wept and fled with her possessions to her room.

Rich Ames sat on a bench gazing down on the floor, where he had laid side by side, a new .44 Winchester, a Colt of the latest pattern, row after row of boxes of shells, a hunting knife and a hand axe, a pair of wonderful silver mounted Mexican spurs, a cartridge belt of black carved leather with silver buckle and a gun-sheath ornamented by the letter A in silver.

The old trapper wended a thoughtful way along the trail under the bold black slope. The night was now cold; a keen wind made him draw his coat tight. The stars shone white out of a dark blue sky; the creek ran with low murmur under the rocky banks; a pack of wolves were running prey over the top of Dead Horse Hill.

He had brought happiness to the Ames and thereby to himself. But was all well with them? One of the things about the Ames that had so appealed to Tanner was their devotion to each other. Could the loss of little Tommy and the advent of suitors for Nesta account for this gloomy foreboding?

HE AWAKENED late for him, and when he went out to the spring with his pail the gray frost on the grass sparkled in the clear light; and far above, on the west rim of the valley, the fringed line of pine burned gold in the sun. While he was retracing his steps to the cabin he heard faint but sharp rifle shots from the flat below. Rich Ames was out testing the new Winchester. He expected Rich to come stalking along any moment now, but he had cooked and eaten his breakfast, had cleared his utensils away and was unpacking supplies when a familiar soft footfall thrilled him.

Rich entered the cabin, seeming to fill it with a potential force. He radiated youth, vitality and that flashing fire characteristic of the Ameses, but this morning he was not gay or even cheerful.

"Howdy, Cap, look at that," he said, holding up his sombrero.

Tanner espied three bullet holes through the crown of it. "Pretty good, if you wasn't close."

"Cap, I was close—fifty feet or so."

"Humph!" ejaculated Tanner, and laying the hat on the table he flattened the crown and put a silver dollar over the three holes. It hid them.

"If thet'd been at a hundred steps, I'd say tip-top."

"Cap, I couldn't hit a barn door with the rifle," replied Rich grinning. "I shot at rocks an' things all aboot, but either I'm no good or the Winchester shoots high. I reckon it does. I put those holes in my hat with the Colt. First three shots! Just throwed the gun, you know, an' I was thinkin' aboot Lee Tate."

"Rich! What kind of talk is thet?" rejoined Tanner with reproof. "Reckon your shootin' was wonderful, but your talk is crazy!"

"Shore it is, Cap. But don't mind. I just was in fun. He's been a lot on my mind lately."

"Ahuh! Wal, forget him, an' all the rest of the Tates. Throw a stick on the fire and set down."

Rich laid aside the rifle and replenished the fire, after which he settled himself in his favorite seat.

"Wal, Rich, what's on your mind?" asked Tanner, straddling a bench.

"There's shore a lot. But Nesta first an' most. Now, listen, old timer, an' bear in mind I wouldn't lie to you. When Sam Playford came heah last April he fell in love with Nesta just like that. Head over heels! An' Nesta fell in love with him. Well, she told me, an' as I thought a heap of Sam myself, it was all right. Mother, too, was pleased, an' relieved, I reckon. Pretty soon Sam went down in the dumps, an' Nesta got her haid in the air. They quarrelled. Sam wouldn't tell me what aboot. An' for the first time in her life Nesta kept things from me. She'd been goin' to Shelby to dances,

[*Continued on page 85*]

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CARDINAL SALAD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup beet juice
3 tablespoons vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons onion juice or grated onion
1 tablespoon horseradish
¾ cup celery, diced
1 cup cooked beets, diced

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add beet juice, vinegar, salt, onion juice, and horseradish. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in celery and beets. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 8.

PEACH WHIP

1 package Lemon or Orange Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup peach juice
½ cup cream, whipped
1 cup crushed peaches, sweetened and drained
2 or 3 drops bitter almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add peach juice. Cool until syrupy, then beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in whipped cream, peaches, and flavoring. Turn into molds. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with peach slices. Serves 6.

All measurements in the recipes are level.

JELL-O CAKE PUDDING

1 package Cherry or Raspberry Jell-O
1 cup boiling water
1 cup cold water or fruit juice
2 cups plain cake, diced (stale cake may be used)

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add cold water or fruit juice. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in cake. Pile in sherbet glasses. Serve plain, with custard sauce, or with whipped cream. Serves 6.

CHICKEN MOUSSE

½ package (4 tablespoons) Lemon Jell-O
1 cup boiling chicken broth, free from fat
1 cup chicken, cut in small pieces
1 cup celery, finely chopped
1 pimiento, finely chopped
1 tablespoon vinegar
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of Cayenne
½ cup cream, whipped
Crisp lettuce

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling broth. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Combine chicken, celery, pimiento, vinegar, salt and Cayenne. Fold into Jell-O. Fold in cream. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with stuffed olives. Serves 6.

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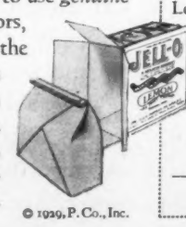

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 82*]

stayin' overnight with Lil Snell at her home. Sam didn't go to some of these latest dances. He roamed around like a lost dawg. Well, I took up the trail. An', Cap, so help me heaven, I found out Nesta was carryin' on with Lee Tate."

"No!" repudiated Tanner, passionately, jerking up with fire in his eye.

"Yes! It's hard to believe, Cap, but it's true."

"Aw! Then she'd broke off with Playford?"

"Not a bit of it. They stayed engaged, an' they're still engaged. Now what do you think aboot it?"

"You said Nesta was carryin' on with Tate. Jest how do you mean, carryin' on?"

Rich Ames shrank from the query. He writhed with his strong brown hands clenched between his knees, and the blue flash of his eyes centered with piteous doubt upon the fire.

"If it was any girl but Nesta, I'd say she'd been more'n foolish," he went on slowly. "Nesta isn't like any other girl. An' I don't mean headstrong an' proud an' moonstruck. Most girls are that way. But Nesta is different. She might be mad at Sam, but all the same lettin' Lee Tate make up to her was daid wrong."

"It was," agreed Tanner soberly. "Tate is a handsome feller. But I know Nesta, an' I trust her."

"Cap, you cheer me up," replied Ames, rising with brighter face. "I'll chase myself now. An' if Nesta doesn't come heah, you find her. An' if you caint talk her out of goin' to Lil Snell's weddin', we'll all go."

"It'll be better to do our talkin' afterward," said Tanner, sagely.

A COUPLE of days later, while Cappy applied himself briskly to his chores, Rich Ames appeared, hatless, gunless, with a blue flame in his eyes.

"Mornin', son," said the trapper, innocently, but he was perturbed.

"Mawnin'—hell!" returned Ames, hotly. "Where you been for two weeks?"

"Why, Rich, it's only been two days," rejoined Tanner, suddenly conscious that even two days could brew disaster. "I've been plannin' some line for my winter trappin'."

"Yes, you have! You double-crossed me with Nesta an' then ran off an' hid."

"Double-crossed you!" ejaculated Tanner, facing about, red under his beard. "No, lad, at least not on purpose."

"You backed her up aboot goin' to the weddin'."

"Wal, I saw thet she intended to go an' I jest agreed. I figgered Nesta was in a queer state of mind. She can't be drove any more. Rich. If you try thet any more you'll lose her."

"Cap, it's not a question of losin' her any more. She's lost."

"Aw, Rich, you talk like a boy. What's up?"

"Nesta's gone."

"Where?"

"Lil Snell rode in heah yesterday. She's rushin' her weddin' an' she said she needed Nesta bad. I wasn't home an' mother let Nesta go. When I got back I lit out on their trail, an' over across the creek a couple of miles I found where they met up with two more horses. If I'd caught up with them an' Nesta had met Lee Tate again, the Lord only knows what I'd have done. So I came home."

"You did right. Nesta is not a child like Mescal or Manzi. She's eighteen years old. If she chooses to meet Lee Tate or any other fellar, what can you do about it?"

"If it's Tate I can do a lot," declared Rich.

"Wal, mebbe it wasn't. Mebee it wasn't nothin' at all. A weddin' is sure excuse for girls to be excited. When is Lil Snell's weddin' comin' off?"

"Day after tomorrow at her uncle's in Shelby. A weddin', dinner, an' dance! Shelby will be roarin'."

"Wal, we can go an' roar a little ourselves, if we want to."

"Cap, I'll be there!"

ON THE day of the wedding Cappy hurried to change his soiled garb for the best he owned and sallied forth to meet the boys. They were waiting with the horses under the spruces, talking earnestly. Cappy saw Rich make a gesture of fierce repudiation, as if he were thrusting back the thing that opposed him.

"Mother an' the kids have gone," announced Rich when Cappy joined them. "They rode up to Lows, who're goin' to town in their wagon."

"Howdy, Cap, you're all spruced up," said Playford.

"Wal, I don't see as you boys are wearin' your wust. Ride along now, an' never mind about me."

It took a few moments for Tanner to adjust the stirrups for his short legs, during which time Ames and Playford rode on ahead. When Cappy mounted they were fording the creek. The day was perfect. Indian summer still lingered in these deep canyons of the Tonto. A smoky haze filled the air. Mescal Ridge shone silver and green under the mounting sun. Cappy Tanner rode through Spring Valley with ample time for cogitation. Darkness fell before he reached Shelby, and it was something more than an hour later when he rode down the wide dark street, with its dim yellow lights, its high board fronts.

Cappy went about, ostensibly to do the same as all visitors, stroll from tavern to store and from store to saloon, to chat or drink with acquaintances, to watch the gambling games; but in reality he was anxious to find Rich Ames. Presently he encountered Sam Playford, who, even in the dim light, appeared pale and gloomy.

"Where's Rich?" queried Tanner brusquely, without even a greeting.

"Just put him to bed an' locked him in," replied Playford.

"Bed! Aw, don't say Rich went an' got drunk?"

"We had a couple of drinks," admitted the other seriously. "But they never fazed me. Went to Rich's head or somethin'. You know he drinks very little an' can't stand much. We heard some talk right off. Must have upset Rich. He sure had a chip on his shoulder. Was goin' to punch some fellow with Jim Tate. But I blocked that. This blasted sheriff, Stringer, threatened to arrest Rich."

"What talk did you hear?" queried Tanner gruffly.

"It's all over town that Nesta has jilted me for Lee Tate. An' worse, they say it won't do her any good. Tate is only playin' with her. They say his father wouldn't hear of him marryin' into the Ames family."

"Ahuh. Is there any ground for this jilt talk?"

"Nesta has never even hinted it to me. Yesterday she was somethin' like her old self. Lately, though, she has been queer an' cold when we met,

[*Continued on page 86*]

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You can buy on terms so small that you scarcely miss the money—as low as $3 down, $3 monthly. Year to Pay. Everything backed by a $100,000 bank guarantee. Satisfaction or money back. 5-year guarantee on Kalamazoo parts and workmanship.

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Use whatever you choose for 30 days in your own home FREE. Satisfy yourself on Kalamazoo quality before deciding. 360 days' approval test on everything.

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You simply can't get better quality. Why? The reasons are: First, Kalamazoo specializes—Kalamazoo stoves and furnaces are built complete in one big 13-acre factory. We make nothing but stoves and furnaces. Second, Kalamazoo has tremendous buying power—that means purchasing the best raw materials at lowest prices. Third, big scale production enables us to manufacture efficiently at extremely low cost. By selling direct, eliminating all "in-between" profits, you get absolute rock-bottom factory prices.

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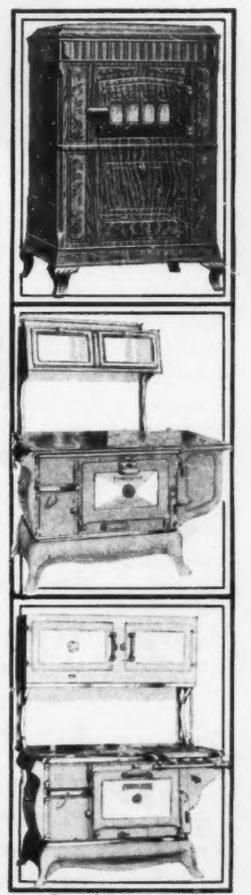

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Get one properly designed, sturdily built, well insulated. Keep it well iced for safe food preservation at low cost. Ask your own ice company to help you select a good ice refrigerator. Write for free folder, "The ice box check-up book."

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF ICE INDUSTRIES, 163 W. WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

SAVE WITH ICE

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 85*]

then little by little she grew more natural. Yesterday she even thawed out. I'm afraid I can't understand it all."

"Wal, I reckon I can," responded Cappy. "You don't need to. But stick to thet girl till hell freezes over."

"You bet," replied Sam.

IT WAS in Turner's hall the following day that Cappy's sharp gaze set upon the young men of the Tate faction, whom he had expected to encounter sooner or later. He did not need to be told that Rich had espied them first.

Perhaps two dozen were in the hall, most of them gambling, and others looking on. Lee Tate, with a companion Tanner did not recognize was watching a table at which sat Jeff Stringer, the sheriff, Slink Tate and two cowboys whom Cappy knew but at the time could not place.

Cappy would have passed on, had it not been that Rich halted by the table, with Sam following suit.

"Howdy, everybody," drawled Rich in his lazy way.

Lee Tate sneered a voiceless response. He was tall, with olive-skinned face scarcely tanned, dark-eyed and dark-haired, and he looked his reputation with the Tonto women. He appeared older than his twenty-two years, and though dissipation stamped his features, it had not yet marred their perfection. He wore dark clothes, high-top glossy boots and spurs.

Slink Tate might not have been a brother of Lee, he was so different. He had the face of a surly hound. He lifted sunken, gloomy eyes to Ames and accorded him a curt nod.

"Hullo, Ames," spoke up Stringer, in a dry, caustic tone. "Sober again, hey?"

"Shore am," drawled Ames. "Reckon I want to see awful clear today."

Cappy plucked at Rich's sleeve and attempted to start him on the move, but Rich did not take the hint.

"Powerful interested in weddin's, hey?" queried Stringer, as he slapped down a card.

"Shore am. My sister Nesta is marryin' Sam heah next week an' we want to get some pointers."

Cappy had taken a swift glance at Lee Tate the instant Ames made his startling statement about Nesta. Whatever had prompted Ames to launch this report, it certainly reached home. Lee Tate's face turned a burning red of surprise and rage.

"Say, Playford," he queried sharply, in the pause that followed Ames' caustic reply to Stringer, "are you really gettin' married next week?"

Sam rose to the occasion: "Sure am," he said, with innocent importance. "Didn't Nesta tell you? She hasn't set the day, though. I wanted it on Monday an' Rich compromised on Wednesday. But Nesta will likely put it off till Saturday. Are you congratulatin' me, Tate?"

"Not so you'd notice it," returned Tate sourly. "No later than last night Nesta Ames swore to me she was breakin' with you."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Playford, and there was a ring of more than mirth in his voice. "Do you reckon you can make a monkey out of Nesta like you have out of so many Tonto girls? Ho! Ho! Tate, she was only givin' you a little of your own palaver. Why, Nesta told me she was goin' to."

"The hell you say?" ejaculated Tate, growing purple.

"Yes, the hell I say," repeated Sam, hotly.

"Well, there are some things she *can't* tell you!" burst out Tate, with dark and malignant significance.

Suddenly Ames leaped like a panther to confront Tate.

"There are?" he rang out. "But she'll tell me, Lee Tate. An' if you've wronged her in word or deed, God have mercy on you!"

Tate's expression changed swiftly. Yet his intensity of amaze and rage had scarcely flashed into a gulping recognition of sinister menace when Ames struck him a terrific blow. The blood flew from his smashed nose and he fell over a table, which, with bottles and chairs, went to the floor with a crash.

Ames backed to the door, his right hand low at his side, his blue eyes magnificently bold and bright with disdain, scorn, hate. First they transfixed Slink Tate, and seeing that he did not intend to accept the challenge, they included the gaping sheriff.

"Jeffries, I'll be waitin' for you over by the jail," he drawled, with the coolest of sarcasm. And the accompanying thin-lipped smile seemed assurance that the sheriff would not be there.

LIL SNELL'S marriage took pace late in the afternoon, hours after the time set. Cappy could not get a peep into the crowded house during the ceremony, but he did ascertain that Lee Tate was not present. His overweening vanity, no doubt, would not permit him to show his disfigured face.

"He's hidin' or he's gone home," declared Playford with great satisfaction. "Say, Rich, but that was an awful sock you gave him."

"Wall, Tate'll never show up to no dance this hyar night," added Cappy.

The wedding feast and dance began simultaneously, but neither the dance hall nor the dining-room could accommodate all the guests at one time.

The hour was late when Cappy Tanner saw Nesta Ames in all her glory. Cappy knew her and yet she seemed a stranger.

How queer that a mere dress could make such a difference; but it did. Nesta was the despair of all the girls present and the object of adoration on the part of the young men. No such beautiful, radiant being had ever before graced a Tonto ball.

Cappy Tanner left the hall and wended a sorrowful way to his lodgings. He saw through the hour to unknown calamity.

Next morning, an hour after the cold gray dawn broke, he was riding alone back to Mescal Ridge.

Nesta, too, returned late that day, with Sam and Rich, and her mother accompanied by the twins, all weary and spent. Cappy saw them for only a few moments. But next day the serene even tenor of life at Mescal Ridge seemed to have reinstated itself. Cappy welcomed it, though he sensed it as a lull before a storm.

"Cap, shore I'm drunk or dreamin'," said Rich, when Cappy presented himself at the cabin.

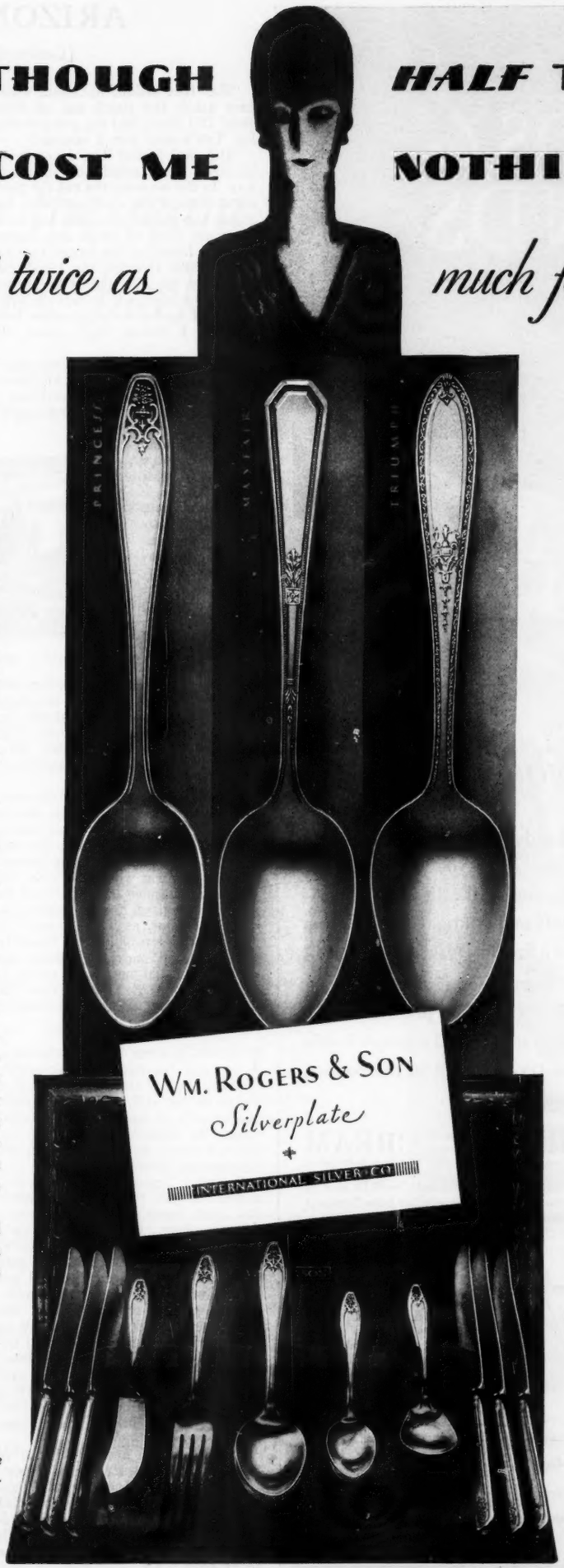
"Wal, you do look wild, but you ain't drunk," rejoined Tanner.

"Nesta came home like a lamb. She's promised to marry Sam, if we'll give her a little time. She's queer. The fire an' glory of her seem daid. It clean stumps me."

[*Continued on page 88*]

"I FEEL AS THOUGH HALF THIS SILVER COST ME NOTHING

for I got twice as much for my money"



Dear Sue:—This news is simply good to keep!

I have been told (in a nice husbandly way, of course!) that I *wasn't* a shrewd buyer! But I made *him* admit (for once!) that I had done *very* well indeed! And thereby hangs a tale . . .

Henry gave me thirty-five dollars and told me to get as much good silverware as I possibly could. (It sounded like a challenge!) Well, I window-shopped . . . thoroughly and well. I searched faithfully and long . . . trying to convert thirty-five dollars into a set of silverware. It seemed that it couldn't possibly be done!

And patterns? . . . I looked at *dozens!* . . . but found not one that struck my fancy.

Until . . . I found the new Princess pattern in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. Oh, Sue . . . it is simply *adorable!* Wait till you see it! And just wait till I tell you how much I got of it . . .

My dear . . . I got a 26-piece set—6 teaspoons, 6 tablespoons, 6 knives (and they have stainless steel blades), 6 forks, a butter knife and a sugar shell . . . for only $17.00! Imagine it! That left me $18.00, and with this I got 6 extra teaspoons, 6 butter spreaders (that cost only $4.40!), 6 salad forks (that were only $4.80!), 6 iced-teaspoons (for only $3.25!), a gravy ladle and a cold meat fork —everything I have always wanted! And to think—the set and all those extra pieces cost only as much as I thought I would have to pay for a 26-piece set alone!

I actually got twice as much silver as I had expected to get . . . and in a pattern I'm simply in love with! . . . why I feel as though half of it cost me nothing!

Joyously,

Nan

THE GREEN GOLD TRAY – *26 pieces of exquisite silverware – 6 teaspoons, 6 dinner knives (stainless steel), 6 forks, 6 tablespoons, 1 butter knife and 1 sugar shell – and the set complete in a beautiful and useful tray, is only* $17.00!

DEAR READER: This is a true story, (every single word of it!)—your dollars will actually do *double duty* when you buy Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate!

And to prove it . . . .

First, compare the beauty of this exquisite silverware with any you have ever seen . . .

Mind you, every piece of it is heavily plated with pure silver—all the most-used forks and spoons have an *extra* thickness of silverplate where the most wear comes—to give you years and years of *extra* service!

Then . . . just compare its prices with your own ideas of what such fine silverware should cost . . .

And you will find that you can have *twice as much* of it—twice as much as ever you thought your dollars could buy!

And the patterns. You'll adore them!

There are three of them—three patterns that are as stunning, as charmingly beautiful as any you ever dreamed about!

Triumph is one—a pattern your good taste will approve—and one your guests will admire!

Mayfair is another—delicate, conservative, dainty—charming in its motif!

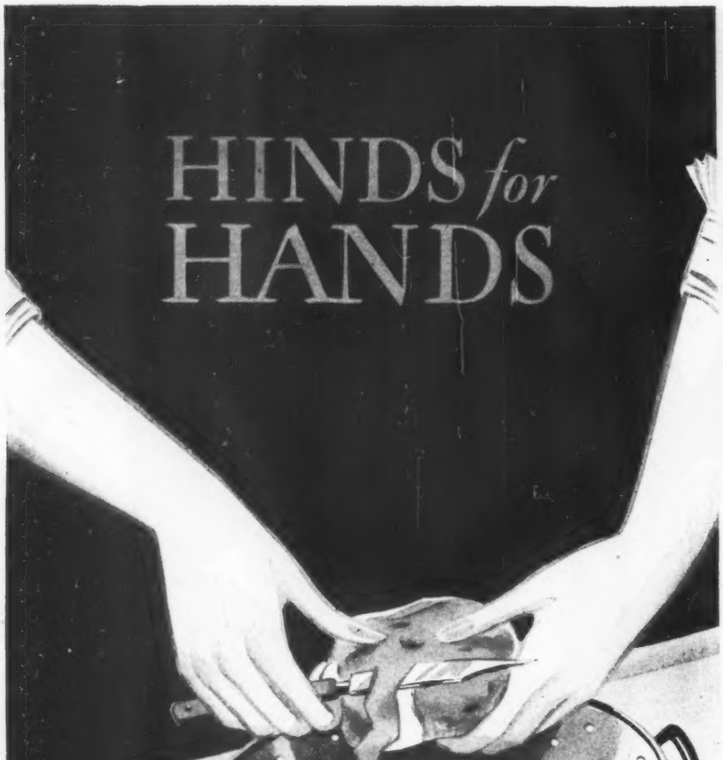
And there's the new pattern—Princess! A simply gorgeous creation . . . the most successful (yes, outstandingly successful!) pattern of the year!

See them . . . at your silver dealer's. You will find them in a grand array of sets and pieces—and you'll find them in 26-piece sets for as little as $13.50. Think of it!

Why you need not go without fine silverware a single day longer! But just one wee word of caution . . . when you go to see these patterns, remember . . . .

Don't say *Rogers* – Say
Wm. Rogers *& Son!*

Won't you write for a "Portfolio of Silverware Patterns"? . . . it shows the many sets and patterns in Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate. We'll gladly send you a copy, free. Just write to WM. ROGERS & SON, *Dept. M-10, Meriden, Conn.*



How old are *your* hands?

PEELING vegetables, dusting, cleaning, preparing three meals a day — all necessary duties, yes—but hard on the hands. They dry out the natural oils, make your hands harsh and years older. Yet, you *can* use your hands busily the whole day through and still keep them white and smooth—with Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

Use it often—that's the secret. And to do that keep it handy in several places—on the kitchen sink—in the bathroom—on your dressing table. Then, after the morning dust up, or when you've been peeling vegetables, or rinsing out dish towels, or doing any one of a hundred other household duties, reach for your Hinds Cream. It will smooth away the roughness and dryness. Relieve the chapping that comes from having your hands in water many times a day. Keep your hands as nice as you'd like to have them—soft and young. (Hinds Cream is a fine base for powder, too.)

Start using Hinds Cream today. Or, if you prefer, we'll be glad to send you a sample bottle to try. Just fill in the coupon and mail.

HINDS *Honey & Almond* CREAM
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Please send me a free sample bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, the protecting cream for the skin.

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 86*]

"Wal, thet weddin' an' dance would have taken the starch out of most girls! Did Nesta find out you punched Lee Tate's nose into a sausage?"

"Did she? Shore! The dance lasted all night. Nesta asked Sam an' me to stay. In the mawnin' she cut the Snell outfit. An' as she came out with her things who should bob up but Lee Tate. He shore tried to detain her, talkin' low. She looked at his busted face an' laughed. By thunder, my blood run cold, then hot. She pulled her sleeve away from him as if he was dirt. An' she swept by, her eyes ablaze, her haid up. An' I reckon that's aboot all, Cappy."

"Wal, wal! Thet clean stumps me!" ejaculated Tanner, stroking his beard. "Who'n'll can savvy a woman? But I say, watch her close an' don't nag her."

An astounding thing to Tanner was the way Playford's boast to Lee Tate bade fair to turn into reality. Nesta actually did consent to be married that week.

Tanner went several times to the Ames' cabin, but only once did he see Nesta. Then he was shocked. She seemed infinitely removed from the glorious Nesta of the dance at Shelby. She was too apathetic, too yielding, too haunted. Tanner imagined she had resigned herself to a situation which her heart sanctioned but her conscience opposed.

Sam Playford hung around the cabin apparently in a trance. Rich showed increasing strain. He, too, hung around in sight of the cabin. About the only work Tanner saw him apply himself to was chopping wood, which he did desultorily. Tanner kept to himself for a couple of days, forcing himself to necessary labor, as if he intended to spend a winter trapping. He would be glad when this marriage business was over. Nesta did not want to go to Shelby to be married and Sam had ridden in to have the parson come to Mescal Ridge on Saturday.

INDIAN summer lingered, though it was past the middle of November. The old trapper could not help being aware of the still, smoky blue days, the warmth of sun, the late-blooming asters, the lonesome caw of crow and the melancholy note of the thrush, the slumberous, waiting solitude.

Saturday, Nesta Ames' wedding day, dawned at last, the warmest, purplest and most beautiful of those waning summer days. Cappy had vaguely imagined that it never would come. Even now, as he donned his best garb to see Nesta married, he could not drive away a strange presentiment.

When Cappy emerged from the gulch into the Mescal Ridge trail he spied half a dozen horses hitched under the three spruces beside the Ames' cabin. A clip-clop of hoofs at a trot sounded up the trail. Sam Playford emerged from the wall of green and his garb shone bright against that background.

Cappy essayed a merry halloo to Sam, but a piercing scream cut it short.

Could that have been Mescal's high-pitched, shrill laughter? Playford had checked his horse. He had heard. Suddenly with a shout he leaped out of his saddle and plunged down over the rocky bank.

Then Cappy, thus directed, saw a moving object along the shore of Rock Pool, coming around the huge boulders. Cappy stared, while all his senses save sight seemed held in abeyance. Something flashed silvery in the sunlight. He made out Rich Ames carrying a heavy burden up from the creek. Scrambling up the bank Cappy arrived at the sycamores, panting.

NESTA AMES leaned back against a tree trunk, disheveled, limp as a sack, wet from her waist down. A terrible, dark blaze burned in her eyes. Playford knelt beside her, wringing his hands, his face ashen.

Rich's back, as he stood bowed as if under a tremendous burden, made Tanner not want to see his face.

"I saw the parson," Nesta was saying. "I lost my nerve. I couldn't go on with the wedding."

"Didn't you try to drown yourself?" queried Rich, harshly.

"Do you think I was trying to baptize myself?" she countered scornfully, her voice gathering strength.

"Answer me!" he ordered. "You slipped out, I saw you. I ran over heah. An' I caught you tryin' to make away with yourself, didn't I?"

"You shore did," she replied, with steely ring of voice. "But you might have saved yourself the trouble and me more than you can guess."

"Tell me why," went on Rich hoarsely.

"I couldn't go through with it. I wanted to. I hoped to make Sam happy. I loved him. But I couldn't marry him."

"Why?"

"I wronged Sam. I was untrue to him. Mother wanted me to marry him and keep it secret. But I intended to tell him—soon as I—was his wife."

"How'd you wrong him?"

"I got—mixed up with Lee Tate."

"*Mixed up!* You shore talk queer! Nesta Ames, what you mean, mixed up?"

"It couldn't have been worse," she returned mournfully.

Rich violently shook his whole supple frame, as if to throw off an enmeshing net. He plumped down on both knees at Nesta's feet and plucked at them, with nerveless hands. His face was convulsed in agony.

"I thought I could go on with it," continued Nesta, simply. "I really do love Sam. More a hundred times than that devil, Lee Tate. I didn't mean to be a false wife. I'd have told Sam. And I knew he'd forgive me. But I wilted when I found out I was going to have a baby."

"Oh, my Gawd!" cried Rich, and he fell forward on his face, to dig his brown hands deep into the moss, to beat the ground with his feet.

Playford flung an arm over his twitching face. She gazed from him to Rich and then to Tanner.

"Cappy, it's—horrible," she whispered. "If he'd only let me drown myself."

"Lass, that wouldn't help none," said the trapper huskily.

Rich Ames shuddered. He then seemed to freeze. When he arose Tanner could not bear to look at his face.

[*Continued on page 90*]

Even to the seam down the back

by

ELIZABETH WEBSTER

A very important message to women on one of the most important items of the wardrobe

I have just visited the cradle of full-fashioned hosiery in America, and what a revelation it was to me who has always taken my hosiery so much for granted . . . as probably you have, too.

Here, in this plant in 1891, was made some of the first full-fashioned hosiery in this country. And ever since that time . . . for almost forty years . . . quality has been the unchanging purpose of these craftsmen workers.

That year, were imported from Europe, not only the machines to make these full-fashioned stockings, but the workmen to run them as well. And from these first few machines and this guild of twenty-five craftsmen, has grown, through that single idea of quality, a mighty industry occupying more than fifteen acres of floor space, and employing an army of craftsmen whose skill is not surpassed in all the world. Truly, here was an inspiration in sincerity!

Here, I saw the silk as it came in from abroad, saw it inspected, and saw much of it rejected because their standards are so high. Here I watched these men and women who have grown up in the most demanding apprenticeship known to hosiery manufacture anywhere. First, into the hosiery school, then through months working on full-fashioned cotton stockings, then through months on lisle, and finally, when constant skill has been achieved, on to the fashioning of stockings worthy to bear the name *Munsingwear*.

It is said that longer time is given to make one pair of Munsingwear Full-Fashioned Silk Stockings than for any other made in America.

And how these stockings show it!

Not alone in their sheerness, their evenness, their freedom from flaws and rings . . . but they fit perfectly . . . no bagging knees, or wrinkled ankles. Even the seam down the back of the leg is smaller, and neater, with never a suggestion of a snaky twist. Perhaps that's why they look so perfect packed in their lovely boxes—so wonderful for gifts!

And the colors . . . exactly as fashion decrees . . . are so marvelously lasting!

Beautiful hosiery . . . stylish hosiery . . . in sheerest chiffons and service weights . . . that just wears and wears and washes and wears and wears!

In any hosiery you can choose your own shade and sheerness . . . *in Munsingwear Hosiery you can be sure of the quality too!*

I've stopped looking for bargains. They are really never bargains after all. I've found Munsingwear Hosiery and I know there is no better. There's a style and a price for every preference.

May we send you Elizabeth Webster's Book "Cutting Your Hosiery Budget in Two?" You'll like it immensely and so will your purse. Write
MUNSINGWEAR, MINNEAPOLIS

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FREE...

Where shall we send your 10-day supply of this amazing formula?

OF the people having pride enough to brush their teeth, ten million have mailed a coupon like the one at the right. That is one reason so many fascinating smiles reveal unbelievably white teeth.

One reason, too, why dentists have noted a declining tendency of many patients towards serious tooth and gum diseases.

Please send your name and address. Your supply of Pepsodent will be mailed you at once.

What happens to teeth

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel the dangerous coating—film. It clings to crevices and stays. It absorbs ugly stains from foods and smoking.

Film hardens into tartar—film invites decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And germs with tartar are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

How the new way removes film

Ordinary brushing fails to remove film successfully. Now science produces a special film-removing agent. First it acts to curdle film so that light brushing easily removes it.

When film is gone teeth begin to whiten. The danger of decay and pyorrhea is scientifically combated. And the danger of many ills that appear in later life may be immeasurably lessened.

Remove film by this method for 10 days. A glorious surprise awaits you. Teeth regain sparkling whiteness. Smiles grow far more charming. This is a great step toward a winning personality. The greatest movie star could never have succeeded with dull, unattractive teeth.

Try this way—Free

Get a full-size tube wherever dentifrices are sold, or send coupon to nearest address for free 10-day tube. It will work wonders in gaining dazzling smiles.

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Only one tube to a family 3278

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 88*]

"Nesta, I reckon I can kill you," he said in a singularly cold and bitter voice.

"I wish you would, Rich," she burst out, with a first show of passion. "Then I'd not have it on my soul. For I caint live. I wouldn't make way with the baby, an' I caint live through it, Rich!"

"By Gawd, you won't, if you were to blame!"

"Of course I was. How could any girl be such—an idiot—unless she were to blame? But I swear to you, Rich, and to Heaven, that I never knew it would go so far."

"You loved this skunk Tate?" demanded Ames stridently, as he leaned over her, his jaw protruding.

"No! No!" she cried, wildly. "That's the horror of it! But I was fascinated. Then—afterward—he had some power over me. I never broke it till the mawnin' after the dance. Oh, too late, too late!"

Tanner found his voice and besought Ames to hear Nesta's story. "Boy, you're pronouncin' judgment too soon."

"Nesta, tell us," begged Playford. "I can't think of you as bad. But no matter. Tell the truth. We three will find a way out for you."

"Poor Sam!" she whispered, lifting her hand to touch him. "I must be bad; and there's no way out for me."

Rich knelt again, this time closer to her.

"Tate won't marry you?" he asked huskily.

"I don't know. But even if he would, I'd never have him."

"Well, you stump me, Nesta Ames," said Rich, throwing up his hands. "Do as Sam wants. Tell us the truth."

IT'S miserable enough," began Nesta, her eyes brooding and somber. "I never loved Lee Tate. But I always felt queer when he looked at me, talked to me, as he came to do this last year. It all must be because of Madge Low and Lil Snell. Madge is his girl now and Lil used to be. I didn't know till lately how thick he was with them. Madge was a cat and Lil was jealous of me. They made me so furious I could have killed them. They said Lee was playing with me. I know now they put the job up on me. Well, it began then. I flirted with him. But I —I didn't give in to him or let him touch or kiss me until one day Lil double-crossed me—rode off and left me with him alone. He dragged me off my horse and—had his way. After that I hated him, but still I couldn't help myself. I didn't want to see him. I avoided him, but when he found me I—I couldn't help myself. He was like a snake. That night at the dance I woke up. I saw my mistake, the awful cost. Before I left Shelby I laughed in Lee Tate's face, told him I despised him and would never look at him again. But I lied. I knew his power over me, that he could drag me down again. Still I came home to Sam, to hope and fight. Then I found out about the baby. It was all too late. When I saw the parson coming—I ran to—drown myself."

Playford reached long arms for Nesta, and still kneeling, he lifted her against him.

"Nesta, it's not too late," he said poignantly. "You poor, mad little girl! All for vanity! I'll stick to you. We'll never let anyone know."

"Sam! You'd marry me—now?" she wailed, all defiance and bitterness gone from her.

"Yes. We'll go over to the cabin, an' have the weddin', same as we planned."

"No, no," she implored, suddenly bereft of the hopeless resignation that had been her anchor.

"But, Nesta, you said you loved me?" went on Sam tenderly.

"Oh, I do, I do. I never stopped loving you. But I caint risk this. Oh, Sam, if I only dared!"

RICH AMES reached a long arm to catch her quivering shoulder and turn her face from Playford's breast.

"Why don't you dare?" he flung at her sharply. "Sam's big an' fine. He's got real love. No one will ever know. Me an' Cappy will keep your secret. The baby will be an Ames. Why don't you dare?"

Tanner never before gazed upon such woe as wrung his heart then. Nesta could not meet her brother's flaming eyes; she turned from the staunch Playford. And it was to Tanner that she whispered piteously: "Cappy, he'd hound me, catch me alone some day—"

Tanner choked with misery. He heard Playford sob. But Ames bent over his sister. "Never in this world, Nesta dear," he drawled, with his old slow cool speech.

"Rich!"

"You heahed me. Come, brace up. Help her on her feet, Sam. You'll go back home. An' listen. Nesta fell in the creek. An', Sam, you an' Cappy happened along. Nesta was scared. She's pretty shaky. But you'll go on with the weddin'."

"Rich!" cried Nesta.

"You heah me, Sam?"

"I ain't deaf, pard," replied Playford, his voice gruff with emotion.

"You heah me, Cap?" went on Ames inexorably.

"Shore do, lad, an' I'm obeyin' pronto," replied the trapper, as he helped Sam support the trembling girl.

"Nesta, I won't be heah to see you married," went on Ames. There were finality and farewell in his words, a strange note, scarcely tenderness. He made no move to kiss her, touch her, though her fluttering hands were outstretched. "But I wish you happiness with Sam, An' shore, if you're good to him, it'll come some day."

"Rich!" she screamed, but it might as well have been to the empty air.

News arrived post-haste next day at Mescal Ridge. The rider, a stranger to Tanner, dashed in on a froth-lathered horse, and slid off.

"Howdy," he said. "Come 'way from the cabin. I got a word for you."

Mrs. Ames, who had been talking to the trapper, after one look at the grave-faced visitor, hurried into the living-room, drawing the wide-eyed twins with her.

"Reckon you're Tanner?" the man interrogated, when they had reached the spruces.

"Reckon I am," replied Cappy gloomily, in a tone that signified that he wished he could deny his name.

"Where's young Playford?"

"Gone up to his homestead with his wife. They was married yesterday."

"Glad to hear it. I didn't cotton to this job. An' you'll have to tell them."

[*Continued on page 92*]

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Then saturate a wad of cotton with Pond's Skin Freshener and dab it briskly all over the face and neck. Let this remain on for a minute, then remove any moisture with a piece of dry cotton.

A touch of finishing cream—a dusting of face powder—and you are your loveliest, prepared to face the most exacting day.

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 90*]

"Ahuh. What'll I tell?"

"Ames killed Lee Tate last evenin' an' Jeff Stringer. Shot Slink Tate up bad, too, but he'll recover."

Tate—an' Stringer—eh?" queried Tanner, with a hoarse little catch of breath between the words. "Wal, that's bad news. How about—young Ames?"

"Never touched him. He fooled them aplenty, an' throwed the slickest gun I've seen these many moons."

"Wal, suppose you tell me all about it, an' then we'll go up to my cabin an' have a drink."

"Aw, don't care if I do. An' let's stroll along right now. I happened to run into Ames last evenin' before dark. He was sober as a judge. After the shootin' there was some figgerin'. No one seen Ames take a drink. He had dinner at the tavern an' loafed around. Unsociable, though. Wal, I was in Turner's an the hall was jammed. I was talkin' to old Scotty about my prospect when Ames blew in. I noticed fust off thet though he looked staggerin' drunk his face was white. An' I'd swear no man full of liquor ever had eyes like his. He spotted the two Tates an' Stringer playin' cairds with two men from Globe.

"Wal, he stood around watchin', an' then if he didn't ketch Lee Tate tryin' to cheat! Quick as lightnin' he nailed his hand an' showed Tate's trick. Clumsy holdin' out of aces! Tate jumped up roarin'. He figgered Ames was too drunk to fight anyway an' he was hot-tempered. He called Ames a lot of hard names, which were shore sent back, with some added. Wal, the crowd got interested, an' quiet.

"Slink Tate kept pullin' Lee down in his seat an' Lee kept jumpin' up, gettin' madder all the time. They got to swingin' at each other, an' it's a notion of mine thet Ames didn't punch Stringer by accident. Stringer got up an' pullin' his gun he swung it by the barrel, an' said: 'Ames, I'll knock you cold an' throw you in jail if you don't get out.'

"Wal, Ames was leanin' over leerin' at Stringer, callin' him a yellow crooked sheriff when Lee Tate soaked him on the side of the head. Ames wasn't actin' when he fell. The crowd roared.

THEN Tate, bold as a lion now, went after his gun. My Gawd, but it happened quick! Right from the floor Ames drawed. But I seen only the flashes of his gun. Three shots, quicker'n lightnin'. Slink Tate's gun went off in the air, as he was saggin'. Lee screamed an' grabbed himself. Stringer dropped like a log. You ought to have seen thet crowd split an' rush after the danger was over.

"Ames jumped up like a cat. Drunk? I should say not. With his smokin' gun out he lifted a foot an' shoved Lee Tate off the table, where he hung bellerin'. Tate flopped to the floor on his back, his hands, drippin' red, flung up. Ames looked to see if he was done fer. Anyone could have seen thet.

"'Tate heah's to your Arizona,' says Ames.

"Next he had a look at the other two. Slink 'peared a goner an' Stringer had been shot through the heart. Lee Tate half sat up, a sickenin' sight. Then Ames, shovin' him down with a slow, deliberate boot, sheated his gun an' went out."

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

CROWN JEWELS

[*Continued from page 20*]

carries always in his hand that small leather case—"

"What we are after, grunted Scarpeau, "would never fit into that silly leather case."

CURIOUSLY enough it was not of Gilbert Fane that Anne was thinking as she stood this evening in her walled garden, gazing dreamily up at the moon. She was musing upon the strange gesture of fate that had brought Prince Charles back into her life, after three years; wondering vaguely why he had come to America.

A step behind her in the shadows, then the quavery voice of Perrin, her ancient butler: "A gentleman to see you, Miss Anne. I told him I was not sure you were in. He gave the name of Charles. That's all he said—'Just tell her it is Charles'."

"Charles?" she repeated. "I don't know anyone named—why, yes—of course!" Her heart stirred quickly. The Prince!

"Tell him," she said to Perrin, "that I am in the garden."

She was standing by the lilac bushes as he came toward her in the moonlight; and without a word he bent over her hands and pressed them to his lips.

"What wonderfully good fortune—to find you here."

"Isn't it strange," she said lightly. "I was just thinking of you."

"Ah, that is quite too good to be true." He paused and smiled up at the moon. "We arrived from Washington not an hour ago, and . . . the night was so beautiful, I chartered one of those antique hansoms and drove down here—half hoping I might see you."

Anne Fairfield was conscious that she was inordinately happy. "Shall we," she suggested, "sit down . . ?"

There was a quiet magic in the spell of the old garden, and side by side on a bench in the shadows, they slipped easily into the intimacy of their former friendship.

"Do you think," she ventured, "that you will ever go back—that your brother will regain the throne? There is some talk of it over here, you know. And I am interested in the little kingdom of Imperia."

The Prince glanced around at her, and when he spoke his voice was lowered. "That is why," he said, "I am in America. You are the only person, aside from Captain Blake, who knows. I am telling you because—oh, well—" In the moonlight his eyes seemed sad. "Because we understand each other."

"Then," said she, "I shall tell you what I have heard about Imperia: that you are more popular there than your brother! No, please don't interrupt me—I learned this from the American Minister, himself. Your brother Louis was not a good king. If the monarchy were to return, many believe that you would be the choice of the people. And it is common gossip that your brother has never treated you fairly."

His Royal Highness made no answer.

"Why, then," she asked quietly, "do you go on, giving the best years of your life to his cause? You will pardon my frankness, but the world knows he is neither a good king nor a good man. And you—" she ended in a hopeless little gesture.

[*Continued on page 95*]

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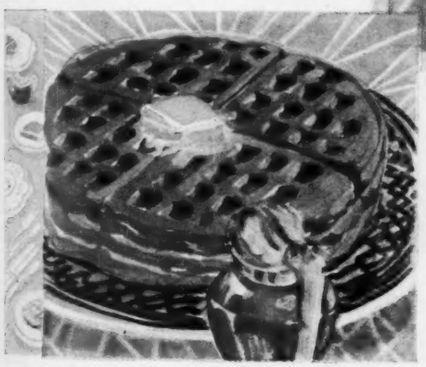

WAFFLES

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 egg yolks, well beaten
1 cup milk
4 tablespoons melted butter
3 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg yolks, milk, and butter. Add to flour, beating until smooth. Fold in egg whites. Bake on hot greased waffle iron. Serve hot with butter and Log Cabin Syrup. Makes six 4-section waffles.

(All measurements on this page are level)

• • •

BRAN SAND TARTS

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
1 tablespoon milk
2 cups Post's Bran Flakes
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cream shortening, add sugar gradually; then eggs, milk, bran, and flour. Mix thoroughly. Add vanilla. Use ¼ cup bran and ¼ cup flour mixed, in rolling out. Roll a small piece at a time to ¼ inch thickness. Cut with cookie cutter. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 5 minutes. Makes 4 dozen 2½-inch cookies.

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PIE CRUST

1 cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cold shortening
3 to 4 tablespoons cold water

Shortening and water should be as cold as possible to obtain best results. Sift flour once, measure, add salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening until mixture looks like meal. Add water, a little at a time, mixing with knife or spatula until dough cleans bowl of all flour and pastry. Use as little water as possible. Roll dough ⅛ inch thick on slightly floured board. Fit loosely on pie plate. Turn edge and prick with fork. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 min. Makes one 9-inch pie shell.

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

¾ cup sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1¼ cups sugar
1 cup boiling water
¼ cup milk
3 egg yolks, beaten with 1 egg white
½ tablespoon butter
2 lemons (½ cup juice)
Grated rind 1 lemon
1 baked 9-inch pie shell
4 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Combine flour and sugar in top of double boiler. Add water, stirring constantly; then add milk. Cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour small amount of mixture over egg yolks, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler, and continue cooking until mixture drops in thick sheets from spoon. Add butter, lemon juice, and rind. Cool and pour into pie shell. Fold sugar and salt into egg whites. Pile lightly on filling. Bake in slow oven (300° F.) 12 minutes, or until delicate brown.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
¾ cup milk
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening, melted

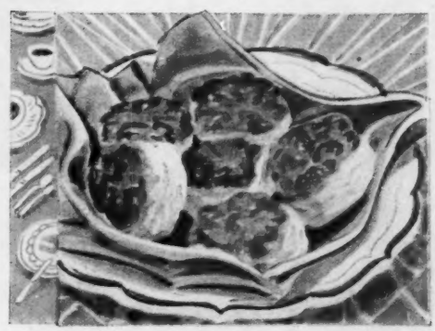
Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Combine egg and milk and add to flour, beating until smooth. Add shortening. Bake in greased muffin pans in hot oven (400° F.) 25 minutes. Makes 10 muffins.

• • •

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS

2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
⅔ cup milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in shortening. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Roll ½ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes fifteen 2-inch biscuits.



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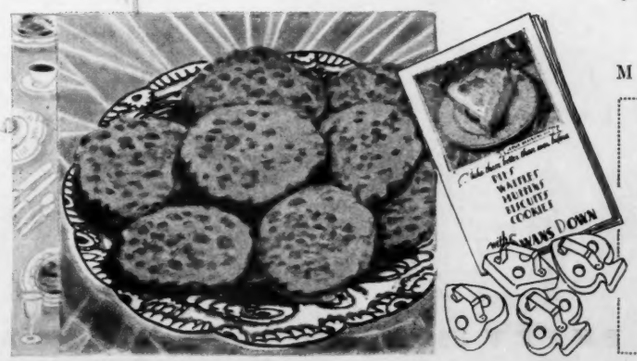

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CROWN JEWELS

[*Continued from page 92*]

"I will tell you." Charles looked away. "I will tell you why. When my father lay dying he called me to his bedside. 'My son,' he said, 'you are not a prince because you have been born a prince. That is but an empty title. Nor will you become a real prince until you have given great service to your country . . . In war, or in statesmanship—or in loyalty to the Crown.'

"I have always remembered those words," he sighed. "Though I fear I have accomplished nothing. The world may condemn my brother Louis, but he is rightful king. He was overthrown by unscrupulous men who have given Imperia a far worse government, and oppressed the people until they are close to revolt."

"You may wonder at my interest in Imperia," Anne said quietly. "One autumn I spent a month there. I loved it. I can understand why you want to return. Would it be betraying a confidence to tell me how you are raising this money for Imperia?"

"No—no," he answered deliberately. "Though if a certain government were to discover our plan—before we cable the funds—all would be lost. Shall I tell you?" His voice dropped almost to a whisper. "I have brought with me to New York the crown jewels of Imperia."

Anne's eyes were wide with astonishment.

"But what a risk—to bring them over here!"

"A great cause is worth a great risk. They are to be sold at auction Friday morning. By Friday afternoon I shall have the money, and our royalist party will get it at once by cable. Then—Saturday I sail."

There came a sudden scraping sound above them. Startled, Anne and the Prince looked up. Over the edge of the brick wall showed the pale face of a man—a second later it was gone.

"Who—who could it have been?" faltered Anne. "Do you think he overheard?"

"I am sure of it."

"Oh!" She clasped her hands nervously. "What will happen—now?"

"Heaven only knows," murmured Prince Charles of Imperia.

MEANWHILE in a little inn on the border of Switzerland, in a chamber littered with an untidy array of trunks and traveling cases, His Majesty, the ex-King Louis IV of Imperia, in a crimson dressing-gown, puffed indolently at a cigarette. He was not over thirty-five, and in appearance bore a striking resemblance to his brother Charles, save that dissipation had left its marks in lines and shadows about the eyes. He was regarding the beautiful back of Mlle. Celeste D'Albri, former dancer of the Folies Bergères.

"At times, my dear Celeste," he drawled, "you bore me dreadfully."

"Oh, I do?" Across the room the dancer turned upon him swiftly. "Well, answer me this: where would you be tonight but for me?"

Celeste D'Albri's beauty and grace had made her an idol of the Parisian stage. Her hair was ash blonde, her eyes sultry, dark eyes of southern Spain. She stood, in frilly *peignoir*, facing him, with a vivid defiance in her manner.

"When your message came from the royalists, to be prepared, you were a fine figure of a king, lying drunk upon your bed in Geneva! I had trouble enough getting you down here in the Mercedes, driving myself, because you are such a pauper you cannot afford a chauffeur. And now"—her red lips twisted scornfully—"you say you are bored with me!"

The king shrugged his shoulders and exhaled a cloud of smoke. "As you stand there," he smiled, "you are quite beautiful, I swear. After all, there is no lovelier picture than an emotional woman in a rage."

She snapped her fingers contemptuously. "You are a fool, my friend. Your vanity is absurd. Do you think I am never bored with you?" She threw back her head with a bitter laugh.

"But I have explained to you"—His Majesty stirred uneasily—"that if I return to Imperia I cannot take you with me, Celeste. You know—"

I KNOW this." She took a step forward, and her dark eyes were menacing: "That you will take me with you and do the right thing, or I will follow you to your grand palace in Imperia and—and *kill you!*"

The king leaned toward her. "You would never do that, Celeste," he said gently. "You would never kill me. For you love me."

The grandfather clock on the stairway of the old Fairfield house had just chimed ten, and Anne was standing in a front window of the dim library, staring out at the rain-drenched avenue. She was thinking of the strange story Prince Charles had confided to her the night before; the story that had been interrupted by a mysterious face over the garden wall. What a romantic affair it was, this plot to restore King Louis to the throne of Imperia! Half guiltily she realized, as she stood there, that her fanciful musings were not loyal to Gilbert Fane, and an expression of perplexity crept into her blue eyes. Scarcely once, since seeing him in Washington, had he come into her thoughts. The visit of this story-book prince had been disturbing; it had upset the well-ordered routine of her existence.

A taxi had drawn up before the house, and a rain-caped figure stepped out. The Prince at ten o'clock in the morning! With a pleasant stirring about her heart, she waited, listening.

The curtains of the doorway parted and, with a deep bow, the Prince entered. He looked pale, and his dark eyes were troubled.

"It is perhaps foolish of me to intrude upon you so early," he began, "but I—I felt the need of seeing you. Do you mind very much?"

"I am glad you came," she answered simply. "You're worried—tell me, is it about last night?"

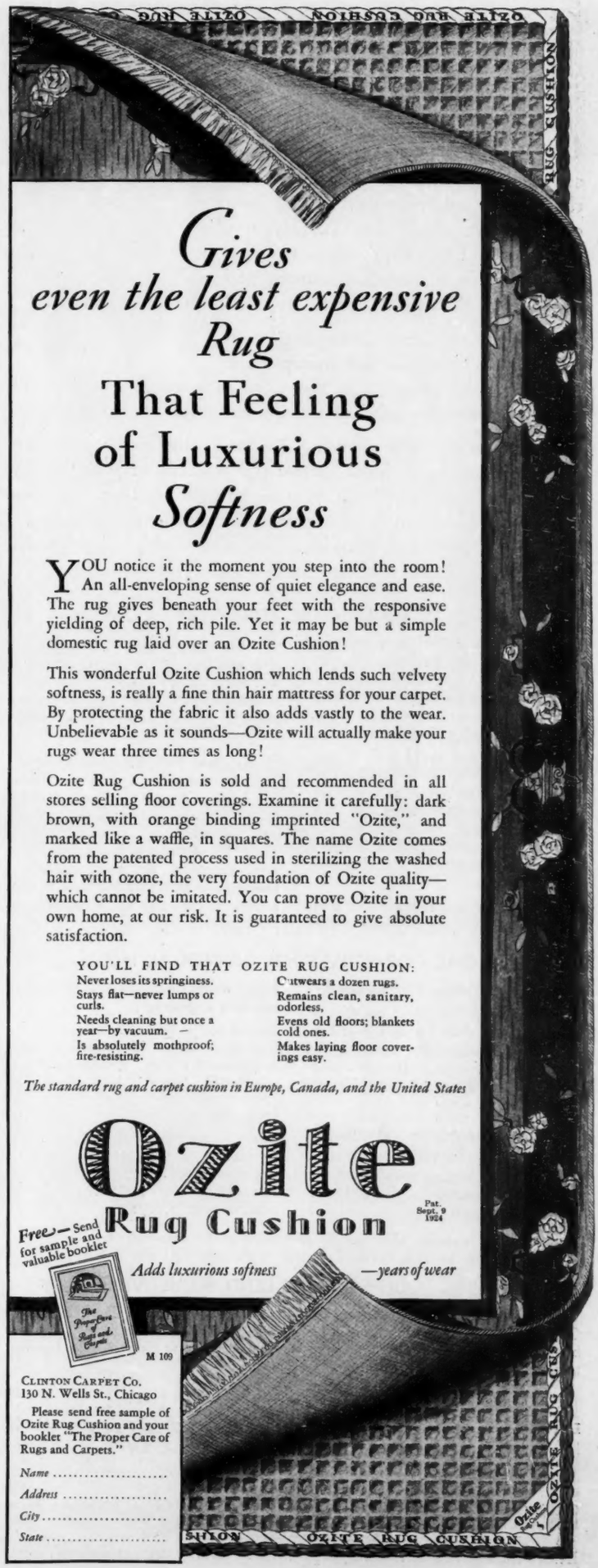
"I confess it is. If the man in the garden was a spy, then already the news has reached a certain embassy in Washington, and our plans will be wrecked. You see, in Washington I learned that your State Department will not oppose my brother's return. One other power, however, will."

They watched the twisting colors of the fire. Anne Fairfield was very happy; yet once, as the firelight caught the glitter of her engagement ring, she frowned. What, she questioned herself, was happening in her heart?

As if divining her thoughts, Charles bent toward her slightly. "May I ask when you are to be married?"

There was a pause. "In September," Anne answered.

[*Continued on page 96*]



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That Feeling of Luxurious *Softness*

YOU notice it the moment you step into the room! An all-enveloping sense of quiet elegance and ease. The rug gives beneath your feet with the responsive yielding of deep, rich pile. Yet it may be but a simple domestic rug laid over an Ozite Cushion!

This wonderful Ozite Cushion which lends such velvety softness, is really a fine thin hair mattress for your carpet. By protecting the fabric it also adds vastly to the wear. Unbelievable as it sounds—Ozite will actually make your rugs wear three times as long!

Ozite Rug Cushion is sold and recommended in all stores selling floor coverings. Examine it carefully: dark brown, with orange binding imprinted "Ozite," and marked like a waffle, in squares. The name Ozite comes from the patented process used in sterilizing the washed hair with ozone, the very foundation of Ozite quality—which cannot be imitated. You can prove Ozite in your own home, at our risk. It is guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction.

YOU'LL FIND THAT OZITE RUG CUSHION:

- Never loses its springiness.
- Stays flat—never lumps or curls.
- Needs cleaning but once a year—by vacuum.
- Is absolutely mothproof; fire-resisting.
- Outwears a dozen rugs.
- Remains clean, sanitary, odorless.
- Evens old floors; blankets cold ones.
- Makes laying floor coverings easy.

The standard rug and carpet cushion in Europe, Canada, and the United States

Ozite Rug Cushion

Pat. Sept. 9 1924

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M 109

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Please send free sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your booklet "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets."

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GAZE INTO YOUR MIRROR —CRITICALLY

Mme. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

GAZE into your mirror critically—view the destruction wrought by the summer sun. Squint lines cobwebbing the area around the eyes. A dull color clouding your complexion. Possibly, too, you may find freckles, insidious wrinkles, coarsened texture, drooping contour and visible signs of fatigue.

Make haste to obliterate that ageing, coarsened look. The science and artistry of the foremost facial authority in the world, Helena Rubinstein, will quickly give you the cachet of exquisite, youthful, unmarred beauty.

The stimulating, skin-enlivening Valaze lotions and balsams are precisely what the summer-coarsened skin needs to recapture its exquisite delicacy. The beautifying creams restore its smoothness—the anti-wrinkle cream is incomparable for combating and correcting all fine lines and wrinkles. The effective bleaching creams banish the last vestiges of tan, freckles and discoloration.

THE IDEAL DAILY CARE FOR EVERY WOMAN

Follow the famous *Three Steps to Beauty*, created by Helena Rubinstein for all women who wish a simple all-embracing beauty treatment for daily home care to clear and refine the skin—to keep the face unlined and youthfully attractive.

First, cleanse and mold with Valaze Pasteurized Face Cream—"the basis of beauty". It soothes, refreshes, revitalizes—lifts away the tired, drawn look. Restores silken smoothness to the weathered skin. The only cream cleanser in existence which also benefits the oily, disturbed skin. 1.00.

Secondly, clear and animate your skin with Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—"the skin-clearing masterpiece". Purifies, refines and bleaches mildly, correcting a discolored skin, light tan or freckles, and sallowness. Creates an exquisite transparency. Indispensable to your beauty the year 'round. 1.00.

Finally, tone and brace with stimulating Valaze Skin-toning Lotion. Erases fine lines. Closes the pores. Uplifts fatigued tissues and keeps the contour clear-cut and youthful. 1.25.

These Three Steps to Beauty, totalling 3.25, constitute the most marvelous beauty value in the world. Even within a week or two, you see a decided improvement in your looks.

SPECIAL CORRECTIVES FOR INDIVIDUAL NEEDS

Are you very tanned or freckled?
Cleanse with Valaze Bleaching Cream to whiten and clear the skin that has been very discolored by exposure to sun. 1.00. Remove freckles and a heavy coat of tan by using Valaze Freckle Cream. 1.50.

Is your contour relaxing, drooping?
Pat Valaze Contour Jelly into the skin daily. It braces sagging muscles and restores youthful contours of chin and face. Corrects baggy eyes. 1.00.

Have squint lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles appeared?
Correct and prevent all fine lines, crow's-feet or wrinkles with Valaze Grecian Anti-wrinkle Cream. Excellent for dry, wrinkled hands or thin throat. 1.75, 3.50.

Does your skin need refining?
Wash with Valaze Beauty Grains. Removes blackheads, dirt, impurities. Tightens enlarged pores and normalizes coarsened, cloudy or oily skin. Use instead of soap. 1.00, 2.00.

If the question uppermost in your mind is not answered here—write personally to Helena Rubinstein at the New York address below.

"FINISHING TOUCHES" THAT LEND SEDUCTIVE BEAUTY

Valaze Powder is subtly flattering, pleasingly fragrant, clinging. Rachel, White, Cream, Natural, Mauresque and Blush (new), 1.50. Red Raspberry rouge for brunette types, Red Geranium for the fair woman. 1.00 to 5.00. Cubist Lipstick to match—indelible, Parisian 1.00.

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Helena Rubinstein creations may be procured at leading stores or ordered direct.

CROWN JEWELS

[*Continued from page 95*]

The doorbell rang sharply, and they sat silent. Perrin's wrinkled visage appeared between the mauve portières. "Mr. Fane, Miss Anne."

The Prince rose leisurely as Anne's fiancé entered the room, and for a second the heir of American wealth and the exiled prince confronted each other.

In Fane's eyes flashed a look of jealous hatred. "Good morning," he snapped, then nodded with ill grace to the girl on the divan; " 'Morning, Anne."

"Why, hello, Gil," she answered.

The prince accepted Fane's discourteous manner with a cold smile. "With your permission," he said as he turned to Anne—"I shall be going."

She extended her slender hand. "Tonight you are coming to dinner. We shall see you then."

"Yes," he said. "You are very kind." And with a bow of superb disdain to her fiancé, he departed.

NOVEMBER McCALL'S

The great fall fiction number beginning

EARLY TO BED

The story of a child of fortune

Gay, impetuous, endearing

by

LYNN and LOIS MONTROSS

WHEN he had gone, Fane turned upon her angrily. "What was he doing here?" he demanded. "And last night, too; he was here then!"

"Why, Gil!" There was gentle reproof in her tone. "You were rude to him. Surely you aren't—jealous!"

"I think I have a right to ask. He hadn't been in town an hour last night before he came rushing down here! Has he been making love to you? Has he? You want everybody laughing at you?"

"I don't understand."

"Oh, you'll understand quickly enough. You didn't believe me when I told you what a rotten reputation this man has in Europe. All right, look at this!" He pulled a newspaper clipping from his pocket. "A little picture of your prince and one of his lady loves, taken at the Longchamps races last year. I cut it out of the paper several months ago."

Anne found herself looking at the photograph of a woman gowned in extreme Parisian fashion, standing arm-in-arm with a man. She stared. It was he! Beneath was printed, "H. R. H. Prince Charles of Imperia and the beautiful dancer, Mlle. D'Albri." For an instant it seemed unbelievable. Yet there was no mistaking the man's features. Her heart seemed suddenly heavy.

"Now you see!" There was a triumphant leer on Fane's face. "He's just another vile foreigner, the kind that runs around with women like that. And you—you were alone with him last night in your garden!"

Anne raised her head, and a swift look of anger gleamed in her eyes. "How dare you?" she said. "And how do you know that—were you spying upon us?"

"No." He squirmed uneasily. "If you must know, I—well, I questioned one of the servants."

"You—questioned the servants—about me," she said, her voice full of scorn. "That was an honorable thing to do! And you are the man I am to marry!"

"Listen, Anne—please—" His voice was pleading, apologetic. But Anne was not listening. She was thinking of the man in whom he had shattered her belief. The romance of the story-book Prince was ended. A sudden mist came over her eyes, and she stared down at the crumpled bit of newspaper . . . .

Charles of Imperia was sitting disconsolately before an open window. Below in the gray darkness spread the city, shadows and glowing lights; and as the exile sat staring out upon it, his eyes were infinitely sad.

For the hundredth time he asked himself what could have occurred to cause the cancellation of Anne Fairfield's dinner—for a servant had just delivered him a note to that effect. He had telephoned her house, only to be told that Miss Fairfield was "indisposed." Even the voice of the servant had sounded false. A feeling of bitter loneliness possessed him. He knew at last how deeply he cared for this American girl.

Blake came sauntering in from the next room, his brows twisted into a worried frown. "Something," he grumbled, "must have gone wrong. We should have had word from them by this time."

Charles rose with a nervous gesture. "Perhaps," he sighed, "it is all over! Our people may have attempted a trick and failed. If that is true, there is no need for us to put the jewels up at auction."

"No," said Blake, "let's dispose of 'em; the strain of worrying about 'em is too much. And the money will be needed."

"But if everything has failed? I have an unpleasant premonition, John, that Belami in Washington has found out. By this time he could have cabled and ruined all our plans. Oh!" He struck the table with his clenched fist. "What a fool I was to tell anyone a word of it! What a fool!"

IN THE white-walled accident ward of St. Philip's hospital a swarthy man, his head wrapped in bandages, lay very still. A large, bearded man in surgeon's white garb paused beside him and beckoned to a nurse.

"A taxicab accident you said, eh?"

"Yes, doctor."

"Hm. He's badly cut up. Still delirious. No record of his identity in his clothes, nurse?"

"Nothing."

"Looks like an Italian." The doctor plucked at his beard. "Nothing to do but wait till he regains consciousness to find out who he is."

The bandaged man on the bed lay with closed eyes. Occasionally one twitched convulsively, and he muttered faintly. Back somewhere in his disordered brain the thought kept recurring that he must get to a telegraph office . . . Ambassador Belami in Washington . . . Something he had heard over a garden wall . . . What was it he had heard them saying? . . . This pressing pain over his eyes . . . He seemed to remember starting for the telegraph office in a taxicab. Then a crash . . . .

"He is trying to say something," murmured the nurse to the doctor. "I can't quite get it. Something about—'Belami' and 'Washington.' He keeps repeating it."

The doctor frowned. "Belami?" he said. "Wonder if it could possibly be the Ambassador. We might take a chance and telegraph that embassy in Washington."

As the pale dawn crept across her canopied bed, Anne Fairfield lay

[*Continued on page 98*]

Fastidious Youth . . . smart, active, unhampered, now teaches older women the comfort of this sanitary protection

YOUTH! Smartness! They go together. And they explain why Kotex has become the accepted sanitary protection. Why young women prefer this sanitary pad. For they won't tolerate discomfort. Or a lack of daintiness.

The modern woman wants grace, freedom, the feeling of being well dressed *in every sense.* And she achieves it now despite situations her mother used to consider "physical handicaps." She uses Kotex. As for comparing it with old-fashioned ways—that's unthinkable. If one is truly fastidious, no substitute can give the carefree smartness Kotex permits.

What Kotex accomplishes

Fastidious women want to feel dainty, safe, secure. And Kotex does give that feeling. It deodorizes. It is delightfully soft and so pure that surgeons actually use its fleecy soft filler (Cellucotton absorbent wadding) for dressings as well as sanitary pads in 85% of our leading hospitals. Could anything be more eloquent testimonial than that?

Many girls feel this way

"Since the day I discovered Kotex," one very attractive girl said recently, "I've completely lost the self-consciousness I often used to feel. It's so dainty, so soft and wonderfully comfortable. Mother uses it now, thanks to me. And we both wonder how we ever got along without it!"

So many smart women ask that question. You will too, once you've tried the new Kotex. It's quite a triumph over any sanitary pad you've formerly used. —even over the original Kotex. Some of the reasons why are listed here. Do read them!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 ***In hospitals***—Kotex is the identical material used practically EXCLUSIVELY by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 ***Safe, secure*** . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 ***Rounded and tapered corners***—for inconspicuous protection.

5 ***Deodorizes*** . . . safely, thoroughly, by a patented process.

6 ***Disposable*** completely, instantly.

Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

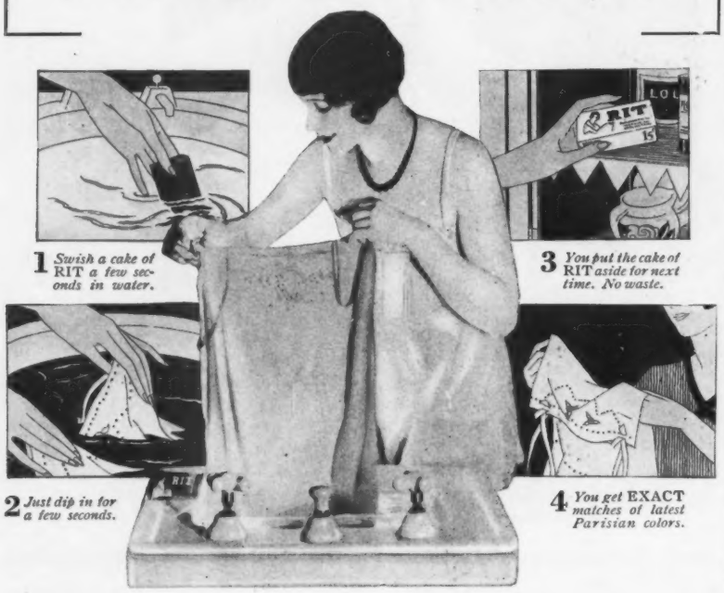
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

A New Discovery *in* Tinting Hosiery *and* Lingerie

A New, Far Quicker, Easier and Simpler Way


1 Swish a cake of RIT a few seconds in water.
2 Just dip in for a few seconds.
3 You put the cake of RIT aside for next time. No waste.
4 You get EXACT matches of latest Parisian colors.

NO STREAKS...NO DYE SPOTS...NO MUSS OR FUSS

MODERN color science has made new discoveries in home tinting and dyeing. A far quicker, simpler and from 50% to 75% more economical way has been found.

Developed by the makers of RIT—world leaders in home dyeing and tinting—it is now embodied in all RIT dyes.

Get a package of RIT from your druggist today and try this new simplified way in home tinting and dyeing. We believe it will amaze you.

No Streaks, No Spots, No Muss or Bother

The illustration above shows the whole process. Note how amazingly simple it is.

You just "swish" a cake of RIT in a basin of warm water a few seconds. Then put the cake aside for next time. One cake will do for three or four times. Then "dip" the article to be tinted in the basin. Rinse thoroughly, and fold loosely in a towel to dry. That is all. You can do 10 pairs of stockings, 5 to 6 step-ins or a whole frock in a few minutes.

You Get:

Perfectly Even Color—no streaks or "dye spots."

The Exact Colors of costliest French Hosiery, Lingerie and Frocks.

Troubleless, mussless, botherless tinting.

If you tint, dip or dye things, try a package of this unique creation. Find out what it will do. RIT costs no more than ordinary tints and dyes, and can be obtained at any good drug or department store. Rit Products Corp., 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address: 468 W. King St., Toronto.

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WHITE RIT

Removes dyes from colored fabrics and takes out stains and spots from white goods. HARMLESS as plain boiling water. For professional results in home tinting or dyeing always remove old color first with WHITE RIT.

NEW IMPROVED RIT

Tints or Fast Dyes All Fabrics

Never Say "Dye"—Say RIT

CROWN JEWELS

[*Continued from page 96*]

wide-eyed, a tiny damp ball of handkerchief clenched in her hand. Tomorrow the *Olympia* would sail: Charles of Imperia would go out of her life forever.

In the night she had made a plan. At eleven she would drive to the hotel, and, unknown to Charles, have a talk with Captain Blake. There was something which worried her. Perhaps it lay in her power to render a great service. No one need know of her visit: it would always remain her secret—and Captain Blake's. She had determined not to see Charles again.

His Royal Highness, too, had slept fitfully. At eight o'clock Blake found him fully dressed, standing by the window. "I hope," he said, "you rested well, Sir."

"Ah, well enough, thank you, John." The Prince smiled wanly. "I wonder what this day will bring."

"We'll surely hear something soon," said Blake. "Meanwhile let's get a good breakfast."

The Prince hesitated on the threshold. "You think it is all right for both of us to leave?"

"Nothing will happen." They went out, and Blake locked the door after them.

But as they passed on down the corridor, another door opened noiselessly a fraction of an inch, and Jenks peered after them. When the elevator gates banged, the little valet motioned to Scarpeau and Stein. "Now, then," he directed coolly, "the coast is clear. Let's be quick about it!"

ANNE FAIRFIELD was crossing the sidewalk to her car when a motor drew up, and Gilbert Fane, with a white face, leaped out and ran to her. "Anne!" he cried; "surely you didn't mean that note! Anne, you can't!"

"Please, Gil." She appeared very calm. "Let's not have a scene!"

"I can't give you up," he said fiercely. "This whole thing is a misunderstanding."

"It isn't a misunderstanding, Gil; it's the first real understanding we've ever had. I know now that I can never marry you, that's all. We'll still be friends. You see, yesterday you killed something that was—very dear in my life." She smiled sadly. "Goodbye," she said, and held out her hand.

Fane clutched it like a drowning man. "You loved the Prince, then. Oh, what a fool I've been! Anne, I—I'm sorry." He turned away.

She alighted at the hotel, and walking in to the desk, asked for Captain Blake. A moment later she heard his pleasant voice over the 'phone. Would Miss Fairfield come up, please? No, His Royal Highness was out for a walk. She would be right up? Good.

He stood in the doorway of their little reception room, and as she gave him her hand, she decided that she was right in trusting him. "You will understand, Captain Blake," she began; "I do not wish to see the Prince."

"He won't be back," replied Blake, "for an hour, at least. I needn't tell you how glad I am to see you. We understood you were ill."

"I—I am feeling better thank you." She covered her confusion swiftly. "I dare say you are wondering why I have come. Indeed, I half wonder myself. But I felt that I should. This is the reason: As you probably know, night before last in my garden the Prince confided your plans to me, and someone was listening. Well, I feel that if anything has happened as a result of that, it is entirely my fault."

"I understand." Blake nodded. "Of course, we're not sure the man was a spy. But no news came yesterday, so we're still in the dark as to what's happened—whether there's been any interference."

"That is why I came, Captain. I—you see, I am interested in Imperia. Though I should never want anyone to know—even the Prince. It must be our secret, yours and mine. Some day Charles may be King; but first his brother must go back to the throne, I suppose. I want to help the cause. I am not very rich, but I have some money, more than I need. If you will tell me what I can do—how much—"

THE Prince's equerry was looking at her intently. "Miss Fairfield," he said, "you are a good royalist. That is the most generous, the most splendid offer I've ever heard in my life. I wonder—hmm." He paused and fell to drumming the table-top with his fingers. "I wonder if you would answer a question which you may think impertinent? Will you tell me why you refused to see the Prince last night?"

For an instant she toyed with her purse. Her answer came slowly: "Because I learned something about him that—that made it impossible for me ever to see him again."

"Something about him? What was it?"

"I don't care to talk about it. It concerned the Prince and a—rather notorious woman. I saw a picture of them together, a newspaper clipping—"

"Wait, please. A picture of the Prince and a woman? I should like to see it, if you have it."

Half reluctantly she opened the hand-bag and drew forth the crumpled newspaper.

"Oh," said Blake, with a curious smile, "this isn't Prince Charles at all. It's his indiscreet brother, Louis. They look very much alike, you know. The newspaper made a mistake."

Her eyes opened wide. "But surely there could be no mistake about it—"

"I happen to know that Charles has never seen this woman. He has tried several times, though, to make Louis give her up. Celeste D'Albri is the real stumbling-block to the return of the monarchy. Because of her the people do not trust Louis."

A tremendous happiness surged through Anne Fairfield's being. So it was not true, after all!

"Of course, it's an easy error for a newspaper photographer to make," the Captain was saying, "and Charles would never correct it—out of loyalty to his brother."

As he finished speaking a door slammed in the next room. Anne rose confusedly. "That—that isn't he?" She whispered. "I must go. I could not see him—"

"I'm afraid it's too late," murmured Blake, grinning.

The door opened, and His Royal Highness entered. At sight of Anne he stopped short, his cheeks flushed, and he bowed coldly.

"I have come," she faltered, "to—to explain my sudden illness last night. And tell you—how sorry I am . . . "

The Prince looked up quickly. Their eyes met. In extreme haste Captain Blake tiptoed from the room.

"Will you forgive me?" she asked with a stormy look. "I—it was all a dreadful misunderstanding."

"Misunderstanding!" His eyes lighted, and he crossed swiftly to her. "Ah, if you knew how miserable I have been!"

[*Continued on page 101*]

Women discovered this way of keeping skin youthful

LISTERINE *as an* ASTRINGENT

So many women have written us enthusiastically about Listerine used as an astringent, we feel duty bound to pass the suggestion on to you. Furthermore, beauty doctors and dermatologists tell us that Listerine is almost ideal for this purpose. Next time you use an astringent in connection with your toilette, give Listerine a trial.

Note how it closes pores, how it tends to tighten sagging muscles and how wonderfully cool and smooth your skin feels after you have used it.

You will find that it accomplishes results equal to those performed by special astringents costing from two to six times as much. Moreover, Listerine protects you against infection. Though gentle in action and healing in effect, full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

GREAT AFTER SHAVING

Tell your husband it's great after shaving. Doused on the skin full strength, it produces a delightful sensation of invigoration and coolness. And ends all smarting and burning.

This NEW SPOUT makes Wesson Oil more convenient than ever to use ——

A spout that *really* pours. When you get your new can —— turn the spout *out* and punch holes where marked.

Tilt the can and you can pour this delicious salad oil—sparkling, clear-as-crystal—straight into your measuring cup. A clean pleasant way—no oil dripping down the sides of the can to spill on the table—no waste.

Doesn't that make it more convenient than ever to use this fine salad oil for baking and frying? Just *pour it to measure,* and *pour it to mix . . .* When you're through, a turn of the spout covers up both the holes.

This modern idea of cooking with a fine salad oil is growing in popularity. It will inevitably supplant old fashioned methods. Why don't you try it? . . . We'd like to send you a copy of the Wesson Oil recipe book "Everyday Recipes"—free. Address the Wesson Oil—Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

CROWN JEWELS

[*Continued from page 98*]

Then in another second he was holding her close in his arms.

There was a shout from the next room, and Blake rushed in excitedly. "The jewels in the trunk!" he exclaimed. "They're gone! Someone's been through—oh, I—I beg pardon!"

Too startled to be embarrassed, Anne turned from the Prince to face Blake. "The crown jewels," she gasped—"stolen!"

At that moment there came a rap on the door.

"Come," called the Prince calmly.

The door pushed open and Jenks stepped in. With a sudden movement, Blake had flung himself upon him.

YOU!" he muttered. "You're the fellow! I'm going to arrest—"

"Just a moment, please!" Jenks struggled to free himself. Gone were his servile manner and his cockney accent. "The arrest has already been made. I have the jewel thieves. I came all the way to America to get them."

Open-mouthed, Blake fell back, releasing him.

A flicker of a smile showed in Jenks' eyes. He was enjoying the melodrama of it. "You see, my name doesn't happen to be Jenks: it's Jarvis. And I'm from Scotland Yard."

"The deuce!" exclaimed Captain Blake. "A detective!"

"But the jewels!" Anne exclaimed.

"They are quite safe." Prince Charles laughed quietly. Both Anne and the man from Scotland Yard stared at him in astonishment. "Quite safe, indeed. They are in the vault of a Fifth Avenue Bank."

"What?" Inspector Jarvis' jaw dropped. "What di' you mean, Sir?"

"I mean," smiled the Prince, "that those jewels taken from our trunk are clever paste imitations we had made in Paris. They were sent on to show the auction people here, several months ago. Then when we landed we put the real ones in the bank vault, and carried the imitations about with us. Did you suppose we would keep crown jewels in our hotel rooms?"

The former valet scratched his chin. Then his expression brightened. "It fooled me," he admitted. "But, anyway, I got my men. That's all I wanted. They're the chaps who managed the Rockforth diamond robbery in London last summer. I've been after them some time: had to catch 'em in the act to get actual evidence."

"At any rate," the Prince smiled graciously, "we are indebted to you, Jenks—I mean, Jarvis."

"Thanks, Your Royal Highness." The inspector bowed. "I'll be back later."

As he went out a bell-boy appeared in the doorway with a cablegram.

"For me?" The Prince started forward, and Anne saw his hand tremble as he picked up the envelope.

Across the room Blake stood. As Anne watched his face she felt instinctively that some climax had come in the lives of all of them. They waited, silent, while Charles read. They saw his face pale.

"I—I cannot believe it," he murmured, turning away. "I cannot believe it!"

The cablegram fluttered to the floor, and Blake stooped to pick it up. Quietly Anne crossed the room, and took the Prince's hand in hers.

Then Blake's voice rang out: "I say! They've done it! It's happened! Listen to this, Miss Fairfield. 'Monarchy reëstablished by will of people of Imperia. Louis forced to renounce throne. Charles proclaimed king. American money not needed. Return immediately with crown jewels for coronation.' Signed: 'Bonville, Chancellor.' Wonderful news!"

He caught up Charles' hand in a fierce grip. "But I expected it—I felt sure it would come! Now I'll have to get the auction people on the 'phone. There won't be any auction: the old jewels will sail with us on the *Olympia* tomorrow!"

He stopped short. Neither Charles of Imperia nor the fair-haired girl beside him appeared to be listening. Charles, with tears in his eyes, had raised one of her hands to his lips. And suddenly Blake realized that, with the coming of the cablegram, had come tragedy into the lives of these two who loved each other. Charles would go back to be crowned king: he would have to marry a princess of the blood. There was no other way.

That night the May moon hung low over the garden wall. In the shadows of the balcony Anne Fairfield sat, hand-in-hand with the newly-proclaimed ruler of Imperia.

"You must listen to me," she was saying in a low voice. "There is only one thing to be considered—your duty to your country. Nothing else matters."

"Do you think I can let you go, now that I found you again?"

"Dearest, you have no other choice. But when the *Olympia* moves out of the harbor tomorrow morning, and the band plays, and you stand at the rail, I shall be—"

"Please," he murmured, drawing her into his arms, "don't say that!"

With a wistful sigh the girl raised her eyes to the moon. "When a man is a king—"

"Sorry to intrude," called Blake's voice. "Where are you, Sir?"

"Here!" Charles called out.

THE Captain, flushed and warm, stepped out on the balcony.

"The answer just came to the hotel. I couldn't wait till you came." He waved it toward them.

"Answer?" whispered Anne. "What answer?"

"Why," began the Captain excitedly, "this—"

"Wait," commanded Charles. "Before you tell us what their answer is, I want to explain." He looked down at Anne. "This morning," he said quietly, "after the news came, I cabled General Bonville, the Chancellor, that I would only take the throne on one condition—that an American girl might share it with me."

"Oh!" cried Anne. Quick tears filled her eyes. "You—you would give up your throne—for me?"

"Yes. Because I love you."

There was a little silence; then the Prince glanced at his equerry, and his eyes were anxious. "What is their answer, John?"

"Well," came Blake's crisp voice, "the Chancellor and the new cabinet accept with pleasure. They even cable congratulations!"

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the Prince fervently. "Anne, dear—"

Lafayette Gingerbread

Cream ½ cup butter and ½ cup brown sugar. Add 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, ½ cup warm milk, 2 tablespoons ginger, ½ teaspoon each cinnamon, mace, nutmeg. Add 5 tablespoons coffee. Beat 3 eggs. Sift 3 cups flour with ¾ teaspoon salt. Stir alternately with eggs into first mixture. Add juice and grated rind of 1 large orange. Last add 1 level teaspoon soda dissolved in 2 teaspoons warm water. Beat until smooth. Bake in loaf pan in moderate oven 350° F. 45 to 60 minutes.

··Hungry for something good?

TRY THESE

Fig Luncheon Muffins

First boil 1 cup cooking figs for 10 minutes. Drain, clip the stems and chop. Cream together 4 tablespoons butter and ¼ cup sugar. Add 1 beaten egg, ½ cup Brer Rabbit Molasses and ½ cup water. To this add 2 cups flour sifted with 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ginger, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon. Add the figs and beat well. Lastly stir in ¾ cup bread crumbs. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake from 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.). This recipe makes about 16 muffins.

JUST one look at such muffins makes your mouth water . . . and wait until you taste this gingerbread!

No wonder they're extra good . . . they tease your appetite with the luscious old-time flavor of Brer Rabbit Molasses—a flavor that makes everybody want *more*. You need never say "no" to a second helping either. For Brer Rabbitt Molasses is a wholesome sweet that is actually *good for you* . . . rich in those two health essentials—iron and lime!

And just a touch of the old plantation goodness of Brer Rabbit Molasses gives added flavor to many foods. Baked beans, for instance, taste twice as good if you add two tablespoonfuls of Brer Rabbit to them when you turn them out of the can to heat. And it gives marvelous flavor to candied sweet potatoes! Gold Label is the finest light molasses—Green Label a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

•

Keep your Brer Rabbit Labels—get Brer Rabbit's Cooky Set: 3 labels from 3 cans of Brer Rabbit Molasses will bring you this miniature cooky set—6 wee animal cutters . . . doll-size cooky pan! Your youngsters will adore the tiny cookies it makes! Start saving Brer Rabbit Labels *now*. Send them in with or without the coupon.

And ask for your *free* copy of Brer Rabbit's recipe book—94 molasses recipes just as good as the two on this page!

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☐ Free Copy of recipe book "94 Brer Rabbit Goodies."

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Address_____

Perhaps your Child needs Milk of Magnesia

Too much acid always sickens

A growing child's system is less tolerant of an acid condition than that of a grown person. That's why plenty of sleep and a diet, rich in fruits and the leafy vegetables is important to children. During sleep the acids of the body are consumed and the alkaline balance, so essential to health, is restored. Most fruits and vegetables help to offset the acids thrown into the blood stream by study and violent play.

In spite of all your care, a child's system will occasionally become too acid. Of course you can correct this by rest and diet. But that takes time. The *instant* way is with an alkaline provided by Nature for the purpose. *Magnesia.*

You can make no mistake about the best form of magnesia if you follow the example set by physicians the world over. For fifty years, they have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia to correct disorders caused by too much acid. In adults; sour stomach, nausea, gas, heartburn, indigestion. In children; bad breath, sour belching, frequent vomiting, feverishness, colic, diarrhea. Phillips Milk of Magnesia is in the form declared most effective by the U. S. Dispensary. Its action is thorough; yet there is nothing so soothing to an ailing stomach.

A spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water and in five minutes you are happy, smiling! All symptoms of over-acidity soon disappear. A mother's duty is so much easier when she uses it. Children accept it so readily. Nothing could be superior for keeping the bowels open in constipation, colds, children's diseases.

Phillips Milk of Magnesia has many important uses in every household. Each package contains full directions, well worth reading. 25c and 50c bottles at all drug stores. The name *Phillips* marks the genuine prescriptional product which has been the same for over 50 years.

"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 31*]

She looked up at him. "Oh yes, it fits. But really, you know—I've never worn one before in my life."

"Have you ever done anything before, my fairy queen?" he asked, softly.

CULVERLEY!

Culverley on its hill on an afternoon of early summer with its towers shining in the sunlight; and below, its beechwoods of exquisite green! To Charmaine it was the loveliest sight she had ever beheld.

"What a perfect place!" Charmaine exclaimed. "It's like heaven!"

The car had stopped and Lady Cravenstowe was descending. She followed, feeling momentarily dazed.

And then Basil's hand closed upon her arm, his voice spoke into her ear. "Don't be scared!" he whispered. "He's never seen anyone half so beautiful."

A white-haired butler gave them ceremonious greeting. "His lordship is on the south terrace, my lady. Would you be pleased to go through the library? And I will have tea brought out immediately."

Hugh was lying in a long wheeled chair, his head and shoulders propped by pillows—a man who must once have been of commanding stature and imposing mien. But what struck Charmaine most about him now was his grayness. Hair, face and long, thin hands were gray. Even his heavy brows were gray, and the eyes below them were like Basil's, only more steely and piercing in their regard.

He stretched out a hand to her as she drew near, and his keen eyes smiled a greeting the while they searchingly surveyed her.

"So this is my cousin Charmaine!" he said.

She gave him her hand in nervous trepidation. "Thank you very much for calling me that," she said. "I loved coming," she added. "And I love it more than ever now that I'm here. It is so very, very beautiful."

Hugh's tone was gentle and friendly, as though he addressed a child. "You feel it is the sort of place that you could come to regard as home?"

His hand had released hers, and she clasped her own together in that involuntary gesture of hers which was so much more eloquent than words. "Only I don't feel nearly great enough," she said in a hushed voice. "Don't you think Basil really ought to marry somebody important?"

Lord Conister uttered a brief laugh. "Only he won't, my dear," he said. "So you had better dismiss the idea as I have. And I see no reason to fear that the family honor will not be as safe in your hands as in anyone else's. Yes, that's right, Basil! Have her sit down! And you too, Edith!"

IT WAS all infinitely easier than Charmaine had expected. Almost before she had realized it, she was sitting beside Lord Conister's chair and telling him of the wonders of her brief season in London, while he listened and drew her on. They talked of many things; and he told her quite naturally of the accident that had made him a cripple for life.

But at this point Aunt Edith seemed suddenly to awaken to the fact that Charmaine was her own particular care, and she turned from the tea-table and cheerily broke in upon them.

"Now, Hugh, she is not to be drawn in like this within half-an-hour of her arrival. You can tell her all about those things in due course, not forgetting the wonderful branch-line to Bentbridge,

[*Continued on page 104*]

You can be known as A Clever Woman

who earns money of her own

YOU can hold the admiration of men—you can astonish your friends and win new ones—you can have a reputation for smartness. Yes, you—any ambitious woman with a love for pretty things—with the desire to make herself and her home attractive.—And it's easy as A, B, C.

You Don't Need Experience

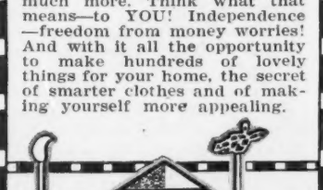
We show you how to do it. The Fireside way is so simple you start to paint beautiful giftwares, almost immediately; start to make money of your own. You do everything right at home.

Gifts, Bridge Prizes, Gay Toys, Etc., Etc.

Cabinets, book-shelves, wall plaques, hanging shelves, magazine baskets, lamp bases, lamp shades, table runners, beautiful bits of etched copper, batik drapes, lovable little playthings, picture frames and endless varieties of similar things. Think of the fun of decorating them, and then of having ready buyers for them—RIGHT AT HOME—at a good profit.

Many Make $10 to $35 a Week

Many of our members have made much more. Think what that means—to YOU! Independence—freedom from money worries! And with it all the opportunity to make hundreds of lovely things for your home, the secret of smarter clothes and of making yourself more appealing.



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Spend as much time as you wish on Fireside work. It will pay you well in pleasure and money. We teach you and furnish everything—including a big wonder box of artists materials, a complete outfit without extra cost.

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CLOTHES! How you have wished for lots and lots of them! Now, with the Berth-Robert Plan, you can afford to make your wishes come true. These beautiful frocks have all the richness of expensive creations—at only half the price you would imagine them to be.

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YOU don't have to know a single thing about dressmaking! Here, in New York, the style center of America, with the guiding hand of Paris—we make these captivating dresses for your selection—design them, cut them, and too do all the "fancy" sewing—all the tucks and pleats—all the stylish tailoring. When you receive the dresses you just add a few simple stitches—and there!—the loveliest creations you could buy anywhere—and for only half the price! No, not even a penny of postage to pay!

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Please send me Free, Mary Abbott's new booklet of Fall Styles

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ORDER TULIPS AND LILACS IN OCTOBER FOR SPRING BLOOMING

[*Continued from page 60*]

Thomas Moore

together excel everything I have ever seen for fine color in such subjects. The reddish purple of Valentine is excellent with the tree's burnished foliage while the amber lights of the warm pink tulip are most lovely near by. There can be for the spring no more sumptuous planting than this—nothing richer or better to look upon. Tulip Franz Hals we tried in this grouping but its color was too harsh for the rest, its tone of brightest purple too strong for the delicate bronze of the beech-leaves.

Two years ago we made a small brick-floored garden and surrounded it with old lilacs of the French types. We used in a border all around the dark brick only two tulips—Clara Butt, the rose-pink, and Reverend H. Ewbank, the pure lavender. The reason for this was that two very old pink flowering hawthorns would bloom at the same moment as the tulips, and their color had to be considered. The tulip cups in the May sun were filled with light, held straight against their little background of a three foot privet hedge between the tulips and the lilacs; on two sides tall hybrid lilacs showed their sweet flowers, and on another side the old hawthorns were rosy with bloom. Opposite these, two Delicious apple trees stood dressed in living green, as the old hymn says. A certain charm came too from the formal band of green privet—this was *ibota*, the very hardy variety—between tulips and flowering trees. These things seem to call for a line of demarcation in the garden and the privet finely supplied this line.

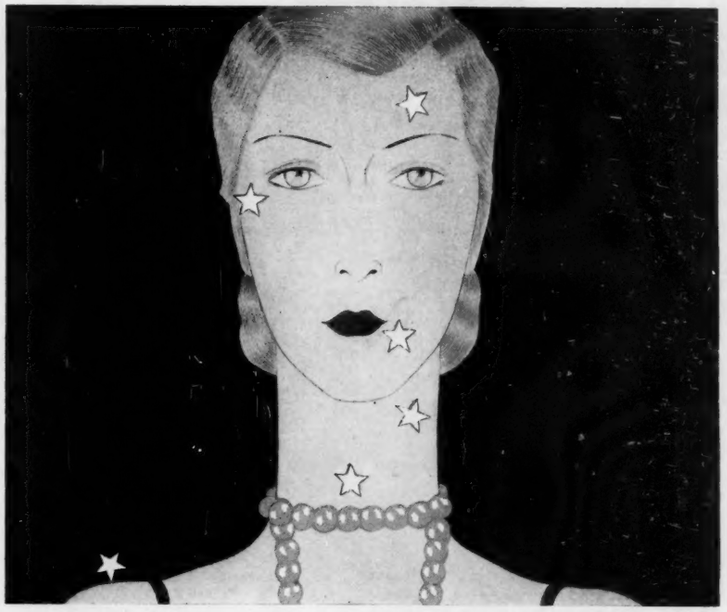
Some New Tulips

And then some of the newer tulips; Amber with *iris pallida dalmatica;* Alcmene, that glorious flower blooming under a bright pink-flowering hawthorn tree. This tulip has a deep and glowing rose-color and is of really great size and height. Wellenburg, an immensely tall tulip has tones of orange, warm rose, and yellow outside, with yellow and scarlet within—this sounds strange but is actually magnificent. Tulip Mr. Hoover is a flower as rich in color as if not richer than any of the family of late tulips. Marchioness of Londonderry has a remarkable combination of soft old rose with various tones of dull yellow or amber deepening to light brown. This tulip has a satiny texture and one can only stand before it in wonder as it blooms.

This Ingram Mannequin is a chart to teach you why

"ONLY A HEALTHY SKIN CAN STAY YOUNG"

Frances Ingram



YOU could read hundreds of books and spend thousands of dollars, but, with all your study and expense, you could never, never learn a more important rule than *to take care of the health of your skin.*

Just as your health has much to do with your spirits from one day to another, your skin, its loveliness or lack of it, indicates the care it receives and the health it enjoys.

Starred on my mannequin are six places where the health of your skin is most quickly evidenced. These are the places where imperfections come first—where lines trace untruthful testimonials of years. Protect these places—guard their health—and year in, year out, you can face your mirror with joy.

Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser and smooths the skin exquisitely. Roughness vanishes—blemishes and tiny wrinkles disappear. Your skin becomes incredibly smooth, clear and lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care. And write me if you have any special beauty questions.

1. The Forehead.. Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
2. The Eyes.. Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming—so traitorous. To keep the skin smooth and supple, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.
3. The Mouth.. To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
4. The Throat.. Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, keeps it lovely, smooth and rounded and without a trace of flabbiness.
5. The Neck.. Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
6. The Shoulders.. Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

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P. S. *Milkweed Cream is marvelous when you are sunburned. It soothes away the redness and smarting. And, should you acquire a tan, it will encourage a lovely, even effect, keeping the skin soft and supple and preventing the burn from coarsening its texture.*

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. C-109, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

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Two-piece Denton. For infants needing frequent changing. Full drop seat and turn-down cuffs. Made in sizes 0, 1 and 2 only.

Regular One-Piece Denton illustrated above. Infants' sizes 0, 1 and 2 open down the back as here shown. Extra wide at hips to allow for use of diapers.

All Dentons have our patented extra full drop seat.

Regular One-Piece Denton shown at the right in Children's sizes 3 to 14 opening down the front.

Economy in Durable Dentons

EVERY mother who buys a Denton Sleeping Garment profits in two ways: she assures snug, healthful sleep for her children; and she buys long-wearing service.

Extra Heavy, Tailored, Romper Feet Double the Life of Dentons

Where wear is heaviest and strains are greatest Dentons are strongest. A heavier and stronger fabric is knit for the soles and upper portions of the feet, which are accurately cut on a form-fitting pattern.

Rubber buttons stay on the garments without breaking, and practically eliminate the bother of sewing on buttons after washing.

Strong, flat seams; reinforcing tape where needed; double-thick collars; and carefully sewn button holes, are other Denton quality features which resist wear and tear by active, robust children. No detail is slighted in tailoring these garments—Denton durability is uniform throughout.

Denton *Soft-Knit* Fabric is Truly Hygienic

—and assures comfortable sleep. The loosely spun yarn of *unbleached* double-carded cotton combined with some fine virgin wool, knit in an open stitch, provides skin ventilation and gentle absorbent qualities for perspiration, which insure the warmth that induces sound, healthful sleep.

Denton Sleeping Bag for Babies. One size only, 26 inches long.

Insist on Genuine Dentons. Sold in 5,500 leading dry goods and department stores. If your dealer does not carry Dentons, write us.

EVJ

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills
Centreville, Michigan, U. S. A.

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 102*]

which I am thankful to observe is burrowing too deeply into the earth to be visible from here. But she is coming with me now to take off her things, and afterward I shall hand her over to Basil to be shown all round. Come along, dear, and let them have a talk!"

She drew Charmaine away with the words, and as soon as they were alone she kissed her. "There! I knew it!" she said. "You've made another conquest."

"And the verdict?" asked Basil when they were left together.

He spoke lightly, but the question was not without a hint of anxiety.

"My dear chap," Hugh said gently, "she is exquisite of course. But—how young!"

"Yes, she was seventeen last November. I admit she is young and all that, but I'm going to take enormous care of her. She shan't be any the worse for an early marriage. It'll be my job to look after her, make her happy. Don't you think I'm equal to it?"

"Ah!" Lord Conister said, the faint smile in his eyes once more. "You are very much in love, my boy. By the way, you haven't told me anything about her people, except that her father is a retired Army man. Have you met any of them?"

"Only her half-sister, Lady Merrion. I wrote to the old man and had a reply by return. They are overjoyed." Basil spoke with an unwonted touch of impatience. "That's all really that matters. Her mother is dead and there is another half-sister who keeps house."

"You haven't been into her antecedents at all?" questioned Lord Conister."

Basil faced him squarely. "Not at all, old chap. I can't see that they matter. Charmaine is everything to me and all I want. I never imagined that anything like this could happen to me, and now that it has happened—well, nothing else counts, that's all."

"I see," said Lord Conister. He was silent for a space, then spoke again: "Well, if you are quite sure of her—"

"I am," said Basil.

THAT evening was the happiest that Charmaine had ever known. It was spent in wandering all over the old castle of Culverley and its surrounding grounds with Basil. Its massive antiquity impressed her more and more, appealing to her sense of romance.

"It must have belonged to a knight of the Round Table once," she said, as she peered from a turret-window into the old moat far below.

"I daresay some bits of it did," said Basil. "But anyhow it's been improved upon since. I'm vandal enough to prefer the more modern part. You haven't seen that yet, have you?"

"Yes, my room is on that side," she told him. "It looks straight over to the sea. Such a beautiful view!"

"Oh, they've given you my lady's chamber, have they?" he said. "That was Hugh's doing, I'll be bound. Well, that's the room that will always be yours, sweetheart. I'm glad you like it."

"Oh!" Charmaine murmured in confusion. "I didn't know. I thought it was just—a guest-room."

"It's the room Hugh was born in," he said. "His mother always loved it. If he had married, it would have belonged to his wife. As it is, it will belong to you."

"Oh, I can't understand its coming to me. I've nothing to give for it all. It seems so somehow unfair."

"My dear," he said, and his arm went round her with the words, "shall I tell you something?"

"Yes?" She looked up at him expectantly.

"It's only this, dear," he said. "Don't ever be troubled about having nothing to give! You are giving yourself. And presently—it may be you will be giving even more than yourself. Have you thought of that?"

Charmaine quivered a little, but waited in silence.

He pointed to the window and to the rolling lands that lay spread below, golden in the light of the sinking sun. "Have you thought of what will become of all this when Hugh and I have both gone on, as we both must some day? Where will it all go to—the old name, the lands, the cherished family honor? Shall I tell you, little sweetheart? You won't be frightened, will you? I know you won't. It will go to—our son!"

HE SPOKE into her ear, for her face was hidden from him, pressed closely into his shoulder. She said nothing, but again he felt her quiver.

He laid his hand very tenderly upon her head. "That is what you will be able to give, my little sweetheart, though you are not to think that it's for that that I want you so. Only, I do want that, too. And so will you want it, my darling, when we are married."

"When we are married!" she repeated softly. "I love hearing you say that. Say it again!"

He kissed her gently. "Come along now!" he said. "We'll just have time for the Lovers' Pool before dinner. We'll leave the stables till tomorrow."

She went with him light-footed, and they crossed a corner of the gardens and passed through a rosary massed with flowers to a small gate that led out into the greenness of the park.

When they had crossed a little rustic bridge and mounted a slight rise that brought them to a curious little stone building that looked like a temple, Charmaine gasped in sheer astonishment and delight. For there below her lay a wide pool of deep clear water, its surface of glistening silver faintly tinged with rose.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed.

"We'll swim here together," he said, "shall we?" Then, as she hesitated, "Well, when we're married, then! Say you will when we're married!"

"Perhaps," said Charmaine again, the soft flush rising in her cheeks.

He slipped his hand through her arm. "Little girl, you aren't afraid of being married?" he asked coaxingly.

She turned her eyes upon him with an obvious effort. "I am—a little afraid, sometimes," she confessed.

"Ah, don't be!" he said. "Be happy with me, darling! I'll never do anything to make you unhappy."

And as her lips returned his kiss, it came to him that he had really begun to win her at last.

[*Continued on page 107*]

The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

TRY THESE SUN-MAID RAISIN MUFFINS

(From The New Sun-Maid Recipe Book)

1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg
4 tablespoons shortening
1 cup buttermilk or sour milk
1 cup Graham flour
¾ cup white flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup Sun-Maid Nectars Seedless Raisins

Plunge Sun-Maid Nectars in hot water and drain. Cream sugar with shortening, add beaten egg, buttermilk and mix well. Combine with Graham flour, then with white flour sifted with baking powder, soda and salt. Beat thoroughly, add raisins and beat again. Drop into greased muffin pans and bake 15 to 25 minutes in hot oven (400 degrees F). Sufficient for 12 medium sized muffins.

Muffins, to be as good as these need Raisins *as good as these*....

MODERN COOKS and modern mothers know that the raisins which add so much to muffins, cookies, desserts, etc. cannot be "just raisins".

For their use is two-fold: *both as a tempting ingredient and an energy-giving food.* That is why the finer quality and flavor of Sun-Maid raisins are doubly important in good cookery.

There are two favorite kinds of Sun-Maid raisins. Both have their uses in a long list of delightful recipes.

And both are prepared by exclusive, secret processes that set them apart from ordinary raisins.

Sun-Maid Nectars are tender, juicy, seedless raisins. You will note at once their superior plumpness and flavor. They are ideal for cookies, muffins, puddings, desserts,—and especially for healthful between-meal treats for children.

Sun-Maid Puffed are large, full meated, seeded Muscats. And not sticky! For the secret Sun-Maid seeding process keeps the juice inside, retaining all the rich flavor of the Muscat grape. Packed loosely in the carton, they are ready for immediate use as soon as the package is opened. Ideal for cakes, nut bread, raisin bread, plum pudding and other delicacies.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality. They are processed and packed in the finest dried fruit packing plants in the world, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

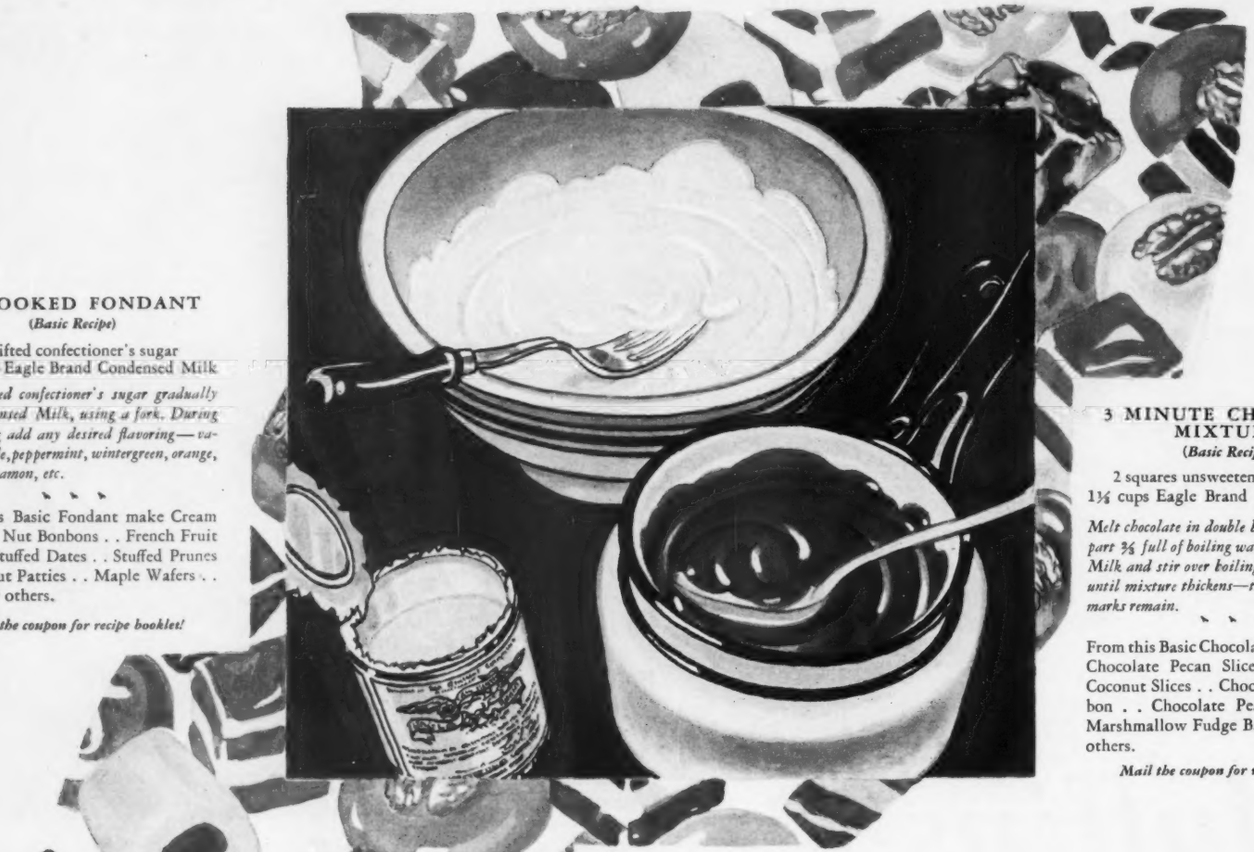
In ordering from your grocer, bear in mind that Nectars and Puffed are made only by Sun-Maid, Nectars in the familiar red cartons, Puffed in the blue.

Send for a new book of delightful recipes, entitled "New Interest in Simple Menus". It is free, and you will find it full of fascinating suggestions. Mail a note or card to: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.

The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

THEY'RE *quick*··THEY'RE *easy*··THEY *never fail*



UNCOOKED FONDANT
(*Basic Recipe*)

1¼ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
¼ cup Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

Blend sifted confectioner's sugar gradually into Condensed Milk, using a fork. During the mixing add any desired flavoring—vanilla, maple, peppermint, wintergreen, orange, coffee, cinnamon, etc.

From this Basic Fondant make Cream Mints . . Nut Bonbons . . French Fruit Slices . . Stuffed Dates . . Stuffed Prunes . . Coconut Patties . . Maple Wafers . . and many others.

Mail the coupon for recipe booklet!

3 MINUTE CHOCOLATE MIXTURE
(*Basic Recipe*)

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups Eagle Brand Condensed Milk

Melt chocolate in double boiler, having lower part ⅔ full of boiling water. Add Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water 3 minutes until mixture thickens—that is, until spoon marks remain.

From this Basic Chocolate Mixture make Chocolate Pecan Slices . . Chocolate Coconut Slices . . Chocolate Fruit Bonbon . . Chocolate Peanut Kisses . . Marshmallow Fudge Balls . . and many others.

Mail the coupon for recipe booklet!

Here's magic for home candy-makers!

You candy-makers who have stirred and stirred and *stirred* a chocolate mixture—anxious lest it turn out grainy, or too soft, or too hard . . . .

You candy-makers who have cooked and recooked a stubborn fondant—until your nerves were in tatters and your desire for candy *gone* . . . .

Try these failure-proof, absurdly easy recipes — made possible by Eagle Brand Condensed Milk! Send for "New Magic in the Kitchen"—the booklet which contains recipes for delicious candies — for quick puddings and sauces and icebox cakes — for uncooked frostings and fillings — for 5-minute mayonnaise that can't go wrong — for rich but inexpensive frozen dishes — for wonderful hot breads! Mail the coupon today.

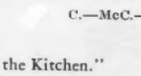
Cooking help and health help in this magic can

Eagle Brand makes remarkable new cooking methods possible because it is *two ingredients in one.* Not plain canned milk, but a creamy, velvet-smooth, double-rich blend of fresh full-cream country milk and finest sugar.

Remember, too, that the food value of Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is very great. It is rich in butter fats, in vitamins, in energy-producing carbohydrates. And it is easier to digest than any other form of milk or cream.

It's great in coffee, too!

Eagle Brand creams and sweetens your coffee deliciously—richly — at *half* the cost of separate cream and sugar. Try it a week. Coffee creamed in this way has a mellow distinctive flavor for which most people develop a decided preference.



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THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 104*]

It was in a somewhat wistful frame of mind that Charmaine watched Basil and his aunt depart across the park by the footpath that led to Bentbridge. She would greatly have preferred to accompany them, for the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* of some duration with Lord Conister was one that filled her with awe in spite of his kindness on the previous day; and when after a brief interval she saw him wheeled through the library doors to his favorite corner of the terrace she would have given much to have run away.

He saw her, however, and motioned her to him, making his servant place a chair for her close to his own.

THEN, when she was seated, he thanked her courteously for having remained behind. "I hoped that you would," he said, "for Basil tells me that the wedding day has been fixed for the near future and I want to see a little more of you before that arrives."

She admitted the fact with some embarrassment. "It was he who fixed it, not me," she said.

"So long as you are happy in the matter, I am more than satisfied," he said. "I don't want you to be hurried unduly, that's all."

"Oh, I know," said Charmaine. "I know. And that is so kind of you. But I'm quite ready to be married, only I'm so dreadfully afraid of being a failure."

"I don't think you need be afraid," he said kindly. "It is true that in marrying Basil you are entering upon a very high estate, for there has never yet been any blot upon the name of Conister, and it will become your responsibility as well as his to keep it untarnished. I want you to realize, Charmaine, that our family honor is a very precious thing—far more precious than rank or power or lands—and it has been handed down and jealously guarded from generation to generation."

He uttered a deep sigh. "There are a great many responsibilities attached to a great name," he said. "The question of heredity for instance is one which needs to be very carefully considered. It is one of far more importance in my opinion than that of mere personal inclination. I sacrificed my own to it long ago."

"Oh, did you?" said Charmaine with quick sympathy.

"Yes." He spoke with his eyes fixed straight before him. "But for that, I should have married the girl I loved and there would have been a direct heir to succeed me."

He paused; it seemed as if he had momentarily forgotten her and were recalling pictures from the past as he was wont to recall them in his frequent hours of solitude. "She was a wonderful girl. She would have carried all before her. And I had won her when it happened.

"Ah well—" the deep sigh caught him again—"it was better to let her go. It would never have done—the daughter of a felon—a criminal suicide—" He paused again, his gray face contracted as if by pain.

"It was hard on her, poor girl!" he went on in a dull, monotonous tone. "She was full of pride and very honorable herself, and she felt it bitterly—bitterly. I sometimes wonder if I should have done better to have stood by her, married her. But there would always have been the danger, the possible taint in the blood. And after all the man who married her had loved her longer than I. She is probably happier with him. It is I now, not she, who is left alone."

"Not quite alone!" breathed Charmaine, nervously watching the drawn and pallid features.

He turned his head toward her with an effort and faintly smiled. "My child, I had forgotten you. You must forgive me. My mind is inclined to wander backward sometimes over the past and I am apt to forget the present. It is just weariness—decay. The sands are running out fast." He checked himself abruptly and resumed in a different tone: "Have you seen everything now? Or are there any questions you would like to ask me about the place? I can't show you things, but I can tell you practically everything."

"I don't think so," said Charmaine, wondering if she ought to remain. "Oh yes, there is Starfields! Basil said you would tell me about it. It looks like such a lovely place in the distance. I can see it from my window. I suppose it is the nearest house to Culverley."

"Starfields!" He frowned slightly. "Strange that you should ask me that! That is where she used to live." Again he checked himself. "But that all happened years ago. It has changed hands several times since. The people who have it now are Irish. But I don't know them. I am afraid I am past calling upon anyone now. I must get Basil to do so."

"Am I tiring you?" asked Charmaine shyly. "Would you like me to go?"

"No, no!" he said. "Stay and talk to me, child! I am most thankful that Basil has given his heart to a girl who is able to regard the high position which she will one day fill as a very great responsibility."

"Oh, I do! I do indeed!" said Charmaine earnestly. "I would do anything, anything, to fit myself for it."

"Would you?" he asked and again she saw a gleam of compassion in the tired eyes that watched her. "Then I think you will succeed. You are very young now and you will still be very young when you become Lady Conister. But if you will remember always—if ever you should be tempted to do anything unworthy of the name—that through many centuries men have been willing to die rather than suffer it to be discredited, you will be ready to sacrifice yourself upon the altar of honor sooner than bring shame upon it, and you will teach your children the same."

IMPETUOUSLY Charmaine stretched out her hand to him. "Oh, I will!" she said with a fervor that brought the tears to her eyes. "I will indeed. And I promise you, I promise, that I will never do anything to bring shame upon it. I will guard it always, as you would yourself."

"Will you?" he asked. His long fingers closed with an extraordinary tenacity upon her own, so that she had a fleeting fancy as of being caught in a steel trap.

"Charmaine, child, will you think it very unusual of me if I ask you to say after that—'So help me God'? Then I shall always know that you will keep your word."

"I will—of course I will," she said, "if you wish it."

"Say it then!" he said, his hand still imprisoning hers. "Say it!"

Simply and with reverence she did so, finding the words without effort, almost as though he prompted them. "I will always guard and defend the family honor of Conister to the utmost of my power—so help me, God!"

[*Continued on page 108*]

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But what they don't know is how really good and wholesome it is for them. For peanut butter—this Beech-Nut kind—is something more than flavor. It is real nutriment. The proteins in it repair tissue and restore the energy lost in play. An ideal food for children because it's so easily digested in this "butter" form.

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Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 107*]

And as she bowed her head upon that solemn vow, she heard him say, "God bless you!"

At Lord Conister's suggestion later in the day Charmaine walked beside his chair when Basil wheeled him across the park to the scene of the new railway operations. This was nearly a mile from the house, and the path by which they approached it was a somewhat rough one through the woods. It entered the park by means of a deep cutting which was in process of being blasted, and out of this a tunnel had been begun which was designed to lead it out again without any serious disturbance of the sylvan beauties.

"It isn't going to be nearly as bad as I thought it would be," Basil said, as he stood surveying the scene with its heaps of stones and earth below him. "When all this mess is cleared away and the whole thing is in working order, I don't see that we shall be much the worse. Don't you agree, Charmaine?"

She was standing on the verge of the excavation, looking down. At Basil's sudden question she started a little and drew sharply back.

"You run away, my dear!" said Lord Conister kindly. "We shan't be very long. But you won't enjoy this. It's ugly, isn't it? I'm sure you think so. You take a little turn through the park and go back to Aunt Edith!"

"Yes, you go, dear!" said Basil. "You're looking tired. See, I'll walk with you to the end of the wood and put you on your way."

IT WAS a pleasant path that she followed across the green sward of the park, and the warmth of the evening sunshine that flooded the world drove the chill from her heart. She wondered if Basil had begun to think her very foolish yet, but decided that he loved her enough to overlook it even if he had. His love was like the sunshine; it warmed her t h r o u g h and through. The glow of it seemed to surround her as she went lightly on her way. Culverley itself—her home so soon to be—seemed to irradiate it. It was a crystal hour of sparkling and almost intoxicating happiness.

Gradually as she went, the thought of Basil receded from her mind; and though the spell of Culverley lingered she was no longer aware of its gloom. Its romance alone called to her—Camelot with its rivers and its towers, its knights and ladies, its lists and tourneys.

She reached the drive and crossed it, tripping with careless feet. She was drawing near the Lovers' Pool. Why had they called it that? Did all the lovers of Culverley meet there? Or was it a single pair who had become historic? She must ask Aunt Edith about it. But the spot was lovely enough by itself. One did not need to be romantic to enjoy its great natural beauty.

She entered the shade of the tall beech trees, but she felt no chill here. The shimmering sunlight went with her. It lay in bright patches all around. When she reached the top of the rise and looked down upon that enchanted pool, she thought she would see the fairies dancing.

What was that? A clear, flute-like whistle echoing through the wood! The silvery note thrilled her. Was it—was it Pan, hiding behind one of those smooth gray trunks?

Afterward, long afterward, she told herself that it was no mere chance that drew her to that fairy-haunted place, no fragrance of spring that filled her veins with the wild joy of life. It was by something more potent, more irresistible still—Fate, or that greater thing called Love which beckons and eludes.

Again she heard that clear whistle; and now she was running, fleetly, eagerly, seeming to skim the ground. The gray trunks slid past her. She neared the summit. What was it of which that whistle reminded her? She had heard it before somewhere far back in the early days of life. But where? And when?

It began to dawn upon her. Somewhere below Glasmore, somewhere near the Malahide Breakwater, she had heard a whistle—clear and flute-like, like this. Then as now it had called her. Then, as now, she had answered. The memory cut through her like a knife. She felt again the salt wind in her face, heard the rushing and breaking of great waters, knew by some shattering instinct that pierced to the very heart of her that here was the crisis for which unconsciously yet persistently she had waited all the intervening years.

She saw the little temple on its island, its curved steps leading down to the clear blue water. She saw the rustic arched bridge that led out of the green depths of the surrounding wood. And even as her eyes for one moment of eager search dwelt upon it, she saw three tiny fountains rise one after another a skimming stone deftly thrown from the other side.

Without an instant's pause, Charmaine ran down the slope to the water's edge, still with that strange, winged feeling that comes in dreams. The whistle had ceased, but it suddenly began again with renewed vigor as she drew near; and then, swiftly, with a faun-like agility, a figure in white made a flying leap onto the bridge from a clump of fern.

Charmaine uttered a cry—a gasping incoherent sound that seemed to come from her soul—and in a flash the white figure wheeled and faced her.

She went up to him on the bridge with arms outstretched like a child.

"Rory!" she cried to him. "Rory! Oh, Rory!"

HER cry was no more than a whisper as though it had been uttered in a dream, for every faculty was concentrated upon reaching him. And when she did so, touched him, saw his dear brown face with the Irish eyes she loved gazing down into hers in a wide amazement, felt his arms close upon her with a vital strength, and heard his voice, curiously hushed, say, "My God! It's Charmaine!"—she knew that her dream had come true at last and nothing else mattered in all the world.

She lifted her face to his as simply and naturally as she had lifted it five years before, and their lips met in a long, long kiss of greeting.

[*Continued in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

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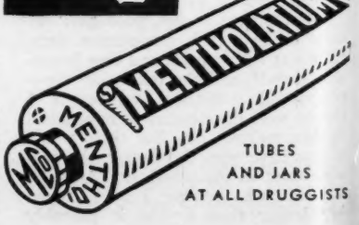
APPLY Mentholatum with finger to inflamed surface inside of nose. Also leave liberal coating on upper lip under nose.



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STRANGE BOY

[*Continued from page 25*]

"I sreeping too many," he explained helpfully.

"A great many too many. Been playing poker again?"

"Yez, sir, leetle bits."

"Lost, I suppose."

Fuji became absorbed in the view from the window.

"Nothing many," he murmured finally.

"How much?"

"Jus' eighty-nine."

"Eighty-nine dollars?"

"Yez, that's all."

"Gambling away nearly a whole month's wages on one poker game," growled Joe finally, and banged down his glass.

"I rike gomble," said Fuji gently then. "All Joponese rike gomble." Poor, red-faced Meester Eenslee! Fuji felt sorry for him. He didn't know about gambling. He was just ignorant and inexperienced.

THE next morning, Fuji rose early and bright-eyed. It was a big day. He had a surprise.

"You not coming to kitchen today?" he asked Mrs. Inslee.

"Why not?"

"I wanting you stay away, pleaze."

"Well, I will. But why?"

"I make leetle surprise."

"Oh, all right." ("The little devil," she thought. "Just as I am about to fire him—he would!")

Fuji labored all day over his table and his stove. He even forwent his rest period that afternoon. So much to do. Such a big surprise.

Dinner time came. Soup, roast, salad. Then, his white coat-tails twitching, he opened the refrigerator, took therefrom a cake. It was the mightiest, proudest cake he had ever made in his life—three-tiered, iced a vivid pink, surrounded by red candy flowers, stuck over with dozens of tiny, rainbow candles. It had taken five hours to make the cake, but it was worth it; it was for Meester Eenslee's birthday and it was a surprise.

He lighted the candles, bore the blazing, bright confection into the dining-room. He wanted not to grin, but his face wouldn't obey him. Such a cake. He set it down in front of Mr. Inslee.

"Well!" cried Mr. Inslee.

Ah, he was surprised. Fuji's heart leaped as he waited. In a moment Meester Eenslee would see, too—

Joe did see. Leaning over, he read the words scrolled in careful white icing on the pink surface of the cake.

He hesitated, Fuji noted. Overcome, no doubt. Then he exclaimed, "Why, how jolly, Fuji! See, Marty, what he has written!"

Slowly, he turned the lighted cake around. Fuji, watching, thought he would swoon. Martha, craning, read aloud: "Happy Birth Mr. Inslee."

"I learning from my frien' making new teengs. Nothing trouble." He waved a careless hand. "Easy making when knowing how."

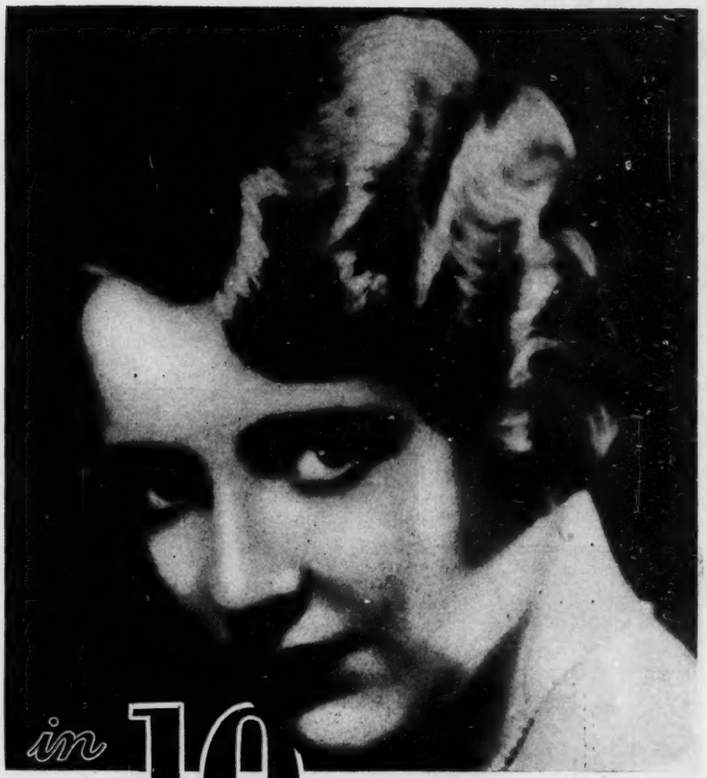
They partook of the cake, exclaiming, praising. Fuji's heart, under his little stiff white coat, bumped and sang until it fairly pained him.

Finally, they left the table. He followed them to the library with coffee, then plodded back to the kitchen to a havoc of dirty dishes. As he scraped and washed, he sang, a high, crooning version of "Sonny Boy."

"Joe!" cried Martha when he was out of hearing.

Joe bellowed forth a laugh he had been strangling for half an hour. Martha gurgled and finally gave way.

[*Continued on page 110*]



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Quickly, Easily—At a few cents cost—You can have a . . . Real Beauty Shampoo . . . That will give Your Hair a Rich, Sparkling Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

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This clear and entirely greaseless product not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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STRANGE BOY

[*Continued from page 109*]

They laughed on unrestrainedly until finally Joe, gasping, asked, "But what ever made him think—"

"He always gets August and October mixed up, and we were away this last August—"

She was near to crying amid her laughing, but Joe laughed about that cake for the rest of his life.

For this was not his birthday at all.

"We don't fire him now, I take it," said Joe.

"Of course not," snapped Martha.

"How many times have you been just on the point of firing him when he did something like this?"

"About a hundred."

"It's a gift. Being able always to save your own neck just in time."

FUJI'S friend, Totaro Kanayaka, the boarding-house keeper, was in trouble. His wife was ill, was going to die.

Fuji went to see them, bearing a dozen fresh eggs.

He saw Kanayaka's wife, thin and pinched in her bed upstairs. He sat downstairs with Kanayaka and Kanayaka told him about the illness. Fuji listened carefully staring and frightened. He was cold with fear when he got back home.

Martha noticed his pining airs.

"What's the matter, Fuji?"

"I teenk I got ulcer. My frien's wife he got ulcer. He die."

Martha watched him warily as he went around holding his stomach, sighing, looking lugubriously down his squat little nose. He looked so pathetic and was so silly. She said lightly, "I want to have a few people in for luncheon tomorrow, Fuji."

He shook his head.

"I ver-ry sorry. I going to doctor today. Tomorrow I worse, I teenk."

Four days he lay in his tumbled bed thinking these thoughts. Then, one evening, when the Inslees were out to dinner, he thought of the poker game. He began to warm all over. Perhaps he could cheat death and have one more game. He wondered if his wasted legs would support him. He put one foot on the floor, then the other, found to his surprise that he could walk, after all. He put on his clothes, his hat, went forth.

At Totaro Kanayaka's he had a heartening bowl of shrimps and rice and joined in at the poker table. In deep and contented absorption, he played, smoked, lost and continued to lose until two o'clock.

He walked home briskly from the subway, thinking with pleasure of his happy evening.

He put his key in the door, entered the kitchen. Two figures pounced on him. He had never been more startled in his whole life. They seemed to be angry about something!

"Where have you been?" demanded Joe savagely.

"I been going out leetle while."

"Have you been playing poker?"

"Leetle bits."

"I thought you were sick."

He looked blank, then smiled. "I well, now, tonk you."

"Go to bed. I'll see you in the morning."

"Of course," said Martha in the bedroom, "we haven't any right whatever to forbid his playing poker. It's his business. But after all, when I've been slaving here for nearly a week now and we come flying home from dinner to see that he's all right, and he's out playing poker, well, really—"

"Exactly," said Joe. "He goes tomorrow."

But he didn't. Once more he saved his little yellow neck.

For tomorrow found Mrs. Inslee with a cold and a temperature of 101 and brought Joe a telegram that his presence was urgently needed in Chicago the next day.

Joe stood in his bathrobe frowning at the telegram. "Well, I'm simply not going," he said.

"Oh, Joe, you must. This is only a cold." Martha blew loudly into a handkerchief and smiled cheerfully and blearily at him. "Go on, dear, pack your bag."

He looked at her speculatively. Martha always had such awful colds, blowing, wheezing, aching, for days. But she came out of them more or less unscathed. Perhaps it would be all right to leave her, if he got Dr. Muns down first and a nurse in. And the job in Chicago meant a whacking fee and Chicago was only a step these days.

"Meesis Eenlee seeck?" The soft voice came through the door.

Joe turned, growled, "Yes, she is sick. She got tired—"

"Joe!"

"I come in?"

"No!" shouted Joe.

"She wanting orange juice?"

"Yes, please, Fuji," called Martha.

JOE had his breakfast, Fuji's spicy, clear brown coffee, Fuji's dainty curls of bacon, Fuji's impeccable crusty muffins. At breakfast, Fuji usually conversed steadily, but this morning, he poked around the table, to the kitchen and back, his face sagging with woe, his eyes far-looking and sad. Joe read his paper and paid him no heed.

Finally Fuji spoke softly.

"You teenk she got ulcer?"

"No!"

"What kind of seeck is she?"

"She's got a cold."

"She going die?"

Joe looked up, said more kindly, "No, Fuji, she isn't going to die."

"If she die, what we do?"

"She *won't* die. She's not terribly ill. She just has a frightful cold."

"I 'fraid she die. Womans die easy. If she die—"

Joe watched his pathetic little back as he plodded to the kitchen.

"Crazy little beggar," he thought. "Well, I'll have to keep him till Martha gets better, anyway."

Dr. Muns came, thought it perfectly safe for Joe to go on to Chicago.

"Now Fuji," said Joe, "I'm going to Chicago today, and Dr. Muns is going to send down a nurse to take care of Mrs. Inslee. You be nice to the nurse and be a good boy, so everything will go smoothly and Mrs. Inslee can get well quick, will you?"

"Yez, sir. I do everyteengs."

"I'll be back in three days. If you want any other help, call Mrs. Breed, you know her. But the nurse will look after Mrs. Inslee."

[*Continued on page 113*]

Who could resist DAINTY SALADS like these?

FULL of freshness, full of variety, full of delicacy—and all because of asparagus.

So easy to prepare, too. In fact, California Canned Asparagus doesn't need to be *prepared* at all. You simply *serve* it—on a crisp lettuce leaf, with your favorite dressing—garnished, if you like, with ripe tomatoes or olives.

Is there an appetite, inside or outside the family circle, that can resist such a cool, refreshing delicacy? Try it today or tomorrow.

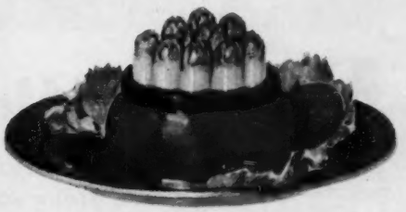
Then the next day, you can have asparagus in *another* combination. There's no end to the number of ways you can serve it.

For a party, you can mold asparagus in tomato or lemon jelly. It will win you still more applause as a hostess.

And another novelty is the stuffed tomato shown here. Just scoop out the center. Then cut thin rings, the same size as the top of the tomato, from green pepper, beet, onion and pimiento. Place these rings on top of the tomato and fill with asparagus tips. Appetizing, colorful, yet surprisingly easy to prepare.

No matter how simply or how elaborately you serve asparagus, you know you can put into any meal an out-of-the-ordinary relish.

Expensive?—No! There's no waste, no trimming, and canned asparagus is very moderately priced.



Then why not order a few cans today, and have them at hand ready to use? You'll appreciate the convenience of California Canned Asparagus, and you'll want its healthful freshness and variety in your meals every day. Besides, you can eat as much asparagus as you like, as often as you like, even if you are on a weight-reducing diet.

The dishes shown here are the merest suggestion of the possibilities that asparagus offers. Let us send you our free recipe book describing dozens of other appetizers, soups, salads, and entrees. Mail the coupon today.

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

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Address_____

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For finer flavor use a richer flour

Everything you bake tastes better when you use flour made from the right kind of wheat!

Haven't you noticed sometimes that one baked food tastes just a little better than another — although there's no particular difference in their appearance?

Baking experts in the Pillsbury testing rooms have discovered one important reason for this improved flavor. They have found that certain kinds of wheat make a richer flour—and they have found that the foods you bake from this richer flour have a better flavor.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is made only from this carefully selected, plump, full-flavored wheat. It is more than a uniform, perfectly milled, all-purpose flour—it is a rich flour. It gives you double value—dependability, *plus fine flavor*.

Pillsbury's Best is tested by daily baking, by every scientific method known, to make sure that every sack is just like every other sack. It is tested to work perfectly with every recipe you use, for bread, biscuits or pastry. And more than that, Pillsbury's Best Flour is milled for better flavor. Made only from those carefully selected types of wheat that make a richer flour.

Isn't it worthwhile to have this double quality? When you start to bake, isn't it comforting to know that your flour is absolutely dependable — and more than that, to realize that anything you bake, bread, biscuits or pastry, will have a delicate, unmistakably richer flavor — the mark of finest baking? It's a wonderful feeling. And it's so easy to have it. Simply follow a good rule — when you order a sack of flour, ask for Pillsbury's Best. All good grocers have it. Ask for it by name — for certain success and better flavor in all your baking!

STEAMED CHERRY PUDDING

½ cup shortening	3 cups Pillsbury's Best Flour
1 cup sugar	½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk	1 cup stoned cherries
½ teaspoon lemon extract	3 teaspoons baking powder
4 egg whites	

Cream the shortening; and beat in the sugar. Mix and sift the baking powder, salt and flour and add the cherries. Fold into the first mixture alternately with the milk; add the flavoring. Lastly fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff. Turn into a large oiled mould; cover; and steam for two hours. Serve with a sauce made of extra fruit, stewed and sweetened, and with hard sauce in addition.

Recipe furnished by Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen, President of the National Radio Home-Makers' Club. Hear Mrs. Allen every Wednesday morning over the Columbia chain; 10:00 a. m. Eastern Standard time.

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General Offices: Minneapolis, Minn.

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Pillsbury's Best Flour

milled for richer flavor in breads, biscuits, pastry

STRANGE BOY

[*Continued from page 110*]

Fuji went into Mrs. Inslee's bedroom.

"You feeling awful seeck?" he asked.

"I feel rotten, Fuji."

"I taking care of you."

"All right, that's a good boy. The nurse is coming this evening."

He straightened her bed deftly.

"You want hot water bog?"

"Oh, please. I'm so cold."

He brought the bottle, put it gently in at the foot of the bed, pulled down the shade, picked up Mr. Inslee's clothes, made his bed, went to Joe's drawer and brought forth a handful of large, soft handkerchiefs.

"You wanting blow nose?"

She seized them gratefully.

"Doctor say medicine?"

"Yes, some aspirin," she replied wearily. "Mr. Inslee put it out—oh, I don't know where it is. It doesn't matter." She was so tired. She ached so.

"I find."

He did. He put the little box on her bedside table, filled the carafe and a tumbler and tiptoed out.

At five o'clock the door-bell sounded. He squared his shoulders, opened the door to confront a large, gray-haired woman with a bag in her hand.

"Good evening. I'm the nurse for Mrs. Inslee. Dr. Muns sent me."

He did not move. "She no want."

"What?"

"She no want. She no rike narse."

"You must be mistaken. Dr. Muns sent me." The woman was trying to squeeze past the little black-coated figure at the door.

He braced himself against her, pushed her out, firmly and quietly closed the door. "Go 'way," he called. "Go 'way. We nothing want you here."

At six o'clock the doctor came again.

Martha smiled drowsily when she heard the story.

"It's all right, doctor. I do hate 'em. And I'll go to sleep now and be all right until tomorrow anyway."

"But Inslee told me—"

"Really, I'll be all right." She was so tired, she wished he wouldn't argue.

He finally yielded. "Well, if you're not noticeably better by tomorrow—"

"All right."

At one o'clock that next afternoon, Fuji found her delirious. She muttered strangely, said she was hot, hot, couldn't he bring in the ice-box?

IT WAS a strange and worried day for Fuji. He sat by her bed all afternoon, holding the ice-pack at her head, first with one numb and aching arm and then with the other, blinking anxiously at her flushed, quiet face. She seemed so ill. What should he do? Perhaps he ought to call Mrs. Breed. But he didn't want anybody else to take care of his mistress. Mrs. Breed might make mistakes. Still, perhaps he ought to. He shifted to the other arm.

Martha did not know when Leora Breed came in at ten o'clock, when Dr. Muns returned, when at last, she settled down into a stupor.

The fourth morning, she awoke to find Joe staring at her.

"Hello," she murmured feebly.

"Hello, old girl. Feeling better?"

"Worse. I feel dead and buried. What happened?"

"Nothing much. You had a lot of temperature." He felt her pulse. "Seems to be down now."

He started for the bathroom to get the thermometer. When he opened the door, Fuji looked up from his stool. His face was infinitely weary but his eyes were bright with alarm.

"She's better, Fuji. You go get some sleep now. I'll look after her."

He shook his head, climbed down from his perch.

"I making tea and toas' for her."

Later, Joe told her about Fuji.

"He nursed you like a professional that whole afternoon and evening and finally called Leora. He sat in front of your door every night all night long. He didn't take off his clothes for four days and nights."

They couldn't talk about it, couldn't even jest about this time that Fuji had saved his neck. But Joe did try to increase Fuji's wages. Fuji returned the extra ten dollars saying, "I not needing. Makes me more gomble, many money."

MARTHA was nearly well now. She had lain around on the chaise for two weeks, reading, nodding, taking Fuji's custards and eggnogs, and now they were going to Asheville for these last two weeks of October.

Fuji saw them off in the taxicab and went back upstairs, his head buzzing with schemes for the coming fortnight: fishing at Coney Island, movies and poker every night, long sleeps, late hours, and perhaps the pickling of a new batch of eels. Also, the Japanese fleet was in the Hudson now. He would look that over. Especially curious was he to see the kitchens of a great battleship.

It was a full and happy two weeks that he saw ahead of him.

Nothing happened to mar this idyllic program for ten blissful days.

Then he went to see the fleet in the Hudson and the great blow of his life fell.

He was ambling along the deck with a group of other sightseers when he heard his name called. He turned. His heart went suddenly cold.

It was Jutaro Uyematsu of Kanagi, his own village in north Japan, Uyematsu in a dazzling officer's uniform hurrying toward him with long, eager strides, the very sun of the Japanese flag in his broad, beaming smile.

Fuji stood stock still, his spine shivering.

Uyematsu greeted him profusely. Fuji responded with chattering teeth. Uyematsu wished to drink tea with his old boyhood friend and neighbor. Fuji followed the lieutenant dumbly into the little cabin below deck.

The lieutenant was voluble over the tea and rice. He exclaimed at the good fortune of meeting here by the veriest chance, his old friend. He had hoped, the lieutenant, for such an eventuality, but there was the question of Fujimoto's New York address. They had lost track of Fujimoto there in Kanagi. He had not written his sister for three years now. But what good fortune, repeated the lieutenant over and over, that he should literally collide here on his very own ship with the great Masao Fujimoto, the man he was so proud to claim for friend.

Fuji looked down his nose, hardly believing the disaster that had fallen upon him.

He had thought his secret so safe. When he had first come to America seven years before and written back to his sister and a friend or two those heated and imaginative accounts of his success in New York as a business man, as a maker of money, as a power in the business world, he had thought it all such a safe and easy business. It had never occurred to him that some day some devil like this Jutaro Uyematsu would come to track him down, to find him out, to lay him bare—he the great Masao Fujimoto, a mere cook in a woman's kitchen!

[*Continued on page 114*]

Modern economy! Three-purpose dishes for keeping foods fresh in refrigerator, for baking and serving. Ideal for baking cakes and puddings as well as casserole dishes.

New!

PYREX three-purpose refrigerator dishes

for refrigerator · baking · serving

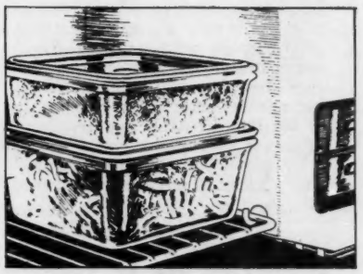
One dish that does the work of three!

Cleverly designed for storing foods in the ice box, for baking, and serving—the new Pyrex refrigerator dishes save time, work, and money. Never before has a single dish given such versatile service.

You can prepare your foods in the morning and keep them fresh in the refrigerator in these tightly covered dishes until you are ready to cook them. Then bake them and serve them—all in the same dish. This saves time and work.

Left-overs, too, can be kept fresh in the refrigerator, reheated, and served in the one dish. This sparkling glassware keeps things hot and looks so attractive.

Guarantee: Every Pyrex refrigerator dish is guaranteed for two years from date of purchase against breakage from refrigerator cold or oven heat.



IN THE REFRIGERATOR: Space Saving: Designed to stack so that they double up on space—Pyrex refrigerator dishes make your ice box twice as roomy.

Tightly Covered: Every dish has a countersunk cover that won't slide off. These tightly fitting covers prevent interchange of odors; keep salad greens and raw vegetables fresh and crisp; retain the natural moisture and freshness otherwise drawn out by refrigeration.

Transparent: You can see what each glass dish contains without unstacking or removing covers.

Sold separately or in Sets

Deep Square	$1.00
Shallow Square	.85
Deep Oblong	1.40
Shallow Oblong	1.15
Entire Set	$4.40

BAKING: Just the thing for cooking and serving casserole dishes and left-overs—these handy dishes are equally perfect for baking cakes, puddings, and desserts.

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A Bell System Advertisement

HOLIDAYS over . . . children on their way back to school . . . friends scattered . . . grown sons and daughters off for the city again. . . .

But there is one sure way of bringing them "back home" all through the year. *By telephone!*

Talking to them is next best to seeing them. And out of town calls are so easy to make these days, so clear and inexpensive. Nineteen million telephones in this country alone are linked to your own in one great System—and you can call any of them, anywhere, almost instantly. The average time required for putting through *all* of these millions of calls each year is just 1 minute and 25 seconds!

Telephones should be one of the great conveniences in your home. With them you can make nearly all of your social engagements. You can "voice visit" with friends, no matter where they are. You can keep family ties alive. You can widen your circle of activity and companionship.

"Telephone hour" is one way many households keep in touch with friends who live in other cities, and members of the family who are away. Regularly—in many cases on Sunday morning—they place calls to them. It takes but a few minutes and is thoroughly reasonable in cost; yet it pays large returns in appreciation and affection. Why not have a "telephone hour" this week and every week thereafter?

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Extra special box of five 25c bottles of five different perfumes $1.00

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Baby Parlor Grands

STRANGE BOY

[*Continued from page 113*]

"I do not want them laughing at me in Kanagi," he thought, his heart catching.

Then he had the great inspiration.

For a moment, it frightened even him, this bold, blinding idea. He hesitated, for an instant. Then hardly knowing what he said, he spoke: "It is so. I have been fortunate. I am rich and powerful."

"Ah!" cried the lieutenant.

Fuji continued gently, "It is not every man who has such good fortune as I have had. I am no more endowed than other men, but I have achieved. My ten restaurants feed many thousands a day. The dollars pour in on me in a never-ending stream. Naturally, I am a man weighed down by cares. You will tell my sister for me, Jutaro Uyematsu, that a business man in America has scant time for letter-writing. Helpers I have many, but days have but twenty-four hours. In money I am rich, but in time, poor."

"Naturally!" exclaimed the lieutenant enchanted.

Fuji rose.

"And now—" He caught his breath—should he, shouldn't he?—and plunged on. "And now, Jutaro Uyematsu, will you do the honor to visit me in my home? I live in simple and modest elegance, as befits a rich man of taste. I invite you to dine at my home, bringing with you four other brother-officers."

The lieutenant accepted eagerly. The day and hour were set. Fujimoto, the powerful magnate, took his leave of Jutaro Uyematsu.

As he walked home, he whistled softly between his teeth.

He no longer felt bold and breathless. He felt that it was only right and proper for him to entertain Japanese navy officers in Mrs. Inslee's drawing-room. Jutaro Uyematsu would go back to Kanagi and tell them and they would say: "Did you hear? It is as we thought. Masao Fujimoto of the family of the wistaria flower makes a big success." His cheeks burned to think of it. His heart beat gay and strong.

THREE nights later, Fuji in full evening dress awaited his guests.

The house was immaculate. Never had Martha Inslee's house shone as it did tonight. He had worked himself to the bone sweeping, polishing, rubbing, until every table and chair glowed, every mirror gleamed. Delicate white roses drooped from silver urns. A rosy wood fire burned under the high marble mantelpiece. In the kitchen was a Japanese boy, procured from the agency for five dollars.

The officers came, four of them besides Uyematsu—lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. Greetings, courtesy, hostship on the part of a beaming Fujimoto. Decorum, correctness, politeness from the five officers.

It was eight o'clock, the fashionable hour for dinner. They sat down at Mrs. Inslee's refectory table, spread with her lace and silver and old glass, lighted by her candles. They were served by the Japanese boy the food that Fuji had cooked himself with his own consummate cunning. Clumsy, the boy, though, he noted with annoyance.

It was all pleasant and agreeable and suave. They discoursed gravely, the officers, asked him questions about his life, his business. He drew from the unfailing spring of his imagination and they were interested and admiring. Poker was not mentioned, or Coney Island, or moving pictures, or cookery.

Yes, he liked America. Perhaps it was no better for the poor man than

[*Continued on page 116*]

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Constipation

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Actually a marvelous new method of relieving constipation! A method that makes possible gentle, thorough cleansing with a small dose of one of the most remarkable laxatives ever discovered!

For *because you chew it* the tasteless new laxative it contains is carried into the intestinal tract *gradually*. No dangerous cramping, griping or drugging of the system. This laxative is not absorbed like ordinary laxatives—it passes unchanged from the body after its work is done. No weakening or habit-forming after-effects. Doctors everywhere approve the tested scientific principles on which this remarkable chewing laxative is designed.

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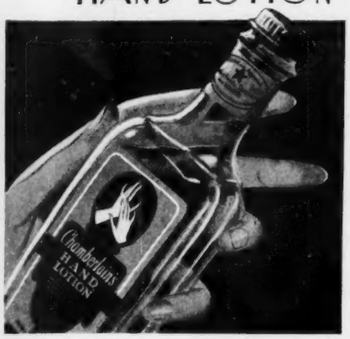

The next time you stop at your favorite toilet goods counter, ask to see a bottle of Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. When you take it from the carton, note that it's a clear, sparkling, amber liquid . . . not creamy or gummy. Chamberlain's is the modern lotion for modern women. When you use it, you'll find that this new lotion penetrates quickly, dries almost instantly, and is not the least bit sticky. And, you will not have to use it very long to learn that it's really marvelous for keeping the hands smooth, white and satiny-smooth. Chamberlain's protects the pores like "an invisible glove," safeguarding as well as revealing beauty. At toilet goods counters, in two sizes, fifty cents and a dollar. Or, send coupon for ten cent purse size FREE. Chamberlain Laboratories, 2019 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

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GOOD FLOORS FOR SERVICE AND BEAUTY

[*Continued from page 66*]

floor experts even recommend that the close-grained woods also—the maples, beech, birch and hard pine—are hardened and improved by this compound. The paste filler of the shade desired is thinned with gasoline or turpentine; applied lengthwise with a brush, then rubbed in across the grain. Then the floor is wiped clean and allowed to dry twelve hours or more.

The quickly applied shellac makes an easily cared for surface, though less durable than the heat and waterproof varnishes now on the market. Two coats of varnish are needed, the first thinned slightly with turpentine. The surface when hard may be rubbed to a dull finish with pummice and oil or polished with wax. The shellac floor too is improved by a top coat of wax. Sometimes varnish and shellac are combined in the same floor—first a coat of varnish for durability, then a coat of shellac for speed. Lastly a coat of wax for beauty.

Wax holds its place without a rival as a floor finish. With perfectly proportioned commercial waxes and the ingenious electric machines to carry the burden of polishing, the old-time drudgery is obliterated. The smaller appliances simply apply the wax and rub it in, others have cleaning and scrubbing equipment, with additional polishing attachments. Still more elaborate types propel themselves and have refinishing and sanding attachments. Vacuum cleaners may have floor polishing attachments. There are also the hand propelled waxers and soft washable lambs' wool brushes for applying wax.

The craftsman floor layer prefers to use no filler but the wax itself, but the usual method is to first protect the wood against grease and moisture by the under coat of varnish or shellac. On this two coats of wax are thoroughly rubbed in with the weighted brush. As oil and wax are decidedly antagonistic, an oiled floor mop should never be used on a waxed surface.

For hardwood floors in kitchen or bathroom, the oiled floor has the advantage of being washable and non-slippery. Old and badly discolored floors may be renewed by a varnish and stain combination, in which the pigment is retained on the surface instead of sinking into the wood, so the imperfections in the floor do not show through.

HOW TO TAKE CARE OF UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

[*Continued from page 35*]

lie on upholstered furniture. Cats will ruin the covering with their clawing.

When the webbing underneath a davenport or chair gets loose and starts to sag, call in your local dealer or upholstery repair man at once to see what the trouble is.

If you buy good furniture at the start you have a right to expect good appearance, style and several years of pleasurable comfort, providing you give the furniture the care it deserves.

Furniture on which slip covers are used needs especial care. At least two or three times a month the covers should be removed and the pieces given a good brushing and going over with the vacuum cleaner. Once moths get a start beneath a slip cover the chance for damage is great. This can only be prevented by removing the cover and cleaning the piece of furniture regularly.

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THE name of Elizabeth Arden is a symbol of loveliness to more than ten million women. But Elizabeth Arden is so much more than a name. She is a real woman, an exciting personality, whose enthusiasm for Beauty has placed the priceless gift of charm within reach of every woman.

Miss Arden understands the exquisite care of the skin, and knows that faces do not just stay in shape, but must be held in shape by good strong muscles and firm healthy tissues. This means regular care and exercise—to strengthen the muscles and quicken the circulation so that the blood comes dancing to the cheeks to invigorate the tissues and clear the skin.

Elizabeth Arden's Treatments and Preparations keep muscles vigorous, tissues toned up, and your skin smooth and tight so that your face simply does not get a chance to droop. Ask for Elizabeth Arden's book, "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," which will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the world.

VENETIAN SPECIAL ASTRINGENT
For flaccid cheeks and neck. Lifts and strengthens the tissues, tightens the skin. $2.25, $4.

VENETIAN MUSCLE OIL
A penetrating oil rich in the elements which restore sunken tissues or flabby muscles. $1, $2.50, $4.

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A delicate cream for sensitive skins. Recommended for a full face, as it smooths and softens the skin without fattening. $1, $2, $3, $6.

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Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities, leaves skin soft and receptive. $1, $2, $3, $6.

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Tones, firms, and whitens the skin. Use with and after Cleansing Cream. 85c, $2, $3.75, $9.

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A pure, vaguely scented powder made for those who demand the extreme of quality. In eight lovely shades. $3.

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© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

STRANGE BOY

[*Continued from page 114*]

any other country, as to that, he could not say, he had had no experience with poverty. But for the rich, it was a paradise. Riches and power were respected here and he himself enjoyed great prestige, an agreeable condition.

Marriage? No, not for him. He was absorbed in his career. Some day, perhaps, he would go back to Japan, select a suitable wife.

Too bad they were leaving tomorrow. He would have liked to have a banquet for them at the Nippon Club. Oh, they had been to the Nippon Club? Well, it was a good enough affair, the Nippon Club, for those who had nothing better to do than frequent clubs.

So easy, Fuji kept marveling, so easy to save your reputation. Just a little dinner, a few flowers, evening clothes, a boy in for five miserable dollars.

They rose from the table, cigarettes and Mr. Inslee's cherry brandy were passed around, and the talk went on, the earnest conversation of six dignified Japanese men of the world. So easy, so simple to have men think you were rich and great. So thrilling. Fuji, expanding, drank brandy, smoked endless cigarettes, and thought, "But I *am* a great man."

The room began to be small for him. He was a man of the whole world. He was a hero. He was a conqueror.

His chest curved out under his stiff white shirt. He made an imperious gesture to the boy, the clumsy boy, hangin about in the shadows.

"More wine! Attend the fire! Remove that footstool! Do you not see that it impedes the lieutenant's foot?"

He leaned back luxuriously.

So easy! So delicious, to be a great man.

At half-past ten his guests departed.

Five minutes later, Mr. and Mrs. Inslee came in the door.

VERY meticulously Fuji packed his belongings the next morning, his few clothes, his few toilet articles, his carving knives and cookbook, into two worn suitcases.

He was not sorry to go. They had made such a fuss, it had given him quite a headache. He would be glad to get out. He cringed a little as he remembered the scene of the night before. Ah, but what a fool he was. They had sent a telegram and if he had only read it, he could have staved off that scene. But he had not even looked at the name on the envelope, had thought that of course it was for Mr. Inslee and laid it on that gentleman's dresser.

Still, if he had read it, he could not have entertained the officers and Jutaro Uyematsu would have gone back to Kanagi—

No, it was better that he hadn't read it. Now he was all right. Jutaro Uyematsu would tell them of his fine home, his fine dinner, his servant, his wine and silver and furniture; could they now in Kanagi in their wildest moments ever dream that he cooked in a kitchen?

He wasn't sorry, then, to be leaving like this.

He put in his straw bedroom slippers, shut the suitcase.

Where would he be working next?

He stuck his head in the door of the library.

"Goo' bye, Messis Eenslee."

"Goodbye, Fuji," came a cold voice.

SIX months later, Martha got through the mail an enormous pasteboard box. The return address said: "M. Fujimoto, Silver Springs, Conn."

She fell upon it, cut the huge cords that Fuji's fingers had tied so cleverly.

A forest of pussywillows sprang from the box, wet and fresh, wrapped in moist newspapers.

When Joe got home that night, she was hanging over the pussywillows.

"Let's get him back," she said. "I know he'd come. These pussywillows."

"Sure you want him? These new girls are perfect."

"I know it. But they're too perfect. I don't have any fun any more. They're just dull and uninspired and perfect. And I missed him. I want him forever."

Joe chuckled.

"What about them?"

"Oh—" she thought rapidly. "Sue Martin'll take 'em. She's having the dickens of a time with servants."

"All right. Get him."

She got him.

She wrote to Silver Springs and he came in three days later, lugging his suitcases. It had taken three days because just after he had mailed the pussywillows, he had left his place in Silver Springs and the letter had to be forwarded.

"Not nice peoples rike you," he said to Martha now.

A strange happiness fell upon Martha that day. She knew she was an idiot, but she couldn't help it; life was somehow gayer and sweeter with that absurd little creature in the house.

He cooked them a masterpiece of a dinner that night, and they ate and chatted and laughed like school children, Martha and Joe. Over their coffee, they looked at each other sheepishly, knowing themselves for exactly what they were, two chicken-hearted, weak-minded fools.

"Oh, well—" said Joe.

A crash sounded from the kitchen. Martha looked at Joe.

A small, scared face appeared suddenly through the half-opened door.

"Meesis Eenslee, I was make leetle occident," droned a small voice.

They both burst out laughing.

Fuji looked at them surprised, then laughing, too, made his way happily back to the kitchen.

He picked up the coffee pot, squinted thoughtfully into its interior. Then he opened the oven door and with infinite care, set the coffee pot inside.

WHAT'S RIGHT WITH AMERICA?

For ten years we've listened to what's wrong with the younger generation, marriage, society, the church and the nation.

Now in the

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Sinclair Lewis **Will Durant**
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in an original series of interviews reveal what's right and what the future holds.

What do Americans believe?
What of the Youth of today?
What is America's greatest ideal?
Is Main Street still Main Street?

You will find startling answers to these arresting questions in the

November McCall's

When Elizabeth is not playing outdoors she is very apt to be housekeeping in this big doll's house, chief among her treasures

ELIZABETH STUYVESANT FISH

a member of WASHINGTON'S *"youngest set"*

Growing up well and strong with this little care all mothers can give

Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, Jr. of Ashmead Place, Washington

A stately line of ancestors is behind this little girl. Congressmen, senators, diplomats—lawyers, railroad magnates, bankers. Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish's father—Hamilton Fish, Jr.—is member of the House from New York—her mother, one of Washington's most gracious hostesses.

Elizabeth at seven is tall and fair. Her blue eyes sparkle with interest in everything about her. Her red cheeks show abounding good health.

Mrs. Fish has always been very particular about a definite schedule for her children. They have lots of outdoor exercise and their time for homework, naps, and indoor play is carefully systematized.

With the same thorough and personal supervision that she gives everything affecting the children's health and welfare, Mrs. Fish takes pains that their diet shall be laid out by leading child specialists. Believing in the need of *hot, cooked cereal* for every boy and girl, Mrs. Fish relied upon the doctors to choose the particular hot cereal Elizabeth and her sister and brothers should have.

The famous specialists whom the Fishes frequently consult advised Mrs. Fish to use the children's own *hot, cooked cereal*—Cream of Wheat.

"Elizabeth began eating Cream of Wheat when she was only six months old," says Mrs. Fish, "and she has had it at least once a day ever since. I'm sure it plays a valuable part in keeping her so well and happy."

A point where the most famous child specialists agree

All over the country other doctors are telling mothers this same thing—Cream of Wheat is ideal for growing boys and girls. In a recent investigation 221 members of leading medical societies in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were asked their opinion about what cereal children should eat. This distinguished body of men, many of them leaders in Pediatrics, went on record as approving Cream of Wheat.

Mothers all over the country are making this decision for themselves—whether or not they have access to famous doctors. It's almost tradition to give children Cream of Wheat—because it is so abundantly rich in the energy giving substances growing youngsters need. And because, with its simple, granular form, it is amazingly easy and quick to digest.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Elizabeth has always eaten Cream of Wheat for breakfast. Her mother feels, as countless other mothers do, that such a breakfast safeguards her children

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club: with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION
DEPT. G-34, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Child's name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here.....

CREAM OF WHEAT

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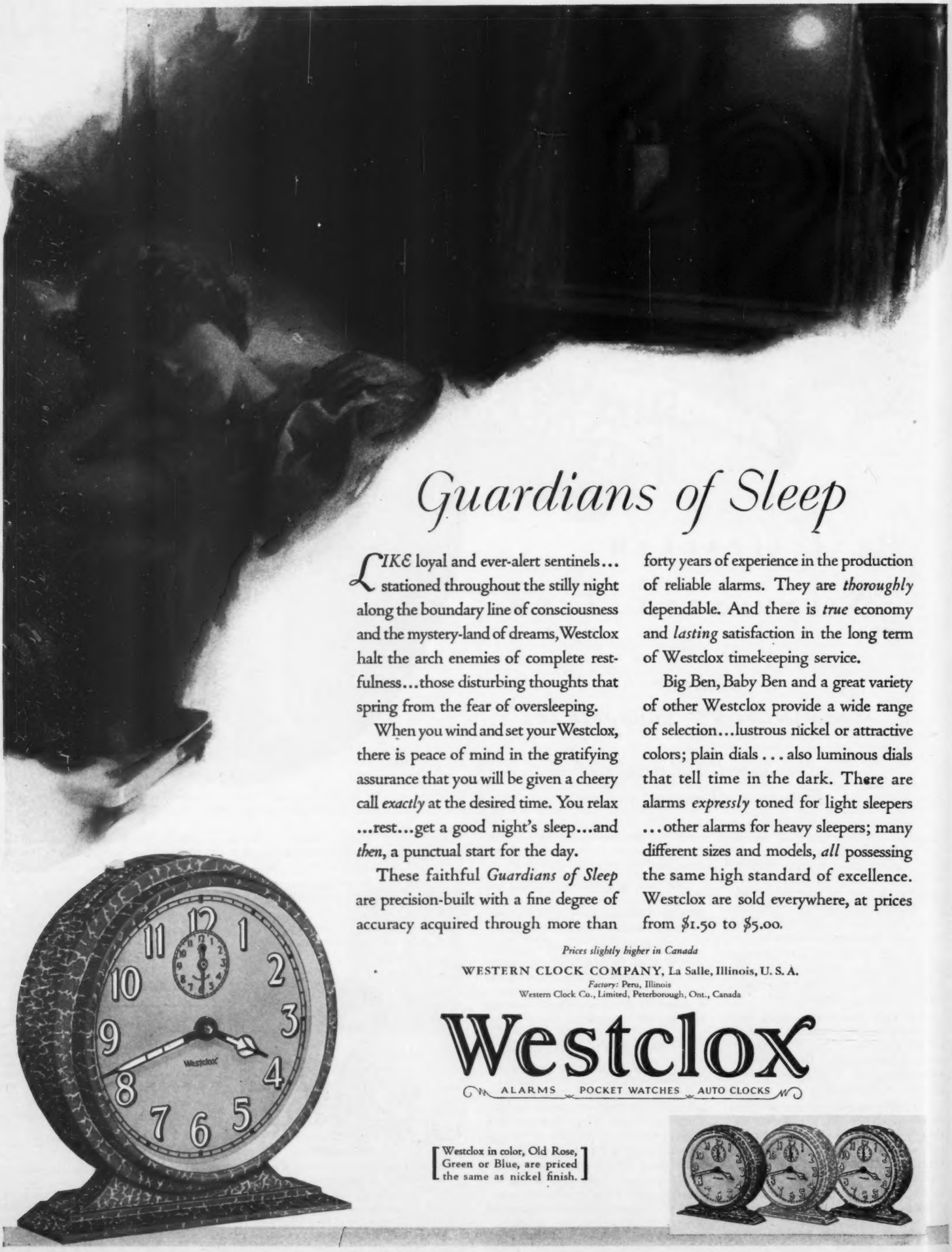

Guardians of Sleep

LIKE loyal and ever-alert sentinels... stationed throughout the stilly night along the boundary line of consciousness and the mystery-land of dreams, Westclox halt the arch enemies of complete restfulness...those disturbing thoughts that spring from the fear of oversleeping.

When you wind and set your Westclox, there is peace of mind in the gratifying assurance that you will be given a cheery call *exactly* at the desired time. You relax ...rest...get a good night's sleep...and *then*, a punctual start for the day.

These faithful *Guardians of Sleep* are precision-built with a fine degree of accuracy acquired through more than forty years of experience in the production of reliable alarms. They are *thoroughly* dependable. And there is *true* economy and *lasting* satisfaction in the long term of Westclox timekeeping service.

Big Ben, Baby Ben and a great variety of other Westclox provide a wide range of selection...lustrous nickel or attractive colors; plain dials . . . also luminous dials that tell time in the dark. There are alarms *expressly* toned for light sleepers ...other alarms for heavy sleepers; many different sizes and models, *all* possessing the same high standard of excellence. Westclox are sold everywhere, at prices from $1.50 to $5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, La Salle, Illinois, U. S. A.
Factory: Peru, Illinois
Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont., Canada

Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

[Westclox in color, Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced the same as nickel finish.]

GREEN TIMBER

[*Continued from page 27*]

Mrs. Grant hurried over from the store, beaming. "She's come for the summer," she panted. "We didn't know for sure. The young lady we liked so much."

Alan Campbell led Twisty Fogger's waif legacy past battered desks to the platform.

"So this is Bessie," said Gerda Larsen.

She nodded to him matter-of-factly, but her eyes stabbed Alan with a dozen anxious questions.

"You could have written," he began.

"That would have spoiled the surprise. Mrs. Grant has given me my old room. It is good to be back."

YOU'LL be unpacked by tomorrow. I dare you to test cabin fare."

"Let me ride over. Mrs. Grant says you keep a horse and my favorite chestnut is still for hire. I've yearned for country roads. Cantering over park bridle paths is only make-believe."

He left her in the buzzing room. Mrs. Grant waylaid him.

"I'd told her about your child," she volunteered. "She's a sensible girl, not picky and choosey like some others we've had. Was she nice to you?"

"Nice enough," he answered, dampening her enthusiasm.

That evening he saw his first whippoorwill.

"Hark, Bessie!" he whispered. "It's an omen."

"What a funny name for a bird, Uncle Alan."

Many minutes, and all of his eloquence, were needed to remedy this ornithologic error.

Lessons are crammed into one session, at Fairfield, with interlude for devouring satchel lunches. At two o'clock flivvers and spattered buggies convey youngsters to straggling homesteads. Campbell whisked Bessie to the cabin on the following afternoon, left her playing with a tailless, orange tawny coon cat she adored, and entered the lean-to stable, shared by red cow and part-Morgan quadruped. The cow was of the crumpled horn variety, totally unpedigreed, but gave a prodigious supply of milk; the rheumatic guide had not misrepresented that portion of their transaction. The Morgan half-breed had been used for sketchy ploughing, with unhappy results. He had never been ridden until his new owner flung a saddle across his back. Even now he was vicious and idiotically skittish, prone to shy at every dropping pinecone or scuttering chipmunk, but rhythmic solace when allowed to choose his gait; the type of wilful brute from which effective cavalry chargers are made. Wearing shabby olive drab and puttees, remnants of army days, and loping easily along, Campbell felt as if he were a rookie at Camp Zachary Taylor.

Gerda Larsen was berating her chestnut for cribbing at a hitching post when he reached the store. She was not as tall in her whipcords as when he had seen her upon Pudge Tricker's dais; the figure in tan, pull-over jumper seemed more slender, too. The girl could ride; he did not check his own fractious mount as it tugged for its head and got it. Neck and neck they raced for a few furlongs.

"Glorious!" she gasped, when both horses slackened pace at a steep rise.

"A far, far cry from crooks and automatics," he said.

"Don't spoil my first day beside Tamarack, Alan."

"I have been waiting for that, hoping we could pick up where we left off, Gerda."

"It seems years ago, the blizzardy night and what happened. Time hasn't anything to do with friendship. We are old, old friends."

"Chicago's newspapers printed a half column. Nothing about Twisty, though."

"He rated only a few lines in his home town. Found along the tracks, the paragraph said. It hinted at alcoholism and exposure."

"Efficiency, Gerda. Every worthwhile system demonstrates that. Why shouldn't it extend to coroners' physicians? Shall I explain? About me, I mean."

"No. We trust each other. That is enough. No explanations until you lay hold of what you came to find."

"Bessie is safe. I've kept faith with Twisty."

"That is only half of the thing. You haven't found the other half."

"The peace you advertise so well?"

"It is here, Alan. I discovered it. You can't fail."

"Then you will listen?"

"That depends. Probably it won't be necessary. Too many words about too many things—the world suffers from them. I shan't be entertaining at Tricker's next winter. My choir job has arrived. I hated night club work. You must have guessed."

"Congratulations," he said. "Yes, I guessed."

ONE could make a start right here," he told her in August. "The inlet saved a hundred virgin pines—an ideal wind-break in cold weather. Practically every homesteader I've talked with is willing to sell. I'd let them stay on and farm, if they promised to look after my seedlings."

"The thing you've wanted to do but didn't know it," the girl murmured. "Dreaming a dream wide-awake, so you can see it come true."

"Not a dream—restitution. Putting back some of the beauty the gods gave us to spoil."

"The beauty God gave us, Alan."

"We shan't quibble over a name, Gerda. What I have in mind is mere decent repaying of a loan. America will need her forests for more than lumber, and soon."

"For healing to endow a nation's soul. Don't you see, Alan? It belongs to the birthright of peace within us. That isn't clinging to sheltered safety. One must express one's self. I have accepted that, always. Else how could I have stood on a velvet carpet, in a shady restaurant, singing to men and women whose jollity sickened me?"

"There hasn't been a night, since the blizzardy one, that I haven't heard you. 'Sands of Dee.' It meant my mother."

A crow flapped from the tip of a blasted sugar maple, to join his fellows strutting in the marsh. The girl's lips parted in song:

[*Continued on page 120*]

A dealer in beauty am I!

I offer you a smooth, translucent skin—free from blemish—and a healthful glow to grace your cheeks.

Far from being a rival to your creams and lotions, I am, in truth, their most able and potent helper. For I am Sal Hepatica, and I keep your skin pure because I free your bloodstream from the poisons of waste.

But though my blessings are great, the price I demand is trifling—30¢—60¢—$1.20. Use me for a week. Your complexion and health will be better, yet the cost will be infinitesimal.

The saline method—with Sal Hepatica—is remarkable for the way it keeps the system internally pure. It clears the complexion of defects, and banishes lassitude and dullness. By gentle cleansing it routs constipation—the arch foe of beauty and buoyant spirits.

The fashionable women of Europe have for years known the great advantages of salines as internal cleansers and bringers of clear cheeks. Regularly do they visit the saline springs of the continent, not only to freshen their complexions by drinking daily of the sparkling waters, but to combat a host of minor, every-day ills, brought on by failure to correctly eliminate acidity and poisons of waste.

Colds and acidosis, rheumatism, headaches, and auto-intoxication give way. Digestions are regulated. Sluggish livers respond. Complexions bloom! For salines, because they purify the bloodstream, are generous doers of good to the entire body.

Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢, *and* $1.20

SALINES are the mode the world over because they are wonderful antacids as well as laxatives. And they never have the tendency to make their takers stout!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. F109
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name_____
Address_____
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THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME
UNIVERSAL
LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

FOOD CHOPPER

The Means of Countless Tempting Dishes

SO many dainty modern dishes—salads, pastries, sandwich fillings, croquettes, souffles and the like—require chopped nuts, fruits, vegetables or meats among their ingredients that a UNIVERSAL Food Chopper has become a daily necessity for skillful, economical cookery.

Pays for itself quickly by transforming leftover meats into tasty pot pies, meat cakes, hash and other appetizing foods.

You'll like the clean, shear-like way the UNIVERSAL chopper cuts the food: coarse, medium, fine or extra fine, as desired—without crushing or grinding. Self-sharpening blades always keen—rust-proof, easy to clean—four sizes to choose from at your nearest hardware dealer or department store—specify UNIVERSAL, the food chopper made to give you a lifetime of service.

Free Cook Book

With new choice recipes and suggesting the many uses of a UNIVERSAL Food Chopper, sent without charge upon request—Address Dept. M 1.

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Master Metalsmiths for Over Three-quarters of a Century.

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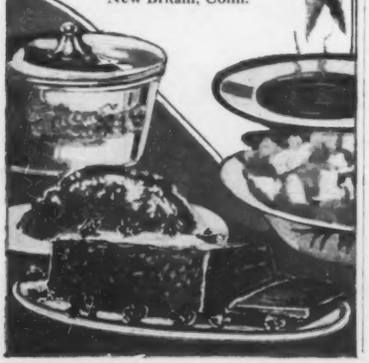


GREEN TIMBER

[*Continued from page 119*]

"And still the boatmen hear her
Call the cattle home,
Call the cattle home . . . ."

"Still they hear her," he repeated. "The price you pay for a song by somebody you love. You go on hearing it. You can't stop hearing it."

"Why should you wish to stop?"

"For the best of reasons. It gets between you and the life you determine to live. Interference—it amounts to that."

She stared at him, puzzled.

"The finest things are interference, Alan. Religion is, and what we call patriotism; every rain and each fall of snow. And love—love most of all, perhaps. I thank God for every bit of interference He has put into the world. For it is wise and wholesome, once you understand it. And necessary. It keeps most of us straight."

"Most of us, I grant you. But what about those who don't take kindly to interference? The few whom it doesn't keep straight, it makes crooked?"

"Those few I pity."

"You would." He pointed to the noisy birds in the meadow. "Yet there must be some of those greedy, black fellows in the general scheme of things—for contrast with thrushes and cardinals. Don't waste pity on crows, Gerda. They are self-sufficient ruffians, as a rule."

"I pity them, from my heart," she retorted.

"Bless you, girl!" he exclaimed. "Go on doing it. Want to drive to Booneville next week? The three of us could have campfire supper on the way home. I'm checking boundaries. The more I trace backwoods stake lines the more certain I am that county surveyors are irresponsible."

"You are buying?" Her smile was radiant.

"I have forty thousand dollars stowed away. Not much to go into reclamation with, if the land had genuine value. But I'm purchasing only slashed miles, with a few stands of timber. The slashes ought to sell for next to nothing. They are no good for farming; not even fit for mopping up as wood pulp."

"We are forgetting Bessie," she said. "Something might happen to you."

SOMETHING is likely to happen. Ten thousand goes to the child, if something does—plus the worthless acres I shall buy, of course. Ten thousand will see her through school. And Mrs. Grant might want her . . . if you didn't." He regarded her, appraisingly. "'A charge to keep I have', Gerda. The hymn book tune is another echo I can't stop hearing. You are too young to take on charges."

"I am not afraid of charges."

"Do I need to be told? Were you afraid when I left you in the car with Twisty? You had your chance to turn yellow then, and didn't take it. Let us leave the child on the lap of the Deity you have faith in. Ten thousand goes to Bessie. The other thirty I'm sinking in this slaughtered wilderness. Twisty would think I had gone crazy."

"Dreamers of dreams have been called that before."

"Alan Campbell, face-lifter for forests. There's a big laugh in it. Six months ago I'd have been the first to chuckle. I wonder what I was really like, six months ago."

"You were groping in a fog. Voices bore through mist, if one is lucky."

He tapped his cold pipe upon a rock. Sunset choked the ridge-cleft; a fleecy, coverlid was dropped upon the lake. He thrust the pipe into his pocket. "Silly bunk! I'm yapping like a movie director."

She touched his arm before they went back to the cabin.

"Don't be impatient," she warned, "give yourself time."

"I'll try. But one ought to wave a wand and behold another tapering pine. This manhandled world lacks magic. Merlin stuff."

"Magic." He heard her sigh. "Why, it is all around you, Alan. I have been watching it work ever since I came. It has worked with Bessie, and it is trying to work with you. Just being at Fairfield won't change you. The magic will."

There was no harshness in his laugh. She was glad of that.

THEY journeyed to Booneville together. Campbell pottered over dusty files in the county office while Gerda Larsen drove the child to see a waterfall at Loon Corner. He gave the aged factotum a dollar as he quit the record room. His mouth was taut; an unpleasant filament was entwined with his undertaking. He had satisfied himself about ridge acreage with the exception of a strip at the inlet end. The rusty clerk searched long for this deed entry.

"Kind of figgered it might be his," he said, wiping the grimy docket. "He hung on to that section. There's been talk of water power improvement. That strip'll be the key to Tamarack."

"Improvement!" Campbell rasped. "Destruction—flooding the whole valley."

The county factotum displayed gums in a toothless grin.

"They calls it improvement," he cackled. "I've seen a lot of that, man and boy. He's been here twict—a city feller, and snooty, like a millionaire usually is."

Drew Scarfell owned the key slice of denuded slope! Buying a cabin near Fairfield made Campbell his neighbor. Ten miles north of Booneville Scarfell had a summer bungalow.

"He's there now, with a passel of company," the clerk added. "That harum-scarum chit of his scoots through town every other day, in a green roadster. Mebbe he'd sell—for a price."

Campbell heard dockets being shoved into place as he left. The girl at the steering wheel read ill omen in his glance, when the sedan returned. Not until after supper, with the child hunting for brook frogs, did he enlighten her.

"Let's use the lingo of the Book you believe in," he began. "Mine ancient enemy confounds me, Gerda. Drew Scarfell owns my coveted lake strip."

"Why 'enemy'? Isn't he the father of the pretty girl you danced with? She came to Tricker's often. Peggy, her name was. They used to talk about her in the dressing-room."

"Parent of more than feather-headed Peggy—sire to a city's vilest underworld spawn."

"That stupid, fat-jowled man?"

"That clever, fat-jowled hypocrite. And Tricker is his understudy. We left two of Pudge Tricker's tools in the snow near Twisty's shanty. The county clerk is sure to babble. He has my name and address—I wrote for deed transcripts twice. And now I've been nibbling at Scarfell land. There's a big laugh in that, too. You've got to listen, Gerda."

While twig embers dwindled he talked, bluntly, without emotion. A

[*Continued on page 121*]

"I rushed to save my baby. The flames caught my hair, my clothing. I was severely burned—but Unguentine mercifully eased the intolerable pain."

Stops PAIN *of* BURNS

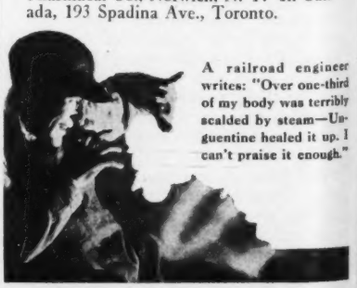
Its oils soothe — its antiseptics promote cleaner healing, ward off scars . . .

Healed without a scar

TREAT every burn instantly with Unguentine, the dressing used by 8 out of 10 hospitals, and over 10,000,000 families. Its soothing oils and powerful antiseptics sink deep into the burned tissues—mercifully stop the pain. Infection is warded off. Healing begins at once. And almost always no scar is left.

Unguentine meets the government's high standard for antiseptic strength. Use it for cuts and bruises, too. A generous tube is 50¢ at your druggist's.

Keep it in every danger zone: in bathroom, kitchen, office or shop, and in your automobile. Send for free first aid booklet by M. W. Stofer, M. D. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.



A railroad engineer writes: "Over one-third of my body was terribly scalded by steam—Unguentine healed it up. I can't praise it enough."

Now, the new Unguentine Soap for tender skins

Norwich

Unguentine

"If there was
One Sprig of Poison
Ivy in a field
of 4 leaf clovers,
I'd pick it!"

...Mabel Normand

scribbled that line in her diary as the key to her whole tragic life story.

While her pals in the movie cradle, Gloria Swanson, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford won wealth and success, Mabel's fate was to be the innocent victim of murder tangles, financial crashes, and unhappy love affairs.

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Read this hard luck girl's astonishing life story in the October issue of SCREEN SECRETS Magazine, and turn back the pages of time to see the famous parade of screen folk that moved thru her career.

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GREEN TIMBER

[*Continued from page 120*]

brief tale, but a complete one. As color seeped from her cheeks he felt a pang sharper than the one he had experienced watching Twisty Fogger die; he understood, suddenly, the motivation of that pang—he was in love with Gerda Larsen. He, who had exulted over believing in nothing, loved a girl who believed in many things. Among the alders Bessie beseeched reluctant bullfrogs to answer her. Campbell tilted coffee grounds upon the whitened ashes and stood up.

"Here endeth the chapter, Gerda. 'Too many words about too many things—the world suffers from them.' You said that, and it is true. Yet you had to know, for danger may be afoot tomorrow. Danger to me will be danger to Bessie—perhaps to you. Otherwise I should not have poisoned balsam air by telling. Have I made myself plain?"

"You have made yourself very plain," she answered. "You should have. I had to know."

He held out a hand across the charred twigs.

"Thanks—for everything," he said. "With a bit more luck you might have seen the magic work. I am hitting the trail again. It will be better, that way. There will be an empty cabin beside Tamarack after tomorrow."

Incredulity held her speechless, but only for a second.

"And you dared to praise me for not turning yellow among the rubbish mounds!" she cried. "You shall not hit the trail again. You shall stick. I would rather see you dead at my feet—from a gunman's bullet, if it has to be—than have you run from Fairfield. You have work to do here."

"You want me to stay—and fight?"

"If it comes to that, yes."

He leaned upon the old crutch of irony.

"What price your healing peace now, Gerda?"

"Please stay," she whispered. "I'll stand by, Alan."

A hot surge throbbed in the veins of the man she had drenched with her anger.

"Magic!" he said. "By all that's holy, I'm beginning to believe in it! 'A charge to keep I have.' I'll see it through."

"We'll see it through," she corrected. "You and Bessie and I."

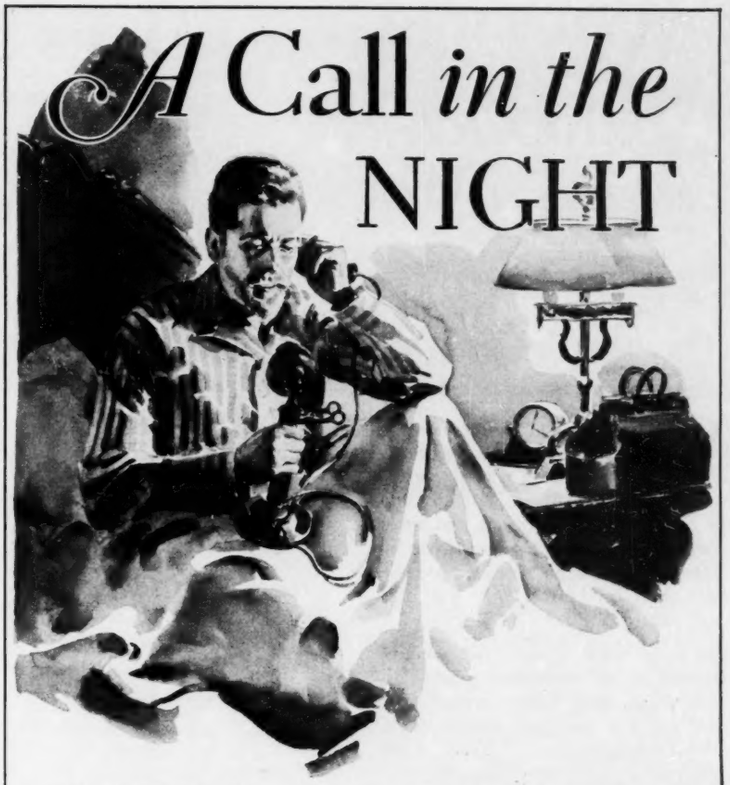
ALAN set to work, in slogging earnest, the next morning. Hard riding over hill roads, little better than cowpaths, extended the halfbreed Morgan. The vicious brute became adept at piercing raspberry thickets and finding fords. He still snapped and plunged, when he felt the bit, but he was commencing to acknowledge a master. Daily the spell of ravaged mountains deepened, portent of what Bessie's generation might envisage grew more tangible.

Eye and ear became attuned to the wilderness. Its silence was not the drab stillness of a city, which is only cessation of noise. Forest silence is a clot of infinitesimal sounds to which the ear becomes attuned. It is silence with a pulse—like a beating heart.

One by one he secured options on scattered farms. To every owner who scrawled his name, or made his mark, he tendered indefinite but free tenancy, if planting and caring for the seedlings he would furnish were guaranteed. Gerda Larsen's chestnut snorted frequently behind the halfbreed; the chestnut was not sufficiently rugged to enjoy stiff going.

[*Continued on page 122*]

A Call in the NIGHT



"There's Nothing More to be Done, and No Cause to Worry"

When It's Two A. M. and Baby is Suddenly Ailing a Wise Mother Does Two Things

Children's little ailments seem twice as serious in the dead of night. But a knowing mother is prepared any hour of the twenty-four to allay a fretful spell—or even fever.

The first thing to do when your youngster is upset is what most doctors would tell you to do—give a little Castoria. No sooner done than the child is eased; sound asleep again before you know it. Fletcher's Castoria comforts so quickly no time is lost. If it doesn't, call a physician. Don't experiment with medicines meant for grown-ups!

If you have a child, you've heard of Fletcher's Castoria. But do you realize its many marvelous uses? In infancy its soothing influence is indispensable; its sweetening influence when Baby's little stomach seems sour; its gentle persuasion of the bowels when there is any irregularity. All through babyhood it is a mother's standby in cases of colic, and the equally dangerous diarrhea. *But keep on with good old Castoria until your child is grown.* Bigger appetite, and better assimilation and elimination will almost surely reward this sensible care. Raise boys and girls whose systems are sound and strong, and to whom constipation is practically unknown!

Fletcher's Castoria is on sale in every drugstore in the land, and with every bottle comes a book that is a revelation to most mothers. Fletcher's Baby Book, and The Dangerous Age for Children mailed free if you write Castoria, 80 Varick St., N. Y., and mention this publication.

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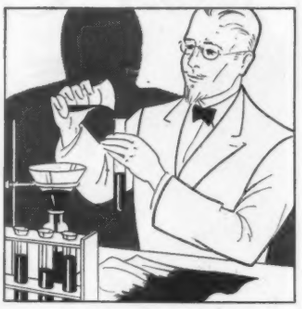

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They cost more to make but you get Diamond Dyes for the same price as ordinary dyes. So try these perfect dyes the next time you have dyeing to do. *Then compare results.* Your dealer will refund your money if you don't agree Diamond Dyes are better dyes.

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GREEN TIMBER

[*Continued from page 121*]

Women, most often, savored the taste of what he offered. Jaded mothers brightened as he warmed to his obsessing topic. Their hovels might be airless and untidy, but they seemed to know what he meant when he talked of the Cut-over Lands' lost beauty, a second dynasty of trees to hold eroding humus upon skeleton ridges, reshaping a plentiful watershed. He was a circuit-riding lay preacher, spreading the gospel of forest salvation. The close-mouthed backwoodsmen tolerated him on the basis of a saddle-bags dominie; hostility edged their stolidness. But whether they resented his message or not, they signed; they were taking advantage of a zealot who dealt in prophetic parables but with whom they could drive a shrewd trade.

Two weeks passed, with no echo.

"I don't like it," he told the girl.

THEY were walking their mounts along the bed of a once turbulent trout stream; such relics of primeval vigor gridironed the slopes, made a mockery of what had been a fishermen's paradise. The starved channel was used by natives whose slabbed huts clung to the shank of Page Street, as a three-mile bulge of scarred mountain was known. Gradually it had become the only feasible route to their eyrie. They were elvish folk, these Page Streeters. A dozen visits had been necessary before ignorant suspicions were allayed and a last cross-hieroglyph had been added to Campbell's bundle of options.

"It looks queer," he persisted, "as if Scarfell were waiting to make a move."

"Let's forget ugliness for today. You've enlisted Page Street. Don't you feel like a triumphant missionary?"

"Not in the least. I keep remembering what stunning copy I'd be for a newspaper sob-sister. A gashed life mourning over gashed forests."

"The magic goes on working." She had winced, but smiled contentedly, then added: "You have squeezed bitterness out of your tones."

"But not foreboding of loneliness. You will be in a choir gallery this winter, among stained-glass saints. It will be lonely here. Once I had strangled that weakness."

"Being lonesome isn't weakness. It may be strength."

"For a stained-glass saint, perhaps. I haven't been fitted for my halo yet."

"One shouldn't wrestle with loneliness. You can weld it into your vision. That blind woman's eyes shone, when you described the beauty mountain children should inherit. She has held on to her fragment of vision, in the dark. Often message bringers are the loneliest of us all."

"Those who bring messages, Gerda. Do you think Drew Scarfell will listen when I enlarge upon the majesty of pines? Without his strip of land my sheaf of options is worthless."

"You will get it."

"How?"

"I don't know; but I am certain. When he sees you have drawn a line between yourself and him, forever, he may sell. Fear of you makes him hate you. Convince him that his fear is groundless."

"He will fear me as long as I live. The time will come when the zest of getting richer palls. He will be puffier and older, anxious to go straight for the few years which remain. That is a robber baron trait. They run true to form, at the end. I shall be a potential menace. Only when I am laid beside Twisty Fogger can he feel safe."

"There's his daughter, Alan. Evil though he is, he loves her. You've said so. Tell him about Bessie. He may understand, then. If necessary take the child to him."

He jerked sharply at his dragging bridle rein; the halfbreed reared, hoofs spurning the pebbles. A spasm distorted Campbell's face.

"God, Gerda! It was as if someone had walked over Twisty's grave! How damnably dumb I've been!"

"Dumb?"

"About Bessie. It's so simple. When Scarfell strikes he will strike through her. And we left her unguarded!"

"Why should they wish to harm a child?"

"They wouldn't harm her. They'd use her for a decoy. If they take her back, they know I'll go after her—which is playing into their hands. It will be safe to shoot me in the city. I'd get my paragraph, like Twisty. Just a dead man beside the railroad tracks—one more exhibit of gangster warfare. Another petty account written off the books—Scarfell's way."

"We left her unguarded," she repeated. Chilling prescience made her shiver.

A hawk screamed from the cliff, sailing off into saffron clouds. There was the sound of a motor engine, startlingly loud. A man's voice shouted something from above. Then shots—five of them. The leaden pellets spat against a ledge beyond.

"Steady!" he cautioned. "They didn't try to hit us. If they had, they couldn't have missed. That was no native rifle. It was an automatic—a braggart gunman's goodbye, one of Pudge Tricker's killer pawns."

The motor's roar changed into steady drumming, grew fainter, was gone.

"No use to hurry. They've miles the start of us. I've got to think."

Alan dropped the bridle and sat among the pebbles. Gerda crouched beside him, speechless and quivering. He ignored her when he rose. The spurred halfbreed plunged through the shrunken watercourse, sliding on treacherous flints. He was out of sight before she mounted and she let the timid chestnut pace slowly. Mountain crusading had been diagnosed as a crafty maneuver on the part of a nonconformist to underworld sovereignty. Scarfell had struck with precise cleverness, the only blow which could have gone completely home.

CAMPBELL was listening to the farmer's daughter when Gerda Larsen entered the cabin.

"We was picking huckleberries," the girl explained. "They said you sent for her. Was it all right?"

"Perfectly all right, Sarah." His lips were tranquil. "Bessie is making a visit. She will stay for a week. You may go now. I'll send for you."

The furtive native snatched sunbonnet from a wall peg and vanished.

[*Continued on page 125*]

The package that has Health to eat as a cereal...to use in cooking

here's health!

ALL-BRAN waffles

1½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, 1¼ cups sweet milk, ½ cup melted shortening. ¾ cup Kellogg's **ALL-BRAN.**

Sift the dry ingredients. Beat the egg yolks and combine with the milk. Add to the dry ingredients and mix well. Add melted shortening and the **ALL-BRAN.** *Add the stiffly beaten egg white. Bake in a hot waffle iron.*

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ALL-BRAN
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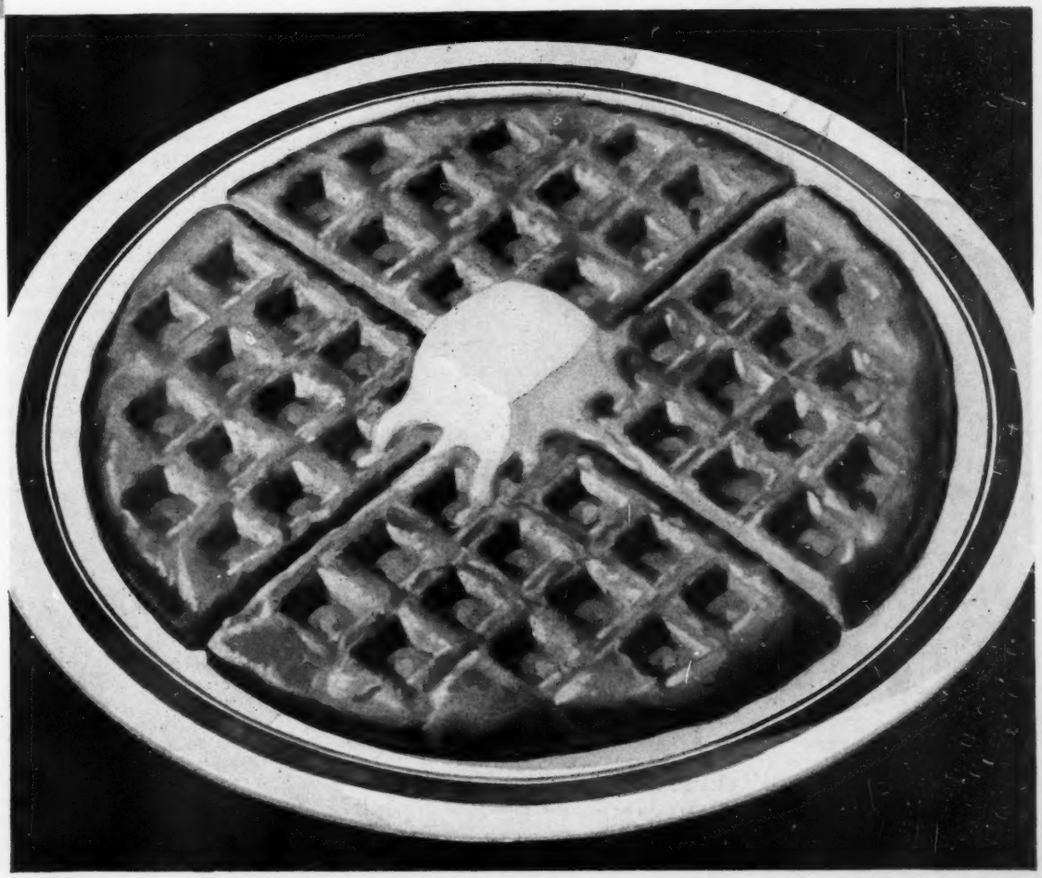

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'CAUSE IT'S SUCH FUN TO CLEAN WITH BON AMI

"My little daughter never tires of helping me clean with Bon Ami," a mother writes. *"Last week, I sent her to the store for a Cake and she came back with her basket full—because 'it's such fun to clean with Bon Ami.'"*

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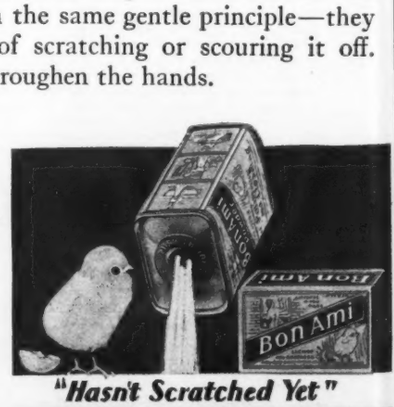

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"

GREEN TIMBER

[*Continued from page 122*]

Campbell led the sweating halfbreed to its stall, rubbing it down carefully and filling the manger with hay. He tossed a paper on the table when he returned.

"They tore a leaf out of Bessie's speller to write it," he said.

"The kid's going back where Twisty put her," a pencil had scribbled.

"Tricker paid Mother Machree to blab, Gerda. Probably gave her more money than I did. Dumb! That jabs! I've been so rottenly dumb!" He rummaged in a drawer, producing Twisty Fogger's revolver and a box of cartridges. "You'll have to ride to Fairfield by yourself."

"You shan't go to the city, Alan!"

HE SHOVED her away, roughly. Fingers which tested the weapon's mechanism and filled its magazine did not tremble.

"You shan't go!" she protested. "Trust me. Won't you? Let us think it out."

"I have thought," he told her. "And I trust nobody else. Ride over tomorrow. Come the moment lessons are done—and come alone. I shall need you more than even before!"

She followed him outdoors. Stooping quickly, he swung her upon the chestnut. It was as if gentle steel had lifted her into the saddle.

"What will you do, Alan? Are you planning something terrible?"

"Courtesy is never shocking," he answered. "I shall pay a call upon my neighbor in the morning."

He slapped the chestnut smartly, watching the nervous animal gallop off. Twilight and darting whippoorwills found him on the porch, gazing at the tamaracks.

"Cruel, crawling foam." Fear of Drew Scarfell was that. How many dead and ruined men it had swallowed. He would anchor a jetty against foam which crawled.

Moon silvered an inverted bowl where the constellations arched. He stood up, right arm raised—a gladiator's salute to the heavens.

"Great Force which meshes the planets," he prayed, "if trivial human atoms are important in Thy sight, let Twisty's child be counted among them."

Bessie's tiny clock chimed midnight as he went indoors. He would call upon Drew Scarfell in the morning. Meanwhile he needed rest. He slept soundly, the cabin door wide open.

[*Concluded in* NOVEMBER McCALL'S]

THE MISSIONARY

[*Continued from page 29*]

"I am Ikwal Khan, O my lord. I am the first-born of Sirdar Shukri Khan."

Sir Thomas walked to one side, the officers following him.

"Know what I'll do with His Nibs?" he asked in an undertone.

"Send him for trial to G. H. Q., I suppose, sir?" suggested Captain M'Gregor.

"Nothing of the sort."

"Oh—?"

"Those G. H. Q. brass-hats will give him three months in jail, and he won't mind that. They may even call him a poor, persecuted patriot and pin a medal on his chest. Whatever the brass-hats will do, you can be sure they'll spikebozzle all we're tryin' on the border to keep it healthy and happy. No. Not a word to G. H. Q."

"What else can we do, sir?" wondered a subaltern.

"I've figured out how to stop our young Kattack friend from laughin' in church in the future. I'll have him flogged good and proper. His breed doesn't fear jail, nor even death. But the disgrace of a sound thrashin'—am I right, M'Gregor?"

"Absolutely, sir," admitted the latter, while Miss Latimer interrupted:

"Oh, you mustn't!"

"Why not?"

"To whip a helpless man—it's—beastly!"

"A few minutes back you spoke to me about your duty. Permit me to obey mine, as I see it."

"You don't know the Kattacks as I do, Tom. If you do this thing he'll hate you. He'll hate you so that—"

"Let him hate me all he wants to if he fears me enough to keep away from our rifles in the future." When she continued pleading, arguing, he told her, with none of his usual good nature, that this after all was none of her business. "Don't mean to be rude, my dear, but you force me to say it."

Then he turned to one of the Punjabi sergeants with sharp orders in Hindustani: "Have the prisoner stripped, trussed up; give him twenty with the mule whip!"

"*Attcha, saheb!*" replied the Punjabi, smiling unpleasantly.

So, not long afterward, there was the sickening thud of the rawhide flail tearing crimson furrows across bare, shuddering shoulders; and, half an hour later, Ikwal Khan was wending his painful path back to the high hills.

IN A way Sir Thomas was right—the flogging had turned the trick. For while the Kattach hated him, would have slit his throat, he was enough of a fatalistic Moslem to bow his head to superior force. Though unable to forgive, he tried his best to forget the disgrace as well as the pain; and he said to himself, rather philosophically:

"A pig, this *feringhee*, and the decendant of pigs—bless him not the Lord Allah! But no doubt that he is a clever pig, also a very strong pig. Thus, hereafter, I shall do my raiding more into the west or, belike, the east. It seems that Kara-Kut is not the place for my father's first-born son."

Oh, yes. In a way Sir Thomas was right. But only in a way, since, like many a shrewd man before and since, he had forgotten to take the female of the species into account.

Her name was Aziza Ansari. She was Ikwal Khan's cousin. They loved each other, and, their parents consented, there was soon to be a wedding.

A young peasant girl, strong of body and with the promise, some day, of hale motherhood—not bad looking, you would have said, and passed on without a second glimpse. But Ikwal Khan saw more in her than the mere telling of the words.

"Ah," Ikwal Khan said to her when he met her a few days later and his eager hand went out to draw her to him—"but yours is the fine, fine beauty . . ."

"And the hard, hard fist!" she interrupted him, striking him savagely across the mouth.

He looked at her in bewilderment, and she went on that the tale of his flogging, of his disgrace, had reached the Kattack villages; and so:

"Never my head to the crook of your arm, never my lips to the touch of yours, O creature!"

[*Continued on page 126*]

Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for a headache to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. And these tablets are perfectly harmless; they do not depress the heart.

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HERE'S a chance to change your breakfast for three weeks at no cost. A full-sized package of Pettijohn's—the whole wheat cereal—free to you, when you present the attached coupon to your grocer. We pay him. You pay nothing.

Your breakfast starts the day right—or wrong. Sluggishness, irritability, headache is often due to body disorders which could be corrected by the right food!

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No payment will be made to coupon brokers. No coupons redeemed after November 15, 1929.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

THE MISSIONARY

[*Continued from page 125*]

He stared at her silently. A whole minute passed. Then he spoke:

"Tell Hajji Walid, the priest, to be ready tomorrow with the wedding prayer. For tonight my hands shall do a deed that will make my honor as white as snow and my name renowned in all the seven hills. And if you be not willing to marry me," he added arrogantly, "what do I care? Tomorrow I shall have the pick of all the proud, full-breasted girls to take my arm for a pillow, and whatever lips I fancy."

THAT same day he was off again down the mountains; but not this time to steal a rifle, nor descending all the way into the plains. For, as night was beginning to drop, he stopped not far from a forking of the Helmund River, squatting in a thicket whence he could see the light of a campfire coiling like a ruby ball. There were, near the campfire, two tents, one large, the other small; half a dozen Punjabi soldiers and as many Hindu servants and Pathan guides, out in the open, rolled in their blankets, fast asleep; and, a short distance away, a grizzled Punjabi sergeant sitting cross-legged on the ground, his rifle across his knees.

Noiselessly, for a long time, Ikwal Khan watched the quiet scene.

Presently, from the small tent, he heard a soft, young voice calling out in English: "Good night!"

A moment later, from the larger tent, came two answering voices, a man's and a woman's, almost in unison: "Good night, Jane!"

Ikwal Khan waited another half-hour. Then he crept from the thicket, on his stomach, like a fox to the kill, his broad, heavy-hilted dagger between his teeth. Inch by inch he wormed his way to the camp; finally finding himself directly behind the sentinel.

The latter was yawning again; again stretching his arms.

With infinite, slowest care Ikwal Khan drew himself up. He made not the slightest noise. But perhaps the Punjabi felt the threatening, alien presence. Suddenly he turned; at first could see no more than a huge shadow; felt his hair rise as if drawn by a shivery wind.

Already the iron dagger hilt had crashed down on his temple. He dropped without a sound, unconscious; and that for quite a while, was the end of the affair as far as the Punjabi was concerned.

Inside, a young English girl was peacefully sleeping.

Then something startled her. She found herself wide awake and, nervously looking for the cause, saw a narrow, sharp beam of moonlight stabbing into the tent.

She rose; crossed over to the flap to close it. And at once two powerful hands leaped out, one pressed over her mouth; the other pinioned both her wrists.

Then a voice, in a mixture of broken English and Hindustani, whispered, ordering her to be "quiet, *mem-saheb*, quiet—and no harm will come to you."

She almost fainted with fear; felt muscular arms picking her up; had, a moment later, a vague impression of broad, heaving shoulders, of feet running swiftly beneath her—up—up—and, in the distance, the ruby-red of the camp fire melting into the dark.

Early on the following morning Miss Caroline Latimer, M. D., left Kara-Kut to minister to the wants of a Hindu village where violent, infectious fever was raging—fever, which, unsuccessfully, the simple, turbaned Aryans had been trying to cure with the help of cymbals, gongs, incense, vile herbs boiled in foul, stinking water, and the loud incantations—"*Ho! Doorga! Smashana Kali!*"

So, between bullying the patients and evading the fistfuls of mud aimed at her by the fakir who saw that competition was ruining his business, Miss Latimer had her work cut out and was very tired when, at last, she tumbled into bed . . . to be awakened, shortly afterward, by a messenger who had ridden in with a letter from Sir Thomas Greatorex.

She read. "Good Heavens!" she cried. "Oh, if he had only listened!"

Then she rose and roused the *patel*, the village chief, dragooning him to unwonted speed and exertions:

"A horse, and a good one! Hurry up! *Juldee! Juldee!* And a guide to show me the quickest way! To Kara-Kut! Yes . . . *attcha, attcha*, you silly old fool! Yes, yes . . . *jurash lao*—and get a move on . . . *hookum hai* . . ."

A few minutes later she was off, astride a lean Mawari stallion preceded by a guide. She rode all night and reached Kara-Kut as the sun was rising above the horizon.

A great pity came to her when she saw Sir Thomas. Overnight he had aged, changed. There was not a trace of the old, hearty vigor. The ruddy color had left his cheeks. His eyes were dim.

Upon seeing her, this travesty of a strong man lurched forward.

"You—you'll help her?" he mumbled in a cracked, high-pitched voice. "You'll help her?" "Help my little Jane, won't you—won't you?"

"How much ransom does Ikwal Khan demand?"

"Not a shilling."

"I thought—you wrote me that....."

THAT he sent me a messenger and proposed certain terms. Yes." Sir Thomas' accents were becoming more steady. "But he doesn't want money. Complete amnesty, of course. And three hundred army rifles. Five thousand rounds of ammunition. And he warns me that if I send a punitive expedition into the hills, he'll—he'll...." He was silent . . . Sweat burst out upon his forehead. His hands trembled. A succession of hard sobs barred his voice when he tried to speak. He was compelled to wait until the sobs had passed. "He'll kill her—" he went on finally, in a dull, flat whisper—"He'll kill my little daughter—my little Jane."

Caroline Latimer realized that it would be useless to appeal to Ikwal Khan in person. The latter was a Kattack, of the Afghan race. His honor was at stake.

Last year she had saved Ikwal Khan's right arm when, through a wound and a dirty bandage, blood-poisoning had set in. Even that would make no difference.

So she avoided the Kattack villages; exchanged rough pleasantries with the armed, bearded, fur-capped sentries who stepped from behind trees and

[*Continued on page 127*]

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THE MISSIONARY

[*Continued from page 126*]

rocks; and went straight to Hajji Walid, the Moslem priest who ministered to the tribesmen's spiritual wants and who lived alone, in a stone tower house high above the valley called the Wealth of Waters.

Shortly after sunup of the next morning she reached his house.

"The salute, O my brother!"

"The salute, O my sister!"

"I come here to—"

"I know why you came, and I cannot help you."

"Oh," she flared, "I thought you were my friend?"

"I am. But it would be useless for me to interfere in this matter. All spells are impotent when a woman weaves the counterspell. You see, he did it for honor, Ikwal Khan says. And yet he did it less for honor than for the sake of a woman's crimson lips. Yesterday I united him in holy matrimony to his cousin, Aziza Ansari. It was she who made him do it. So, I repeat, it is useless for me to interfere. The colonel saheb will have to send the rifles."

"He cannot do it. You know that, O Hajji."

"Yes, I know," he agreed. "And I know, too, that soon, soon there will be the ringing of the death gongs for his daughter. For, spurring on her husband to the red deed of his hands and, by the same token, the making white of his honor, is this woman Aziza Ansari . . . . You know her?—A hill-bred woman, with a stiff, harsh pride as chilly as the wind of the hills—a pride soaring like the golden eagle of the hills, not slinking like the little gray fox."

She thought: This woman—Aziza Ansari . . . . Proud, oh yes, so proud . . . an Afghana. And—her thoughts continued—Afghan, too, doubtless in . . . of course! Of course!

SUDDENLY she laughed; and when Hajji Walid looked at her in surprise said: "I have found a way out—the beginning of a way."

She told him what was in her mind; and he exclaimed admiringly: "By Allah the Redeemer, you are the father and mother of exquisite guile!"

"At least I am familiar with the regrettable weaknesses of my own sex."

"There are also the tribal laws of the Kattacks. Listen, O my sister—"

"Excellent!" she commented when he had finished. "But will Ikwal Khan and Aziza obey this particular law?"

"They will, lawless as they are. For otherwise every band in the hills will be against them."

They discussed their plan at length.

"When will you go?" she asked.

"At once. Does the little *mem-saheb* speak the Afghan tongue?"

"No. So speak to her in Hindustani. She was born in India. Of course she has been away since she was a baby, but one does not easily forget the language of one's childhood, of one's nurse. And to make things doubly sure, I shall put the message to her in writing." She scribbled several sentences on a scrap of paper which he slipped in his waistshawl. "Give this to her when nobody is looking. You know what to tell Ikwal Khan?"

"Simply that I heard you are on the way."

"Exactly. You did not see me. And leave Ikwal Khan's house before noon tomorrow and return there—just happen to return—shortly after midday."

"In case there should be any argument about the tribal law?"

"Yes."

[*Continued on page 128*]

To Really Get Rid of Arm or Leg Hair

So It Won't Grow Back Coarse and Bristly

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly without fostering coarsened re-growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Arm or Leg Hair Instantly But That Utterly Avoids Inviting Bristly Re-growth

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

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When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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. . . now made easy by new Kleenex box that gives 2 cleansing tissues at a time.

PROPER complexion care necessitates the use of Kleenex . . . the safe, hygienic tissues that blot away the dirt and germs instead of rubbing them down into the pores.

And now Kleenex is so easy to use! It comes packed in a smart new box that gives you two tissues at a time, just as you use them!

Try this new Kleenex. It's the modern, the dainty, the *safe* way to remove cold cream; economical, too; saves laundry and saves towels from grime and stains. Your favorite toilet goods counter has the new Kleenex in two sizes, 25c and 50c.

NEW! IN COLORS!
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"It sweeps *any* surface *easier*"

Doubles the brush range and reduces the effort by half.

SWEEP the heavy chenille carpet in your living room . . . then take your new Bissell out and sweep the kitchen linoleum! You'll be amazed how the new, improved Bissell with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control can be used to sweep *any surface* now.

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BISSELL SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

THE MISSIONARY

[*Continued from page 127*]

The next morning Miss Caroline Latimer climbed the higher range, finally, toward noon, coming to Ikwal Khan's house where it stood; stone-clouted and truculent, amidst the torn crags.

She neared the house; stopped, smiled triumphantly, when she heard two voices, a man's and a woman's, raised in quarrel.

"I am not a fool!" cried the woman. "Nor am I blind. I saw it myself."

"There was nothing to be seen."

"Oh, wasn't there? Ah, this foreign girl—shameless like her breed—I saw her—saw her—giving you the sly lift of her eyebrows and the quirk of her impudent lips . . . ."

"You are wrong!" protested Ikwal Khan. Yet, manlike, he was not altogether displeased at the flattering accusation; and, with a little smirk, went on: "Suppose she did wink at me, was it my fault? Did I wink back?"

"If ever you do I'll scratch your eyes out!"

Miss Latimer knocked at the door; and Ikwal Khan came to the threshold, followed by his wife.

As, a few moments earlier, the latter's jealous anger had given way to passion, so now her passion gave way to hate when she saw Miss Latimer, the *feringhee*, the Christian, remembering how only a few days ago her husband had been flogged by another Christian; and while Ikwal Khan, rather ill-at-ease, spoke a mumbled, "Salute, O *mem-saheb!*" she stared straight at Miss Latimer and said:

"The priest told us you were coming. You are welcome to our house. If you are hungry, stretch out your hand and eat. If you are tired, there is a seat by the side of the warm hearth. But if, belike, you are here to plead for the foreign girl, then I tell you to go away. It is rifles my lord demands. Or else a shroud for the colonel saheb's daughter and a coffin, and a grave in alien sod!"

Miss Latimer, who knew Aziza's breed, had built her plan; was progressing in accordance with it as, the inner door opening on a slant, she lifted her eyebrows and exchanged a rapid, silent message with the wheat-haired English girl who looked in, unseen by all the others in the room.

"Since when has it been habit amongst the Kattacks that a wife should speak for her husband?" Miss Latimer asked caustically.

And Ikwal Khan replied with a laugh: "I am a careful man. I like to lay my head where I can find it."

AFTER a moment of silence he added: "Besides, she is right. By the Prophet—" his own hate flaring up, "her father blackened my face, my honor. And I am of the Kattacks. Let him pay with rifles. And if, instead, he should come with fluttering banners and armed men, I shall give answer in blood—his daughter's blood—"

"Yet once," rejoined Miss Latimer, "I saved this same arm of yours with which now you threaten a girl of my race."

"I am not forgetful of what you did for me," he said gravely. "Whatever of mine you desire is yours. But not this one thing, my honor."

"Wah!" exclaimed Aziza. "There speaketh a man!"

"A man not blessed by Allah!" cut in Hajji Walid, the priest, as he crossed the threshold. "Revenge is silver—it is written in the Koran—but forgiveness is gold."

"What of it?" mocked Aziza. "Neither prating about forgiveness nor prating about gratitude can change the law of the gray hills. Blood for an insult decrees the law, and death for the graver insult."

"You are right," admitted the priest. "Such is the law. I respect it. Still—" with a sigh—"here is this young girl, innocent of all wrong-doing, and never to return to her own people . . . ."

JUST then Miss Latimer coughed three times, very loudly—"first-class staging," she commented afterward—and at once Jane Greatorex came from the inner room.

"Why should I return to my own people?" she demanded in Hindustani. "I—I like the hills and—" with the suspicion of a wink at Ikwal Khan who, immediately, looked guilty—"the men of the hills." She walked up to him. "I crave your protection, O my lord. Permit me to live with you, as your small wife—your second wife."

"Hai!" with a throaty cry Aziza jumped forward, rage distorting her features.

She raised her hard, capable fists, was about to strike the English girl, when the priest interfered:

"Did you not yourself, a moment ago, appeal to the law of the hills? If you obey one law, you must obey them all, as, for instance, the ancient law which says that a woman, captured in war or raid, may save her life if, of her own free will, she gives herself to her captor, chooses to become his second wife."

"Wah!" shrieked Aziza, her eyes blazing with fury. "A priest you call yourself, a man of God? And I say that you are a vile creature bereft of decency! And you"—turning on Jane—"have you no shame, to come between a wife and her husband?"

"It is the law!" insisted the priest.

"The law!" echoed Miss Latimer.

"The law, is it?" exclaimed Aziza. "And what do I care for the law? Bah!—" rushing to the corner and picking up a rifle—"away with you, out of my sight all three of you, away—"

She pulled the trigger. *Bang*—the shot went wild, filling the room with smoke; and quickly Miss Latimer, Jane Greatorex and Hajji Walid rushed out of the house.

That night they spent at the priest's place; and it was on the following afternoon, with already the plains of India in sight, that Miss Latimer hearing Jane sigh, asked:

"What's the matter, child?"

"I—"

"Well—?"

"I'm thinking of Ikwal Khan. Good looking, isn't he?"

Miss Latimer gave a start.

"Jane," she said, "your father is right."

"Right about—?"

"You certainly need a mother. Guess I'll say Yes the next time he asks me."

He achieved a new combination of flavors . . . a coffee full-bodied, rich and mellow in the cup

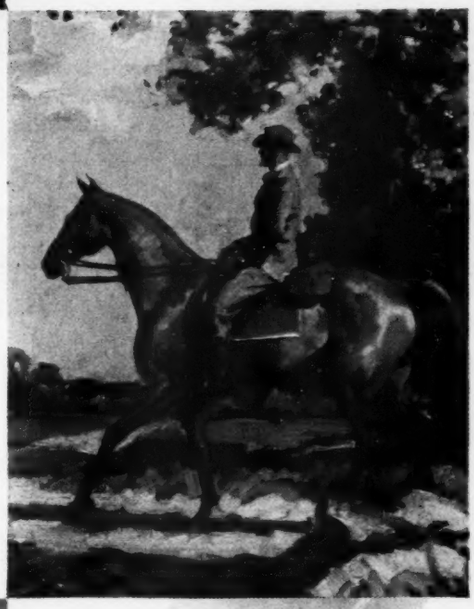
"Winy," pungent, mild, "syrupy" . . . he knew the many different kinds and grades of coffee grown—each with its individual "cup qualities" of appearance and of taste. He determined to create of these a new flavor . . . more satisfying . . . a blend *rich, but not cloying; mellow, yet sparkling; strong without bitterness.*

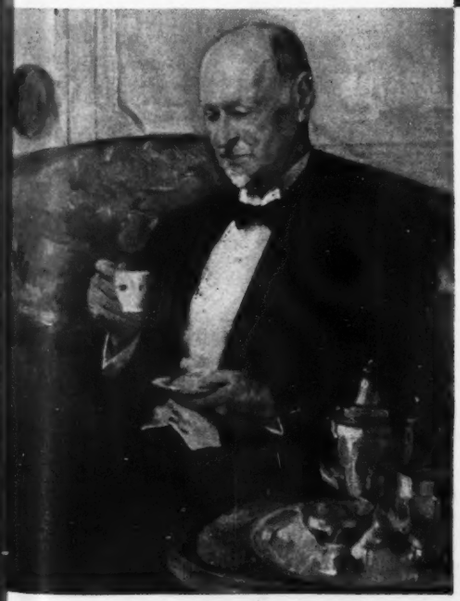
•

After years of experimenting he achieved a blend which satisfied even his critical taste and set forth, with samples in his saddlebags, to see if others would share his enthusiasm. The old Maxwell House in Nashville, Tennessee, introduced his blend to the distinguished guests it was famous for entertaining and Maxwell House Coffee became widely celebrated for its excellence.

•

Today "The Old Colonel" can look back with pardonable pride upon the achievement of his youth. He has seen the popularity of his blend, Maxwell House Coffee, spread throughout the United States—pleasing more people today than any other coffee ever offered for sale.





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He knew coffee—this young man of talent. He had tasted the choicest grades—yet no one seemed to him quite perfect. He thought that from all the different coffees grown in the tropics of the world there must be some *one* combination that would yield the ultimate in flavor—one completely satisfying *blend*.

So he worked for years to find it. Patiently, through trial after trial, he mingled one with another, changed proportions, rejected, began again.

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His persistence was rewarded. In the cup made from his final blend he saw color deep, rich, amber-clear, full-bodied. A heady, tantalizing aroma assailed his nostrils. He tasted a flavor at once so mild and so rich, so mellow and so sparkling that it delighted even his critical palate.

The next step was to share his discovery. He rode through the countryside carrying samples in his saddlebags of this new blend of coffee with its mellower, richer, and more sparkling flavor.

The old Maxwell House at Nashville, Tennessee, famous for the excellence of its food and the distinction of the guests it entertained, began to serve this coffee, and soon "to have coffee at the Maxwell House" became a special boast. Visitors from "back East," from "up North," from "out West" wanted this coffee to serve at home. A president of the United States proclaimed it "Good to the last drop."

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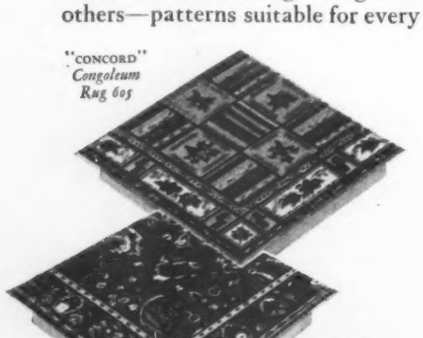

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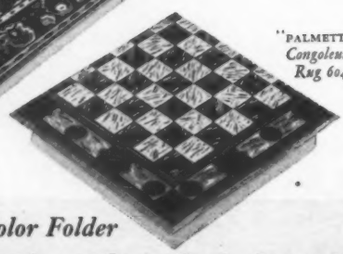

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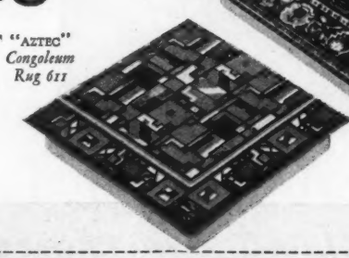

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MRS. EDISON AT HOME

[*Continued from page 22*]

saleswoman of them all. Her zeal was not just for the benefit of the Garden Club treasury. The real opportunity, as she saw it, was that of getting the plants in circulation throughout the whole county.

It was Mrs. Edison who inaugurated the pleasant custom in Fort Myers by which married women with children, otherwise unable to get away from the house, are able to get out in the afternoons. Girls and young unmarried women with cars place themselves at the disposal of just such mothers for at least one afternoon a week of shopping or a ride to the beach.

MRS. EDISON organized the annual Old Settlers' Day, when the whole city gathers together to hear stories of the real pioneers of the West Coast among whom Mrs. Edison counts herself. And it was she who thought of celebrating the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford to Fort Myers, on their first visit, by a neighborhood dance at which everyone danced the old-fashioned dances, quadrilles and reel and lancers, which Mr. Ford has so actively reëstablished.

In dozens of just such ideas Mrs. Edison's presence is a vital force in the community which is so closely her own. It is here, even more than in the north, that her undoubted genius for living found exactly the setting and the place in which to develop.

Because it is undoubtedly genius of a hitherto not sufficiently recognized kind that she has shown in Fort Myers, a genius which may be said to have belonged particularly to women, but which men are recognizing, must be brought definitely and consciously to the solution of our puzzled and uncertain times. There are, here and there in the country, men whom the sociologists are calling "social engineers." It is still a little enough recognized term, or a need. And yet if Mrs. Edison needed any such titling or recognition, (she has always evaded offices and titles and the technicalities of organization) she should be recognized as a social engineer of the finest ability. Her work for Fort Myers ought most certainly to be recognized as one of the most outstanding civic achievements, since it is an achievement, not just in the material improvements of a city, but in the building up of a most amazing and creative community spirit.

The heart of the whole matter lies in the idea which Mrs. Edison worked out herself and has personally directed—the idea of the Round Table. Sociological societies, studying and hunting for the best that is being done in civic development, evidently are not yet aware of it. And yet as it stands after two years of functioning, it is without doubt one of the most unique social structures in the country.

The Round Table, as Mrs. Edison herself explains with her utter simplicity, is nothing more than a group of men and women which meets every two weeks on her veranda, during the months of January to June when the Edisons are in Florida. These men and women are representatives of every civic organization in the city, of every group of every sort, which has anything to do with clubs, such as the Rotary, the Lions, the Civitans, and so on—the Garden Club, the Hospital Association, Parent-Teachers' Associations, the American Legion, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Daughters of the American Revolution, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, the Confederate Veterans, the Chamber of Commerce. The county work of nursing and of home demonstration has its representative, and the state of Florida is represented also. Some twenty-five or thirty men and women come together fortnightly, with Mrs. Edison as chairman. The whole tone of the meetings is informal and instinct with common sense. Here are discussed in an entirely non-political way, free of red tape, all the needs and problems of the community. And here is drawn up the plan by which all the organizations represented coördinate their civic efforts. To each is apportioned its particular work for Fort Myers, so that the essentials are certain to be taken care of without confusion and the overlapping and friction so common in communities lacking this strong central organization. The results to the city in a strong and earnest public spirit, in a sense of real community and in actual sound work accomplished without jealousy and without bickering, is evident to the most casual eye. It is equally evident that without Mrs. Edison's fine vision, her social genius, and her gracious decisiveness, so modern a step in social organization could never have been established in so short a time.

But Mrs. Edison comes legitimately by her social genius. The bettering of social relations between people has been a tradition in her own family. She was Miss Mina Miller, the daughter of Mr. Lewis Miller, himself an inventor, who was the founder of the Chautauqua movement. In traveling from his home in Akron, Ohio, to study the work of his binding machines throughout the middle west, Mr. Miller became convinced of the needs of the farming people for wider intellectual horizons and for education. As a trustee of Mt. Union College and originator of the "Akron Plan" for graded Sunday school work, as well as associate of Bishop John H. Vincent, he started a summer Bible study school which was to combine with Bible study a series of lectures and entertainments.

WITH all this, then, Mrs. Edison, as a young girl was familiar; and that sense of responsibility and the need for sharing in the life of any community in which she lived, was early developed.

No home in the United States is more in the constant scrutiny of the public eye, yet the intimate life of the family has not been sacrificed. Mr. and Mrs. Edison have two sons, both engaged in the great industry which has been so many years in building—Charles Edison, who carries on the business end, while Theodore M. Edison is a physicist of the highest order, working out the technicalities of the various interests. Their daughter, Mrs. John E. Sloane, has, like her mother, great genius for home-making.

Times have changed; but there has been no change for Mrs. Edison, whose simplicity and dignity and fine feeling has reached a whole city, as it were, as she feels that it is only an extension of her own finely-tended hearth.

FAMOUS FEET

how they're kept free from corns

ALICE WHITE'S
Famous Feet

"A motion picture actress can't keep on her toes, if they are adorned with corns. That's why I keep Blue-jay in my make-up kit" . . . so writes this lovely film-land favorite.

• • •

Priceless feet! The feet of famous dancers, athletes and stage stars. What price would be too great to relieve them of corns! Yet Blue-jay does it at a trifling cost, gently AND SAFELY. No risk of *infection,* as with careless razor-cutting. No guessing how much to use. The amount of medication is fixed and standard in every Blue-jay; it's just the right amount. Stops the pain at once; then ends the corn. At all drug stores. *For calluses and bunions, ask for the larger size Blue-jay.*

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Blue-jay

THE SAFE AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

keeps eyes clear

Every woman longs for clear, bright eyes . . . and here is the way to have them! Just apply *Murine* each night and morning. It removes the irritating particles which cause a bloodshot condition and imparts an alluring sparkle to the eyes.

This beautifying lotion is the formula of a veteran eye specialist. Many millions of bottles have been used during the past 32 years. A month's supply costs but 60c at drug and department stores.

FREE *Ask at any beauty parlor or barber shop for a free application of Murine.*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

She is washing these dirty clothes whiter than snow—and yet the water which filled the tubs was hard city water out of a faucet.

But the hard water in these tubs was softened with Melo. Such water becomes a wonderful cleaner, with or without soap. Soap becomes much more effective. No scum forms. No dirty ring. No grayish white clothes.

One tablespoonful in the dishpan saves hands and makes the dishes sparkle. Two tablespoonfuls in the bathtub prevent the dirty ring.

Melo costs only 10 cents a can (slightly higher in far western states). Buy 3 cans and keep one in the kitchen, one in the laundry and one in the bathroom. Get it at your grocer's.

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Canton, Ohio
Manufacturers of Sani-Flush

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OLSON RUG CO.

New York Detroit CHICAGO San Francisco

LET'S DARE TO BE OURSELVES

[*Continued from page 23*]

"It's gloriously becoming," I commented, frankly, "and it's a symbol, too—the symbol of a woman who prefers to be herself instead of being like everybody else. You are carrying over into life the thing upon which, as music lovers know, you always insisted in grand opera—your own interpretation of the rôle."

"How wonderful our women might be," she pursued the whimsicality that was verbal veil for a real earnestness, "if they would strive for new combinations, new beauties, the fascinating results of experimentation, instead of the deadly uniformity of the pattern!"

Whimsical no longer, Miss Farrar's smile suddenly became one of almost scornful impatience. She has lost nothing of the electric vitality, which, as Neysa McMein, the famous illustrator, once said, "makes any other woman in the room with her feel like a wet willow plume," and this intensity glowed like a fire behind her words.

WHAT is the matter with women?" she asked—an obviously rhetorical question which she herself proceeded to answer. "They are all alike, consciously, deliberately alike. They run in a groove. They don't want to be different; they are afraid of non-conformity. Many women seem to me the finished product of this push-button age; they want to have everything done for them in just the same way by some perfectly-appointed machine. They don't use their hands; they don't use their feet; and they're getting to the point where"—four white fingers tapped the speaker's temple in one of her most characteristic gestures—"they don't use their heads! They allow even their thinking to be done for them!"

Eyes of gentian blue widened over the tragic absurdity of such a relinquishment. "If women thought for themselves," the swift, eager voice hurried on, "they couldn't yield to this mad craze for imitating youth. Will you tell me if there is any more absurd spectacle on earth than that of a middle-aged woman going out to buy and wear the frock made for a little schoolgirl, and starving herself first, in order to get it on!

"This is one striking phase of the American woman's mania for standardization: the fixed idea that women of every age must look like the very young girl. In the name of heaven why? Our values seem utterly confused. No one admires young girls more than I. For them, short skirts are charming; the American girl has perhaps the most beautiful legs in the world. But Nature has set up different criteria of charm for the woman in the thirties and fifties. Then, or so it seems to me, what is admirable in her is not the unnatural, forced slenderness of the fashionable silhouette. Then, surely, is the time for the softening of angular lines, for gracious curves and dignified carriage, for the rich opulence of the full-blown rose. Then is the time for a woman to be comfortable, instead of waging a constant warfare against Nature."

It is not merely the standardization of slenderness from which Miss Farrar finds the women of today suffering. She sees them carrying their ardor for similarity to clothes, coiffures, make-up and even ideas. She has the natural woman's passion for lovely things. When she was singing in opera she planned not only her private wardrobe, but most of her stage costumes—and the latter were a perennial fascination to the women in her audiences.

"What I miss in the dress of so many of my contemporaries," she protested, "is the note of individual taste, of personal distinction. There must, of course, be fashions. The designers and the shops, the innumerable workers employed by the clothing industry, must find their feminine market—that I quite understand. But that does not make inevitable the present state of affairs: nine women out of ten trying to be close copies of one another, whatever their age, coloring, or previous condition of pulchritude—nine women out of ten wearing frocks of the same cut, shoes of the same reptile-skin, stockings of the same transparency, hats of the same size, with a perfectly terrifying monotony.

"I believe in rouge, powder, anything that makes a woman more lovely—but, to do that, cosmetics must be applied with good taste and discrimination. We must not have these red gashes across the lower part of the face, gashes which illustrate the standardized woman's conception of the function of the lipstick. Instead of using the beauty parlor in moderation for the admirable services it offers, many women let themselves be used by it."

She shook her head, with a momentary knitting of fine brows arched like crescent moons.

"I pity the men," she observed pungently. "Society has reached the point where poor man is at a loss. He doesn't know whether he's making love to a girl, conducting an amorous intrigue with a flapper-mother, or flirting with a grandmother. For everywhere grandmothers are not only trying to look like the granddaughters — the granddaughters are imitating the grandmothers! So far has feminine standardization carried us. Exquisite young girls put on this same ridiculous make-up; you can see their lovely clear cheeks and fresh mouths showing through it. Girls take as a pattern the flat, curveless figure of the artificially slender mature woman. It seems to me that these boy-girls are losing the romance of life. How can a young man feel like a Romeo toward a flat-chested imitation of himself?"

GERALDINE FARRAR paused, and into her expressive face there came that warmly luminous quality which made her "Elizabeth" in *Tannhäuser* so lovely a creature. She analyzed it once as "the light in the eyes," which in the work of certain old masters gives the feeling of shining sincerity.

"I love youth," she said, and no one could doubt it who watched the swift uprush of feeling in face and voice. "I believe in youth and, remembering my own joyous, crowded, thrilling years, I would give young girls every happiness, every means of self-expression. There would be no danger, if only the women of my generation held up before youth the right ideal—such ideals as repose, dignity, gentleness, good

[*Continued on page 133*]

Are You Polishing DIRT?

YES, if you don't *clean* your furniture and woodwork before using ordinary polish or wax. But who has time to remove the ingrained dust and soil? And why risk ruining the finish with soap and water?

No need at all to do this laborious destructive work. Yet your furniture and woodwork can be as clean as when new after the polishing is over.

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We furnish the wood cornices, cut to size and shape, shipped flat and all ready to be put together **easily.** We even furnish the necessary hooks to hang the cornices. Suggestions for selecting the exactly right cornices for your room are given in our new Idea Book—our 1930 catalog, just off the press. Instructions for decorating and hanging the cornices are sent with every order.

And, remember this: the cornices supplied by the interior decorators cost between $5.00 and $16.00 a window. Our prices are much lower. The cornice shown in this advertisement, undecorated, costs only $1.90 postpaid. On the average our cornices will cost you less than half what you would pay in the stores, yet you always get exactly what you want and can easily change the color harmony as often as you desire.

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Our catalog for 1930

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YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.

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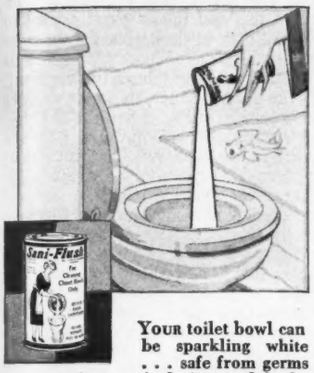

YOUR toilet bowl can be sparkling white . . . safe from germs . . . sanitary. And it needn't be scrubbed and scoured and labored over. Sani-Flush will clean it quickly and easily.

Just pour a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, following directions on the can. Then flush. Marks, stains and incrustations vanish. Odors disappear. The toilet bowl is left spotless.

Sani-Flush reaches the hidden trap, purifies and cleanses the whole toilet system. And it's harmless to the plumbing.

Use Sani-Flush frequently. Always keep a can of it handy.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, 25c. In Canada, 35c.

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Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
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Also makers of Melo . . . a real water softener

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Pure Rubber Tray for Electric Refrigerators

Fits in ice-cube pan in place of metal grid. Does away with difficulty of removing ice cubes. No water necessary to loosen cubes. Simply lift out the Flexo-Tray and bend it—every cube will be loose. Take out what you need—no waste of remaining cubes. No meltage whatsoever. Made of pure crepe rubber—does not transmit taste or odor to ice cubes. Buy from your electric refrigeratordealer or direct from us—$2 postpaid. In ordering, specify name of refrigerator and number of cubes each tray holds.
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Write for Samples
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1032 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

LET'S DARE TO BE OURSELVES

[*Continued from page 132*]

taste, femininity, independence of thought. But many of us are not setting such examples. What is really wrong with the younger generation is our older generation of silly sheep.

"Not only in dress and appearance are we afraid of being ourselves. We all read the same books at the same time; one year we have a craze for Michael Arlen; another year for Emil Ludwig. We entertain in precisely the same fashion—after dinner we carry off our guests to the theater, to the motion pictures, to hear music, or to dance. It occurs to few to sit and talk, candidly and fearlessly, perhaps the most interesting way to spend an evening. For that matter, when many women talk they hesitate to express an opinion about a book or play or about life, until they can make sure that their voices will be in tune with the majority.

"And yet why should our women be afraid to be themselves? American women are the most beautiful in the world. They are essentially intelligent—whatever else may be challenged in them, it is not their intelligence."

Her voice had that same note of generous admiration which I had heard years before when she gave me what was, for a prima donna, a most unconventional, unstandardized interview filled with praise for other women singers, her professional rivals.

Here is a woman who likes to admire and believe in women, even while she regrets certain of their present tendencies. So I guessed that her parting message—for with an afternoon an interview ends, and twilight was filling the corners of the reception room—would be like a friendly handclasp after shrewd criticisms. It was.

"What I would say to women," she concluded, "is just four words—

"Be yourselves! Be feminine!"

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE ABROAD

[*Continued from page 7*]

where it had been running for months. During the dialogue sequences; subtitles in French were flashed in one corner of the screen to tell the audience what the characters were talking about. Although the French film fans have accepted this subterfuge to a certain extent, they have booed and hissed many short talking pictures by way of indicating that they don't intend to have the English language thrust upon them from the screen. In spite of which, they continue to display an apparently incurable preference for American films and American methods. It is a strange and unpleasant situation, and no one seems to have the slightest idea what is to come of it.

Broadway is an innocent sufferer from this dismal condition. For *Broadway*, as a play, was the first of all the behind-the-scenes melodramas in which the pagan rhythm of jazz music was punctuated by the barking of the gunmen's revolvers. Thus, *Broadway* comes to the screen in the wake of its innumerable imitators, yet it establishes its genuine claim to priority by sheer force of merit.

Seeing *Broadway*, as I did, in a London theater, I was asked by English friends to interpret some of its excessively slangy dialogue for their benefit. I was able to explain the meaning of the term "boloney," but I was forced to confess that most of the phraseology was as incomprehensible to me as it was to them.

CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPP

,When People Are Well!"

Many a story of happiness and successful married life springs out of health and regularity. If you have found this true, tell us your story!

There would be fewer divorces—fewer breaks in married happiness—if all husbands and wives kept themselves in good health. When love flies out the window it isn't because poverty has come in the front door, as the old saying has it. More likely it's because one or the other continually has the blues, or the grumps, is down in the mouth, "doesn't feel like going out"—and then the trouble begins.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which is as valuable to the human body as to any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, poor in our work, "down in the mouth" generally. The most world-famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly — but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES
wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, success, good looks, seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularity prior to the opening of this contest we offer 110 prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE $1,000
Second prize $500 Third prize $250
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Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1, 1929. Address:

Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories Dept. 8-A, 2 Park Ave., New York City

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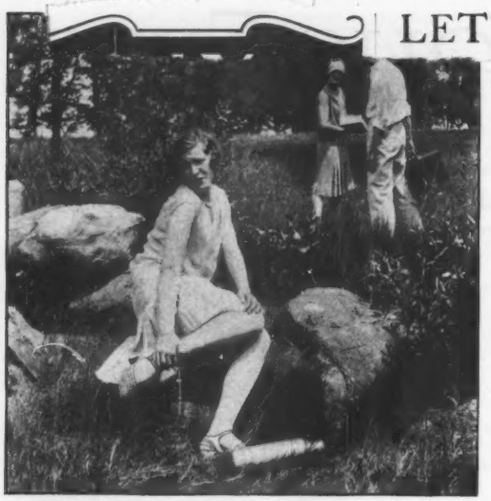

LET'S DARE TO

[Continued f

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To Relieve Sunburn

To Heal Children's Hurts

Absorbine Jr.

DO WE NEED A NEW RELIGION?

[*Continued from page 8*]

our day, and answered in the affirmative, for two reasons. First, it is said that Christianity is a religion of individual salvation, and has no message or technique for social redemption. Second, it is hopelessly entangled with a world-view which scientific knowledge has rendered impossible, and must be given up.

"These dogmatic statements sound very formidable," Dr. Garrison goes on, "until we examine them carefully, and then they break down, for they hinge upon a mistaken idea of the way in which religion is related to the problems of life. To say that Christianity is a religion of the individual, but not of the social order, assumes that in the first of these fields it gives detailed guidance, while in the second it gives us nothing. In reality, it gives power and principles for both personal and social morality, but rules and programs for neither.

"Nor is it true," Dr. Garrison insists, "that Christianity is identified with or entangled in an obsolete world-view, save temporarily, as we are passing from an old to a new science. Nor is there any real conflict, since it is the mission of science to show us the kind of world we live in, while it is the glory of religion that it teaches us how to live in the world. If we take the Sermon on the Mount as the highest expression of religious truth, it is plain that nothing that science has said, or can say, touches the verity of its faith.

"The religion of Jesus," Dr. Garrison continues, "furnished principles, motives and a vision of highest human values. It is the business of economists, political scientists and sociologists to find the method by which those principles can be applied and those values conserved. The need is not for a new religion to take the problem off our hands and tell us exactly what to do and how to do it; but for an ever-renewed spirit of goodwill, which is the spirit of Jesus, plus a tireless effort, by the aid of science, to develop a finer technique of personal and social living.

"Luther and Calvin," Dr. Garrison reminds us, "believed in a flat earth; modern Lutherans and Calvinists believe in a round earth. The changed world-view did not require them to change their religion in its basic insight and essence. If a man today still holds that the world is flat, he has a right to phrase his religion in such terms—God bless him! But if he thinks that the flatness of the earth—or its roundness, for that matter—is an integral part of his religion, God help him.

"The sum of the matter," Dr. Garrison concludes, "is that we should interpret our faith, so far as possible, in terms of present knowledge; but we should not identify it with present ideas, which will be obsolete and antiquated in a hundred years. Yet the deep needs of the human heart, its loves, its faiths, its loyalties and hopes, abide forever, and are today what they were when Solomon reigned or the Son of Man lodged with the fishermen."

After this manner a wise teacher deals with a much-discussed question which, if not dictated by an anti-religious complex, is ill considered and misleading. Those who put such questions seem not to know what is going on in the mind of the Church, and how far and how fast it is moving toward a truer understanding of life.

DANCING THE CLASSICS

[*Continued from page 7*]

some time to come. For they were composed exclusively of music that forms the standard fare of the symphony orchestras, nothing in them having anything in common with what is supposed to be the proper diet for dancers. Here are the most important works that the Cleveland Orchestra played and that the Neighborhood Players danced:

Ernest Bloch ..... *Israel*
Charles Griffes *The White Peacock*
Richard Strauss .. *Ein Heldenleben*
Georges Enesco .. *Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1*
Claude Debussy ..... *Nuages*

I must confess that I never could manage to share the outraged shudders of the purists over that program. There were many who seemed to think that the sanctuary of music had been outraged by dancing to works that had not been written for dancing. To hear them talk one would think that the Roumanian Rhapsody would never be the same, now that the Neighborhood Players had laid impious hands upon it. Frankly, I do not see why. Good music, like any good art, is pretty tough-fibered stuff. The dancer who undertakes to "interpret" Brahms' First Symphony will probably fail; but it will be the dancer, and not Brahms, who is damaged by the encounter.

Miss Lewisohn and her cohorts cleverly avoided defeat by choosing for their experiment, music that had embodied a visual concept in the first place. The results, as in any similar experiment, were sometimes successful, sometimes not. To me that least interesting, curiously enough, was the Enesco work, which is based on Roumanian folk dances. Its staging was colorful and cheerful enough, but a bit conventional and diffuse. The most interesting of all was the *Hero's Life* of Strauss, in which the dancers performed an amazingly vivid pageant based literally on Strauss' own detailed program notes for the work. To be sure, there were two heroes: One, supposed to be his real self, who stood downstage in various contemplative poses; and his other, presumably inner, self, who did the work.

This of course, is a literary conception, and like all purely literary concepts that are put on the stage, it went for precisely nothing. Hero number one faded automatically from one's consciousness, while the spectator concentrated his attention upon hero number two and his adventures, enacted, by the way, by Charles Weidman, whose work upon this and other occasions has stamped him not only as a dancer of superb technical command; but an extraordinarily imaginative one as well, with an uncanny gift of dramatic and vivid pantomime.

Bloch's *Israel* was mimed in an effective setting that showed the Wailing Place in Jerusalem. If its melancholy seemed a little unrelieved and determined, the fault perhaps lay as much with the music as with the dancers. Debussy's *Clouds* had a lovely stage set and the plastic genius of Mr. Weidman to make it effective.

One enormously satisfying feature of the performance was the relief of hearing an orchestra commensurate in size and tone with the size of the stage and the multitude of performers.

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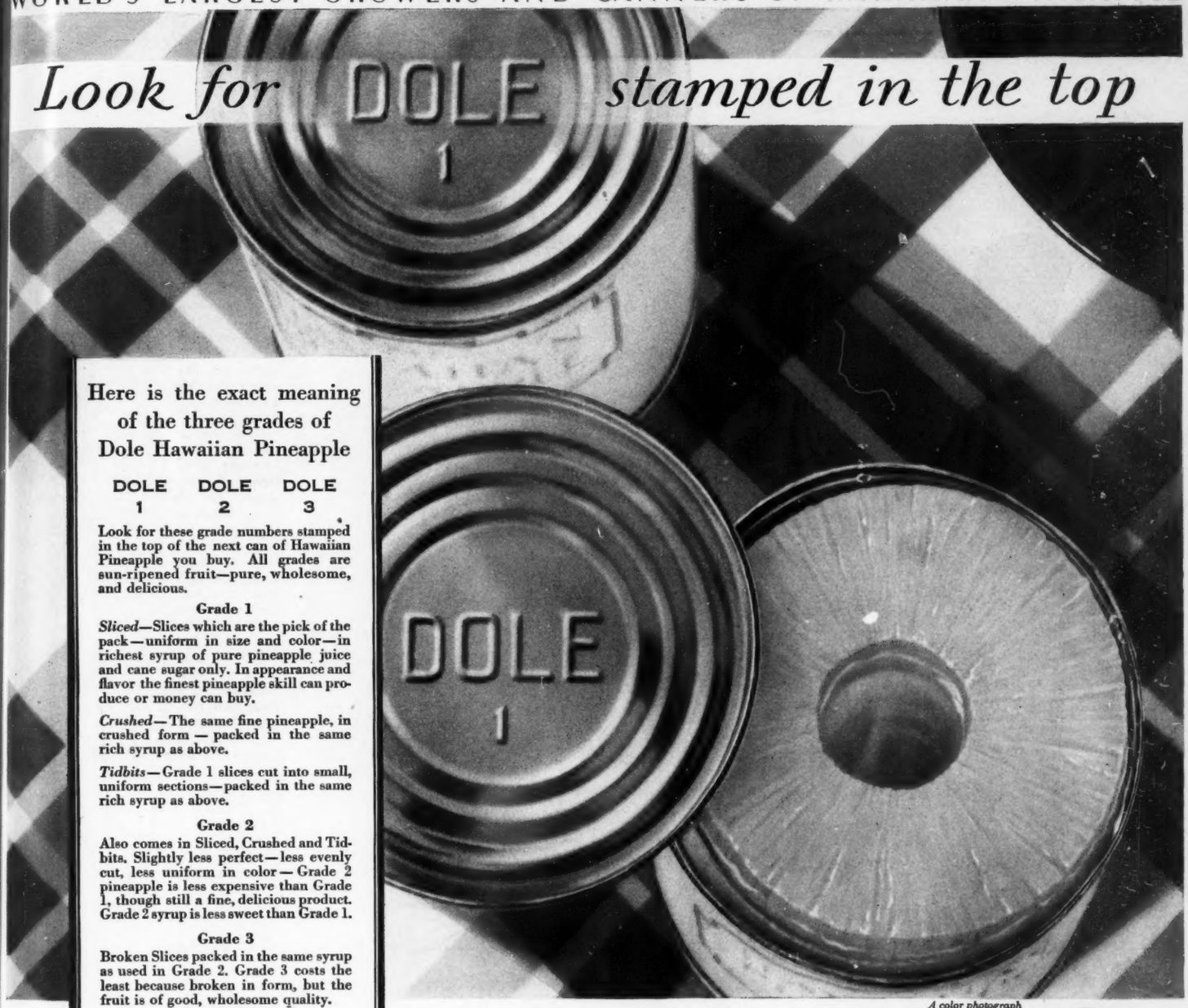

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Diagonal Lines Are Varied in the New French Collections

DIAGONAL lines were mentioned in advance as a feature of the new season's fashions, and seeing the models as they were shown in the Paris collections, one realized that diagonal lines are taking on new importance, treated in different ways by different couturiers. The simple daytime frocks often have a diagonal closing, or diagonal seamings that subtly suggest a higher position of the waistline, as in the Lebouvier model on this page. Vionnet, who has always made skilful use of diagonal lines, is showing lovelier versions than ever, combined with bows and soft draperies in afternoon frocks. Other afternoon frocks have diagonal lines shaped into a curve which accents the soft curves of slightly fitted lines and harmonizes with the circular lines of soft flounces.

No. 5836. A new silhouette appears in a Lebouvier gown which is straight in front and in the back flares from the hipline. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 35-inch material or 3⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 5837. Diagonal seamings are used decoratively in a frock by Lebouvier. A narrow belt marks the waistline, passing under a tab in front. Size 36, 3 yards 39-inch; contrasting, 1 yard 39-inch.

No. 5834. Soft bows are a flattering feature of a Vionnet gown which is cleverly seamed in a diagonal line from shoulder to hip. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 35-inch or 4 yards 39-inch.

No. 5846. A flaring flounce is placed in a diagonal line on the skirt of a Germaine Lecomte frock, accenting a flare at one side. Size 36, 3⅞ yards 35-inch or 3½ yards 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

Paris Designers Make the Smartest Lines the Most Becoming

MANY women have been waiting for a time when it would be smart to look pretty, and such a season has arrived at last. There are still frocks for the woman with the uncompromising attitude of the Parisienne who would rather wear a chic hat that emphasized her worst features than one that was merely flattering. But most of the new frocks, at no sacrifice of smartness, appeal to the frankly pretty type of woman by making the important style features depend on some becoming detail. Frills—the characteristic trimming of a pretty frock—take on new forms and are used to suggest a bolero on a bodice, or the new spiral lines on a skirt; flounces, in which almost anyone looks graceful, accent the princess silhouettes, or play variations on the long-in-back line

No. 5838. Two circular flounces in front and two slightly longer in the back accent the princess lines of a Martial et Armand frock. Size 16, 5¼ yards 35-inch or 4⅞ yards 39-inch.

No. 5853. Flounces are cleverly arranged on a simple straight foundation to suggest the new spiral lines in a Miler Soeurs frock. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 35-inch or 4¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 5845. A Lelong frock has a slight flare in front and a flounce that crosses in front and falls to the hemline in back. Size 36, 5 yards 32-inch or 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 5847. Maggy Rouff designs an afternoon frock with a novel flounce that gives an uneven hemline, and a frill that suggests a bolero on the bodice. Size 36, 4¾ yards 39-inch material.

DRAWN IN COLOR BY BLANCHE ROTHSCHILD

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5844. Maggy Rouff accents the slender lines of an evening gown by a skilful arrangement of flounces. The neckline is square in front and V in back. Size 36, 2 yards 39-inch; flounces and foundation, 4⅞ yards 72-inch; one material, 9¼ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5840. The higher waistline is suggested in a Patou evening gown. An interesting uneven hemline is produced by separate panels that fall in points longer in back. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 35-inch, 4 yards 39-inch material or 3 yards 54-inch material.

No. 5859. Distinctive features of a straight line evening wrap by Patou are a collar that falls in hood effect and a flaring flounce shaped to dip in a long point. Size 36, 4¼ yards 39-inch or 3⅛ yards 54-inch material; lining, 2⅞ yards 39-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 156.

TEA AT THE RITZ

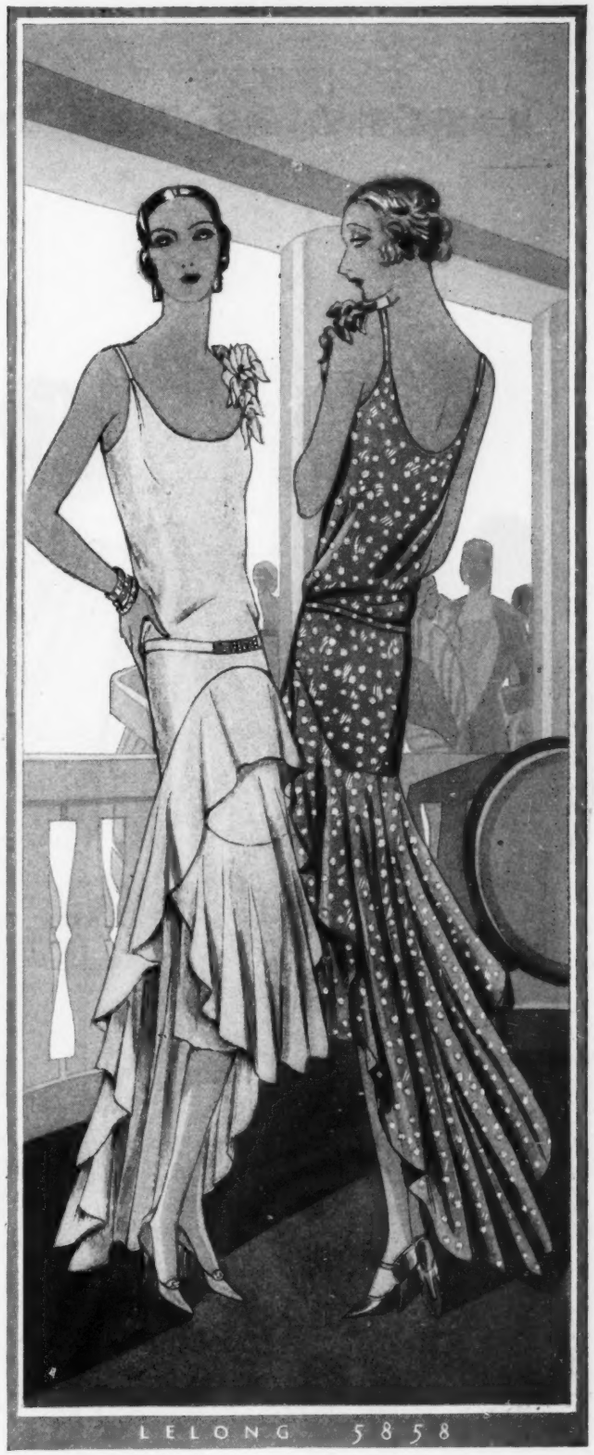
by

Editor's Note: Mme. Jung Clemenceau is the versatile daughter of M. Georges Clemenceau and our Paris contributor.

THE salons of the Ritz seem today, more than ever, the favorite rendezvous of Paris. In spite of the fact that Autumn is upon us, the weather is mild and the doors leading to the garden have been left open. At every table women prominent in society or on the stage are wearing the latest fashions with such distinction and charm as to bury in oblivion the mannequins' displays at the races, on the beach, and at various casinos.

Tea is served in the open on the lawn where the last roses of summer are dying a slow, exquisite death, as well as in the drawing room to which the bright lights give a wintry appearance. The background is ideal for my purpose and we shall, if you like, take a peep at fashionable Autumn millinery. At first sight black is the dominant tone, but with, here and there, a slight touch of bright color achieved by pins made of coral, turquoise or lapis in a gold setting, diamonds have been overdone. Then short veils, some of them in quite novel effects since in front they only reach to the nose while they hang down on both sides sometimes as low as the shoulders or else they are held away from the face by an invisible wire forming two very marked points. These veils are embroidered with chenille in Arabesque designs or large dots, or the net itself is patterned. The Directoire hats are increasingly the vogue. The nape of Milady's neck is covered by a felt flounce and the face emerges boldly as the hat recedes farther and farther to the back of the head. Strands of hair are combed in the most amusing way and we must not believe that all the charming ladies we meet with ruffled and seemingly unruly hair have long neglected to call at the hairdresser, knowing as we do that a woman may overlook a business appointment, while nothing can ever keep her away from the beauty salon. These charming ladies therefore only left their hairdresser a few moments ago, but they are letting their hair grow and do not care who knows it. It makes many of them quite bewitching, particularly those who have just reached their twentieth summer.

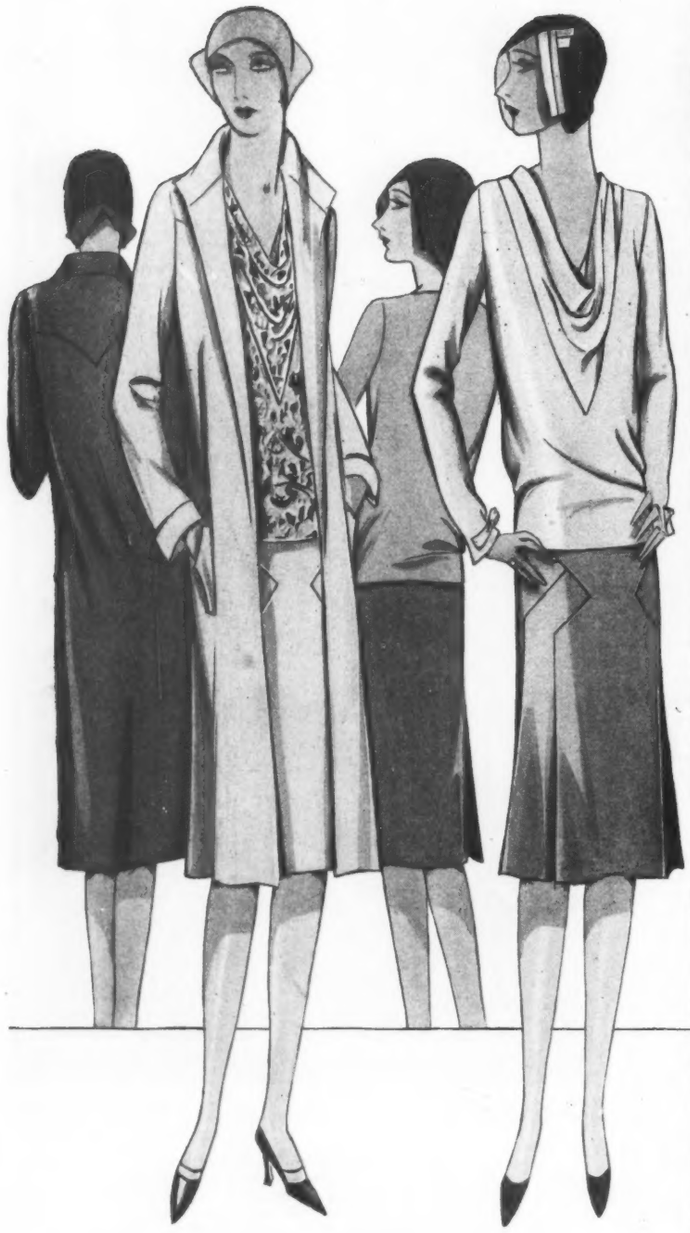
Let us now take a stroll among the tables and we shall see the blond and beautiful Marquise de Crussol in a pearl gray ensemble with a satin hat embroidered with silk and silver thread. Her veil covering the upper part of her face is tied on the righthand side and falls in graceful folds. The Great Duchess Marie of Russia is looking for her table and while she is making inquiries from the waiter, I see that she is entirely dressed in black and wears the most adorable hat. It is made of heavy lace embroidered with chenille between the patterns of which glimpses can be had of her auburn hair. This small toque [*Turn to page 146*]



No. 5858. The skirt of a Lelong evening gown is attached to a slender slip. The rest of the frock, terminating in graceful circular flounces, falls over the skirt in tunic effect. Size 36, 4⅞ yards 35-inch or 4½ yards 39-inch; upper slip, 1⅝ yards 39-inch.

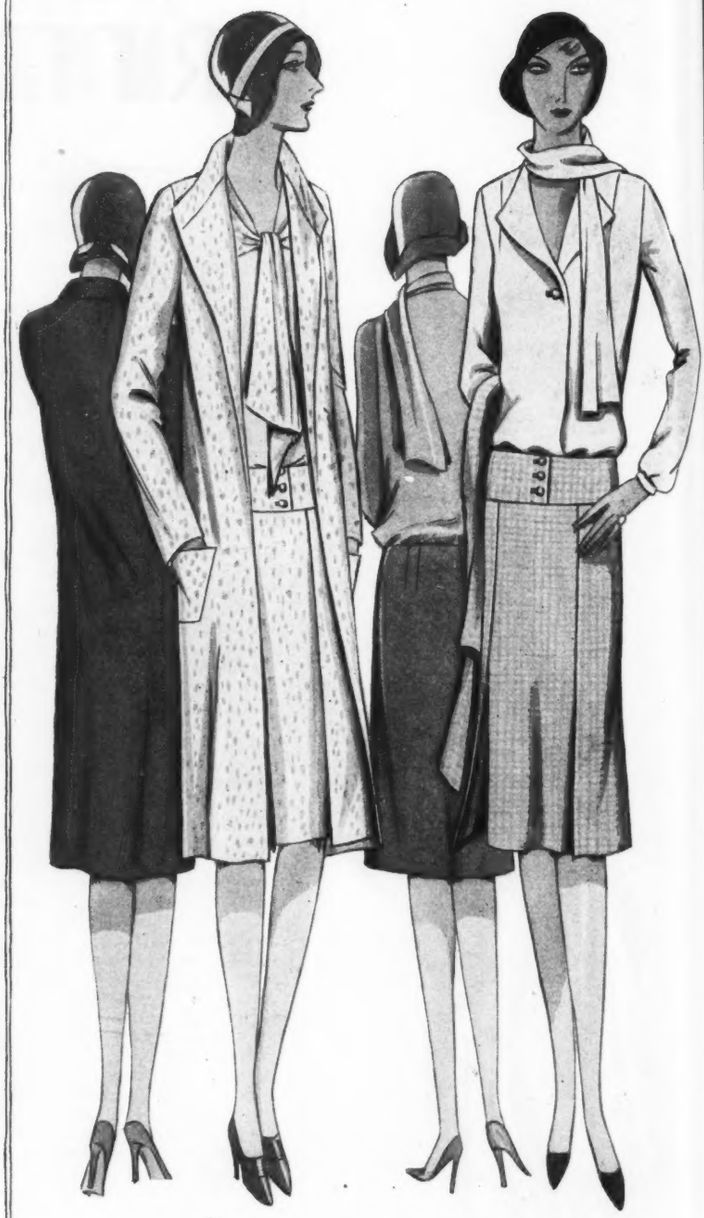
No. 5860. A new type of evening wrap by Lelong is slightly bloused into a wide girdle. A deep circular flounce in back suggests the longer-in-back line and leaves the front of the frock revealed. Medium size, 4¾ yards 39-inch material; lining, 4 yards 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



London Trades 5862

No. 5862. A London Trades ensemble has a straight coat with yoke back and front, skirt cleverly seamed, and blouse with a yoke that falls in soft hood-like effect. Size 36, blouse, 1⅞ yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 3½ yards 54-inch.



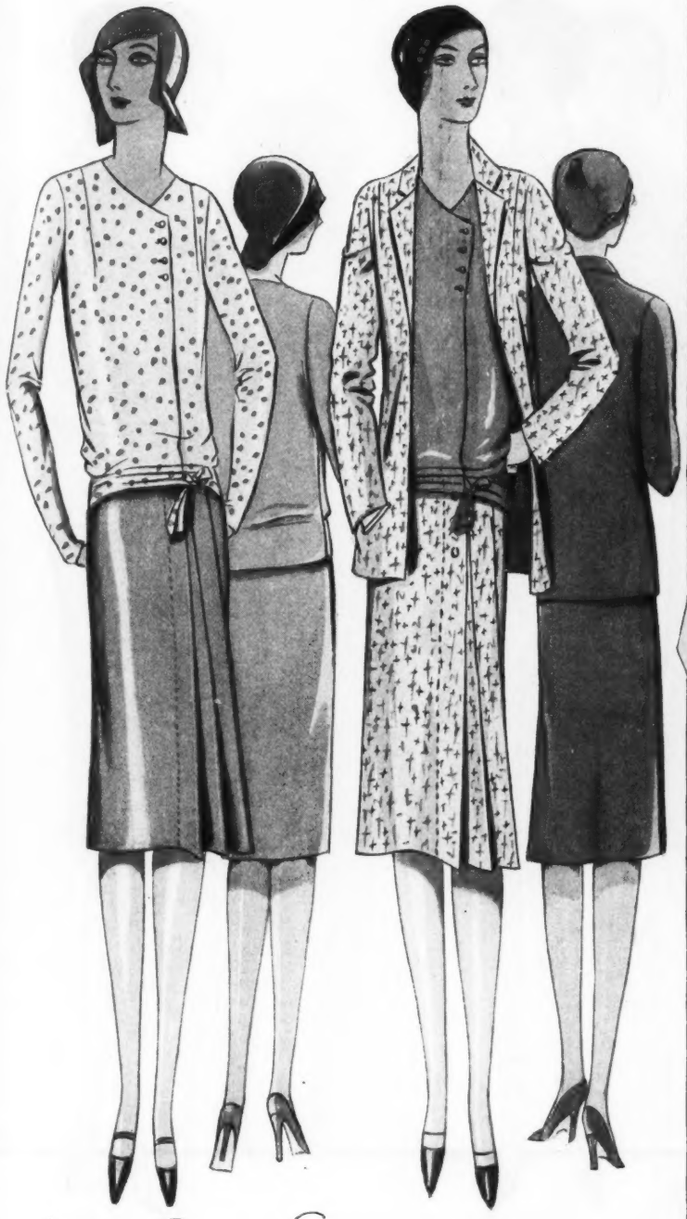
Schiaparelli 5839

No. 5839. The coat of a Schiaparelli ensemble has a novel scarf of self material in front. The blouse may be tucked in or worn outside the skirt. Size 36, blouse, 2⅝ yards 39-inch material; coat and skirt, 3½ yards 54-inch.

The Full-Length Coat in French Ensembles

FOR practical utility wear this season, Paris is presenting full length, straight line coats. These appear at their best in the new three-piece ensembles, which usually have a skirt fitted at the waistline, and a blouse that may be worn tucked in or outside the skirt. There is no startling novelty in the cut of the coats as they are intended to be worn day after day, but there is a great deal of novelty in the details to reveal their French origin. The coat of the London Trades ensemble on this page has a pointed yoke, subtly accenting the pointed hood-like drapery on the bodice. The Schiaparelli model illustrated on this page has a coat with a novel scarf attached at each side of the front, tying like a cravat.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



Clair Soeurs 5851

Yvonne Carette 5855

Practical Ensembles Have Elaborate Blouses

HOWEVER large one's wardrobe may be, there is always need for a costume that looks equally well in town or in the country, for formal or informal occasions. But such all-purpose clothes are often hard to find. French designers have solved the problem this season in ensembles like the two on this page. In both, the lines of the coat and the skirt are simple, and the material is tweed, to answer all practcial purposes. By way of contrast, and to include the ensembles among town clothes, the blouses are soft in design and materials. The original of the Clair Soeurs model has a blouse of crepe de chine, and the Yvonne Carette ensemble was made with bow-trimmed blouse of soft satin.

No. 5855. Applied bands tying in soft bows trim the blouse of a Yvonne Carette ensemble. The coat is slightly flared and belted, and the skirt has box pleats in front. Size 36, blouse, 2⅜ yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 3¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5851. An ensemble by Clair Soeurs consists of a wrap-around skirt with pleated section, straight line jacket and blouse tucked in front to suggest a draped waistline. Size 36, blouse, 2⅜ yards 35- or 39-inch; jacket, skirt, 3 yards 54-inch.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Marcel Rochas 5842

Yvonne Carette 5855

No. 5842. Trimming bands accent the slender straight lines of a Marcel Rochas coat which has two pleats to provide fulness in the back. Size 36, 4⅝ yards 39-inch material or 3¼ yards 54-inch; lining, 2⅞ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5855. Yvonne Carette's ensemble shows a cleverly pleated skirt, blouse and three-quarter length coat. Size 36, blouse, 2 yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 3⅜ yards 54-inch; blouse, 1⅝ yards 39-inch; skirt, bands 2½ yards 39-inch.

Novel Pleats Add Fullness to the Tailored Mode

EVERY new costume for autumn has more or less fulness at the hemline, but slim straight silhouettes are so popular in tailored fashions that Paris designers exercise a good deal of ingenuity in adding fulness without widening the hemline too obviously. Pleats are used for this purpose, but instead of pleats pressed down one after the other in a straight piece of material, the new tailored costumes are cut to form novel pleats. A Marcel Rochas coat has sections inserted to form two pleats in the back, and the skirt of an Yvonne Carette ensemble is slightly circular and box pleated in front with an inverted pleat in back.

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L'ECHO DE PARIS

Patou 5857

Champcommunal 5852

Princess Lines are Varied in New Paris Models

PRINCESS lines appear in all types of models in the new Paris collections but there are almost as many different versions of them as there are different costumes. Patou has a princess silhouette characteristically his own, seen in a slender frock belted at a fairly high waistline, with a low flare formed by godets inserted at different heights in the skirt. Another becoming version of the princess silhouette is created by Champcommunal in a coat that is straight in front and in the back has a somewhat slightly fitted effect at the waist and a low flare at the hemline formed by the shaping of several sections of the same material.

No. 5857. Godets inserted in the seams give a graceful silhouette to the dress of a Patou ensemble worn with a loose three-quarter length jacket. Size 36, dress and jacket, 5⅝ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5852. A Champcommunal coat is slender and straight in the front, and in the back is shaped into a low flare at the hemline. Size 36 requires 4 yards 39-inch or 3⅛ yards 54-inch material; lining requires 3 yards 39-inch material.

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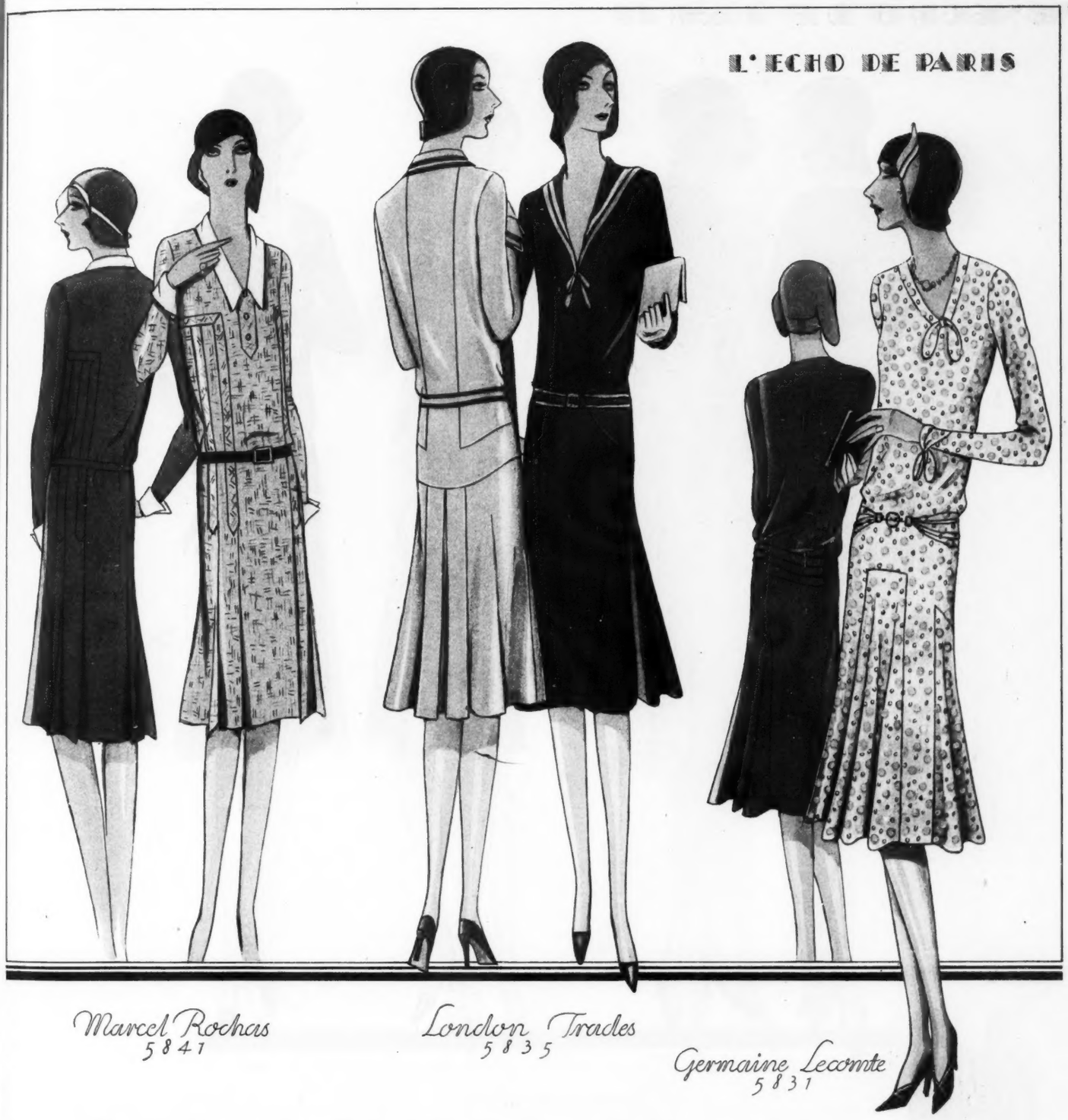
No. 5854. Diagonal lines are the theme of a frock by Irene Dana which has diagonal seamings on the skirt and a diagonal bodice closing. Size 36, 4¼ yards 32-inch material, 3¾ yards 35-inch, 3¼ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 5843. A simple frock by Champcommunal is cut on straight lines with a circular flounce cut in four points at the top, and a soft jabot in front. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch, 3⅛ yards 39-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5856. A two-piece frock by Clair Soeurs has a blouse cleverly seamed and belted at the waist. The skirt has an inverted pleat front and back. Size 36, 4⅝ yards 32-inch, 4⅜ yards 35-inch, 3¾ yards 39-inch or 2⅛ yards 54-inch.

Paris Shows New Interest in the Lines of the Bodice

A NEW note in the Paris models for the coming season is the way in which bodices are becoming less and less plain. Only a short time ago, however much the skirt of a gown dipped and flared, the bodice usually remained plain, or was decorated by a detail such as a novel collar or a scarf. But now even frocks for sports and every day have bodices with a special style interest, not the style interest of a detail added for trimming at the last moment, but something depending on clever cut. The three French dresses on this page, each from a different designer, show three individual bodice treatments, one a front closing to suggest short jacket lines, another a jabot falling in soft folds to match the flare of the skirt, a third seamings in an original design, straight in the back and diagonal in the front. All this is not done simply to give bodices an interest of their own, but it is in keeping with the new spirit in fashions that makes each frock a special designing problem, and each part of it an opportunity for exercising ingenuity.



Autumn Waistlines Vary with Each Frock and Each Figure

THE lines of the figure are important in autumn fashions, but fortunately no French designer takes it upon himself to decide what sort of figures women ought to have. The collections as they were shown in Paris gave a general impression that the waistline was being definitely raised to reveal a slender curve where for years a straight line had been suggested from shoulder to hip by means of a waistline placed low. But the impression of waists belted at a higher line was strong because it was new. The leading couturiers insist on nothing but long graceful lines, and though these are often produced by belts placed higher, they vary with each individual frock and figure. There are some models to be worn only by figures that wear high waists attractively, and others for figures that look best with the waist placed at the top of the hips. And still others like the three on this page that are slender to the hipline and flaring below, with a separate belt that may be adjusted a little higher or a little lower to suit the individual taste.

No. 5831. A gathered belt suggests a draped waistline in a Germaine Lecomte model cut on straight lines with flaring sections inserted in the skirt. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 32-inch material 3¾ yards 35- or 39-inch or 2¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5835. Curved seamings in jacket effect distinguish a London Trades daytime frock. The skirt cut in one with the front is flared all round and pleated in back. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 35-inch, 3½ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch; binding, 8 yards.

No. 5841. Marcel Rochas designs a straight line frock belted at the waistline. Fulness is added by a pleated section inserted at the side. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 27-inch material, 4 yards 39-inch or 3 yards 54-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5789 5783 5795

[*Continued from page 139*]

tightly fits her head, setting out her forhead and slightly covering her cheeks. The neck is covered by a flounce while a veil with a narrow edging of lace concealing a wire surrounds the hat like halo.

A faint stir . . . . the gay chatter slackens . . . . what is it? Oh, La Argentina has just arrived. I come closer and give a quick but searching look. Her hat is simply a marvel. Imagine flowers of yellow, red and black silk, hand-made, of medium size, quite flat, held together by dark green branches forming a tight trellis work. This toque in spite of its dash and color is almost severe, but one has to be La Argentina with her clear cut, almost sharp features, mysterious eyes and cameo-like profile to wear such a miraculous creation. The hats with a combination of felt and velvet are an unmistakable winter forecast so let us examine them closely. Madame Andrë Citroen is wearing one. It is of beige felt with small russet and reddish brown velvet squares, inserted haphazard. The hat is curiously shaped, the brim sweeping high in front, decreasing toward the ears and tied up at the back.

I was told the other day on Rue de la Paix that there is a tendency to use feathers. I smiled mockingly and I was wrong, as Madame d'Alvear, wife of the former president of the Republic of Argentina, who has achieved a reputation of refined elegance is today wearing a hat showing this very trend. It is a bottle green

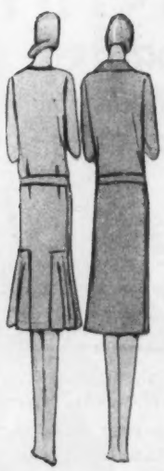
No. 5795. A slender unbelted frock has a surplice closing trimmed with a soft jabot and a circular flare at one side of the skirt. Size 36, 2¾ yards 54-inch; contrasting, ¾ yard 39-inch.

No. 5783. The skirt of a daytime frock is cleverly cut to flare in front and fall straight at the back and sides. A belt marks the waistline. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch material or 2⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 5789. Pointed seamings accent inverted pleats at the front and back of a simple frock. A bow finishes the becoming draped neckline. Size 36, 4⅝ yards 32-inch material or 3¾ yards 39-inch.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5791 5788 5864



No. 5791. Seamings in a scalloped line form a smart decoration on a daytime frock which has a side closing and panel of pleats in front. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 5788. Jacket lines are suggested in a frock designed on slender straight lines with a circular flounce. Size 36, requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch material; contrasting, ⅛ yard 35-inch; binding, 5 yards.

No. 5864. Two pleats in front and a pleat at the center back add fulness to the skirt of a tailored frock. Size 36, 4⅜ yards 32-inch or 3¾ yards 39-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch material.

nappy felt dashingly tucked up on the left-hand side and it reminds me of the hat made famous by Mademoiselle de Montpensier. This resemblance is heightened by the use of feathers, but only three small heads of ombré green shade are there, on the left, above and below the brim, quite close to the face. The same trend is displayed in a different style by the hat the Princess de Polignac is wearing. It consists of a turban of auburn tulle so closely matching her hair that one must be but a few inches away to be quite sure that the hat is there. Draped and wound around the head and face, the tulle after a thousand artistic contortions ends abruptly into an enormous tuft of aigret of the same shade, placed on the right side.

Everywhere in life, contrasts are to be met . . . . even at the Ritz. The next table is occupied by young women who have just returned from the golf course and have not had time to change their clothes. One of them, our national champion, Mlle Thion de la Chaume, is drinking tea in her sport togs. She is wearing a very small beret pulled down on the right side and draped up on the left, of silky bright blue cloth embroidered with dots of shades of blue, with bag, scarf and shoes to match. I inwardly thank the young lady for the striking novelty. and wander on.

And so . . . . homeward, where I immediately set down all these visions for you my dear distant readers . . . .

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Send me FREE the MENNEN Nursery Wall Chart on Baby Care.

[*L'Echo de Paris*]

No. 5868. An ensemble from Suzanne Dubin consists of a frock with bands and a smart straight coat. Size 10, waist, 1⅛ yards 39-inch; coat, skirt, 2¼ yards 54-inch; bands, ⅛ yard 39-inch.

No. 5873. A circular flounce cleverly shaped to flare in front and fall flat in back is a smart feature of a frock by Brisac. Size 10, 2⅜ yards 39-inch, collar, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5869. The sleeves of a Brisac frock are cut in one with the yoke. Size 12, yoke, sleeves, 1½ yards 39-inch; waist, skirt, 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5870. A becoming silhouette for a girl's coat by Brisac is lent by a circular flounce all around, set on in a curved line. Size 12, 2⅜ yards 54-inch, lining, 2¼ yards 39-inch.

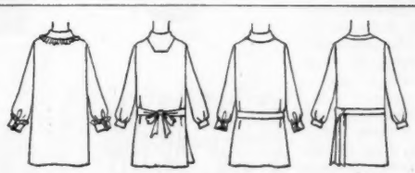
No. 5850. Lina Mouton designs a simple frock which has a panel down the front, shaped into points at the waistline above a narrow belt. Size 8, 2¼ yards 35-inch or 1¾ yards 54-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 156.

[L'Echo de Paris]

No. 5848. A ship and a suggestion of waves appliquéd on the front lend a nautical air to a Lina Mouton frock. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 39-inch; appliqué, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5867. A typically French frock by Suzanne Dubin has a yoke extended into a diagonal panel on which three letters are appliquéd. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch.



No. 5865. An appliqué in self material trims a practical frock by Brisac with a flaring inset at the sides. Size 12, 2½ yards 39-inch or 1⅞ yards 54-inch.

No. 5866. The princess silhouette is a smart feature of a Brisac coat which has a circular flounce. Size 12, 2¾ yards 54-inch material; lining, 2⅝ yards 39-inch.

No. 5871. Contrasting materials are used to accent the one-sided neckline, the belt and the triangular pocket of a Decre Soeurs frock. Size 12, 2¾ yards 35-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 35-inch.

No. 5849. Jacket lines are suggested in a Lina Mouton frock by clever seamings shaped into points above box pleats in the skirt. Size 10, 3 yards 35- or 39-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

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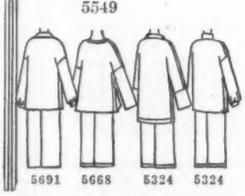
L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5549. A frock with short puff sleeves is gathered to a yoke. Size 6, 2¾ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 27-inch; binding, tie, 2 yards.

No. 5561. Simple rompers are made decorative by a separate belt which passes under patch pockets and buttons in back. Size 4, 1½ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 36-inch.

No. 5492. Very simple rompers are loose at the knee and have long sleeves. Size 4, 1¼ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 36-inch; binding, 2¼ yards.

No. 5691. Pajamas have long straight trousers and a blouse with drop shoulders. Size 4, 2¾ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 32-inch.

No. 5668. A Chinese effect is suggested in these girl's pajamas with drop shoulders and diagonal closing. Size 4, 3⅝ yards 27-inch; binding, 4¾ yards.

No. 5324. An ensemble with straight trousers, blouse that fastens high in the neck, and jacket. Size 6, plain, 3⅛ yards 40-inch; figured, 1⅛ yards 40-inch.

No. 5797. A frock with scalloped front closing and pleated inset in front has separate bloomers. Size 6, 2⅞ yards 39-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

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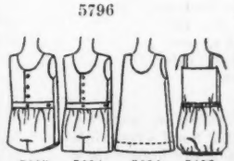
L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5637. A separate pleated skirt buttoned to simple rompers that fasten in back transforms the rompers into a smart pantie frock. Size 6, 2¾ yards 32-inch material.

No. 5588. The skirt of a child's dress is gathered to a yoke that closes in front. Size 6, 2⅜ yards 39-inch material; contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch

No. 5694. A child's set of underwear includes a combination that buttons in back, separate waist and panties, and a slip. Size 2, either combination, or underwaist and panties, ⅞ yard 39-inch material; slip, ⅝ yard 39-inch. Scallops from Embroidery No. 318 would make an attractive finish for neck of slip.



No. 5796. Attractive rompers for a little girl are trimmed with a pocket formed by an appliqué in the shape of a duck. Size 4, 1⅜ yards 32-inch material.

No. 5403. A separate shirt with shoulder straps is worn with bloomers that have a yoke in front and an elastic in back. Size 6, 1⅞ yards 32-inch material.

No. 5801. Three scallops head three pleats at the side of a bloomer frock. Size 6, 2¾ yards 35-inch; collar, ⅜ yard 35-inch; binding, tie, 1½ yards.

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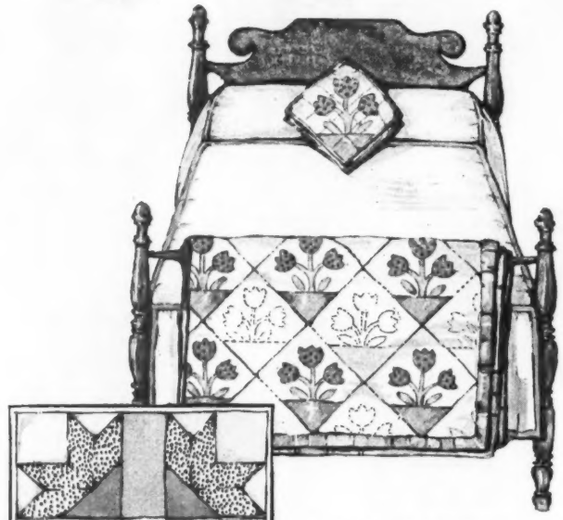
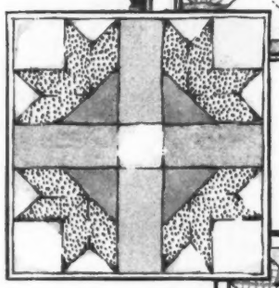
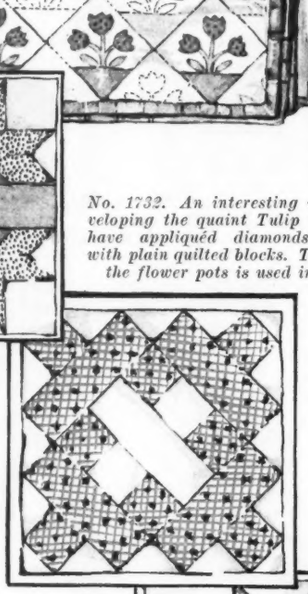
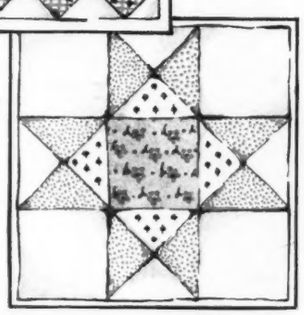




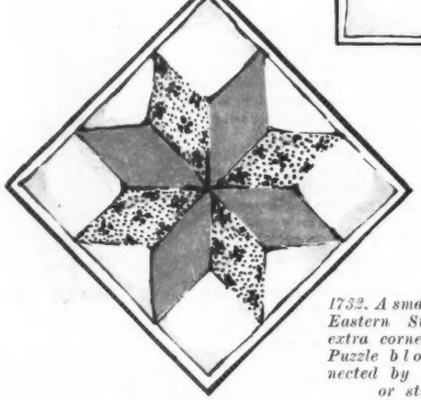
No. 1732. An interesting way of developing the quaint Tulip Quilt is to have appliquéd diamonds alternate with plain quilted blocks. The color of the flower pots is used in border.



1732. There's a certain fascination in patching together the historic Lily Design in shaded tones of one color.



1732. The "Puzzle" is composed of squares and oblongs which soon find their right place in the block.



1732. Another quilt is Star Spangled in true authentic manner, and has many devotees.

1732. A small 4½-inch Eastern Star makes extra corners for the Puzzle blocks, connected by single color strips.

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Mary T. Goldman, 357-MGoldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

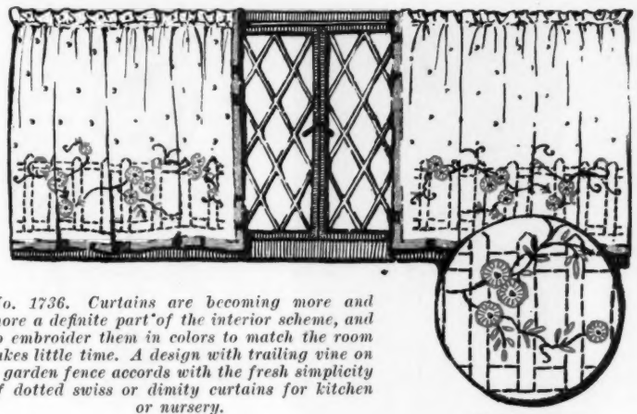
Name.....

Street.....

City.....

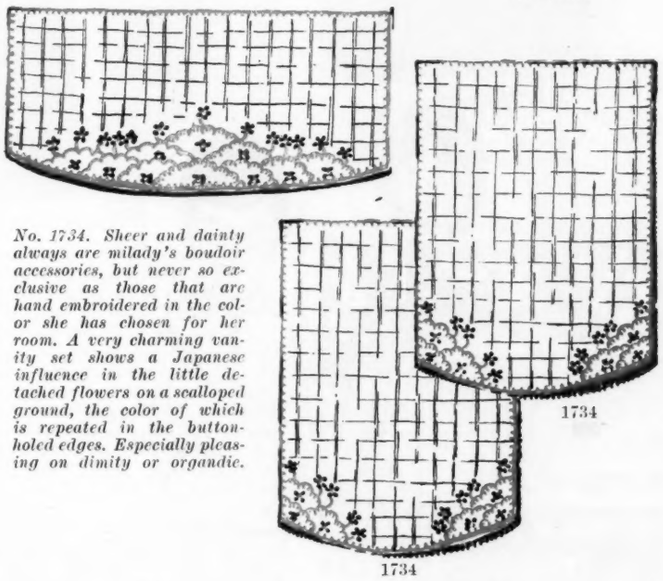
Simple Stitches for Colorful Effects

by Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1736. Curtains are becoming more and more a definite part of the interior scheme, and to embroider them in colors to match the room takes little time. A design with trailing vine on a garden fence accords with the fresh simplicity of dotted swiss or dimity curtains for kitchen or nursery.

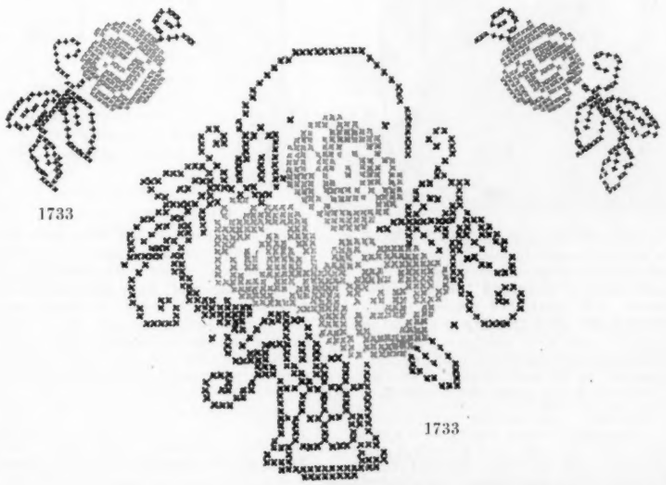
1736. A spray in detail.



No. 1734. Sheer and dainty always are milady's boudoir accessories, but never so exclusive as those that are hand embroidered in the color she has chosen for her room. A very charming vanity set shows a Japanese influence in the little detached flowers on a scalloped ground, the color of which is repeated in the button-holed edges. Especially pleasing on dimity or organdie.

1734

1734



1733

1733

No. 1733. Cross-stitch as an embroidery medium has hardly a rival when simplicity of execution and effect are desired. A most delightful center for a muslin spread may be worked from a rose basket designed in large crosses, using shades of pink and rose, the leaves green and the basket brown. Harmonizing sprays are often used at corners or for matching curtains or scarfs, and sometimes a cross-stitch basket makes an ideal pillow top.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 156.

MOTHER *protect your baby* from loose pins and buttons

The Vanta Baby Copyright 1925 Earnshaw Knitting Co.

For sake of safety, comfort, convenience, health, dress him FOR THE FIRST TWO YEARS in the way recommended by 50,000 doctors and nurses, and millions of mothers—in the

Vanta Baby Garments

Original No Pins No Buttons

Don't hurt your baby with pins that come unfastened and buttons that turn edgewise. Guard him against danger of swallowing a pin or a button.

TRAINING PANTIE

Vanta Baby Garments tie just right with dainty bows of twistless tape; adjustable as baby grows. Dress baby without turning or twisting; afford perfect protection in every climate and all kinds of weather. Guaranteed highest Vanta quality, non-shrinkable.

Vanta SELF HELP Garments make it easy for babies after two years to dress themselves, training their minds.

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Vanta originated no pins no buttons and almost every other improvement in baby dressing, being specialists in baby garments only. From birth to six years and in union suits to 12, Vanta comes in silk, wool, cotton, linen mesh, sase and rayon; light or heavy weights as your doctor prescribes.

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Vanta Pattern, also "Baby's Outfit," a book of 64 pages on care and dressing of babies.

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Dept. 213, Newton, Mass.

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As Paris Embroiders its Little Frocks

by Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1670. When the smocking is worked in a single color to match the checked material a very smart frock in the well-known "smocktop" style is the result. The simplified method of adjusting the smocked top makes it a favorite too with mothers who sew. Adaptable to small tots (2 to 4), medium (6 to 8), and large (10 to 12), for which 3½ yards are required.

No. 1735. As chic as the French model from which it was copied, a little straight line frock with wool handwork is the last word in smartness. The cross-stitch motif in front and the blanket-stitching at neck and sleeves are special features that make so good looking a costume for 2, 4 or 6 years (requires 1½ yards for size 6).

No. 1723. An attractive bloomer dress for play hours has its smocking worked in a becoming way, straight across the front. By using a contrasting color for the little flowers and vine line running through the center, a pleasing effect is gained. For a 6 year child, 3 yards of 32-inch material are required, and ¼ yard for collar and cuffs. Also adapted to 2 and 4 years.

No. 1725. A daisy sprinkled frock that is also sleeveless is a favorite with little sister. With daisies embroidered in white on a rose pink material, nothing could look sweeter. The allover design from neck line to hem is one of the desired sort that is adapted to the entire frock. For 4 years only 1½ yards of 32-inch material required. Also designed for 2 and 6 years.

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A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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We require an ambitious person to do special advertising work right in your own locality. Pay is exceptionally large. Work is pleasant and dignified. No previous experience necessary. You simply carry out our instructions. Your full time brings you a handsome income—spare time pays you well. If you are making less than $150 a month write at once for full particulars. Costs you nothing to investigate. I will give you all the facts so you can decide for yourself.

ALBERT MILLS, Gen. Manager Employment Dept.

2289 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE SOUL OF IDA BELLE

[*Continued from page 32*]

holding out her hands to these lost sheep. Eagerly more than one grasped and held them. Tom Daily, Ned Provine, young Bill Burley, shamelessly asking for light on the matter of salvation that they might look at Ida Belle's pretty brow, her eyes, her lips.

But it was not with these that she lingered, gravitating helplessly to that very farthest row where stood the blackest sheep in the slashlands.

Six feet tall and broad in proportion, brown hair tumbling on his forehead, dark eyes sparkling under level brows, he stood like a rock amid the spiritual waters that heaved around him. Buck Malherin was a sinner. He was a fighter, a roisterer, a runner of horses for money of Saturdays at the crossroads, and more than once he had been known to drink too much.

When the girl looked up at him the smile faded from his handsome face.

"Howdy, Miss Ida Belle," he said. "I hope I see you well this evenin'."

"The body is dust," she answered primly. "I take notice of no such. Mr. Buck, for another time I ask you, won't you bring yore soul a tribute to the Spirit? Come forward now, while the song is a-flowin' upward to th' great white Throne." The low voice was earnestness itself; the blue eyes searched his face.

She held his big hand in both her own, yearning innocently over him, and Buck Malherin deliberately shut his fingers until the pressure hurt.

"Miss Ida Belle," he said, his bold eyes softening, "I do declare you're th' sweetest girl in these parts—I do so! 'Scuse me, what was you a-sayin'?"

Sadly Ida Belle loosed her hands and turned away, but as she went he caught the quiver of her under lip.

So once again the yearly big meeting passed and Buck Malherin had not repented.

Three men had tried to marry the girl this year, two boys and a widower who owned a prosperous farm; but she would have none of them.

Her mother, gaunt as a ridgepole and long since disillusioned by hard work, reminded her sharply that she would soon be twenty and that after that age a girl's chances lessened.

But Ida Belle could only look down with troubled blue eyes and shake her head. "It ain't fitten," she answered courageously, "to marry out of love; not noways."

SO THE mother said no more and Ida Belle went about her tasks, but the open speech had done more to shame her than all her half-acknowledged dreams, so that, when next she saw Buck Malherin at the crossroads riding on his big black horse like all possessed, an agony of humiliation took her and she turned her eyes away.

But Buck was a wild blade and he was not used to girls who found him ordinary. His beauty, his recklessness, drew them like flies to honey, and he could have had his pick of them.

Now he flung off his hat and reined his plunging horse close in beside Old Baldy, and smiled at her.

"Howdy, Miss Ida Belle," he said, his brown eyes searching her face.

"Howdy, Mr. Buck," she answered, and without another word rode away from him deliberately.

A dozen of Buck's crowd saw the incident and roars of derision greeted him. The young man snapped his fingers, yelled, and setting his heels to Black Prince's flanks, rode away.

And Ida Belle, buying soda and sugar and tobacco for the sack tied on behind her saddle, fretted inwardly.

Buck Malherin, waiting at the other end, took sharp note of the fair girl coming toward him, reined Black Prince a trifle closer to the bushes.

AND so she came upon him abruptly there in the autumn sun with the stillness of the gum woods hanging palpably upon them, and she caught her breath with the first glimpse of him.

"Miss Ida Belle Basset," he said, directly; "whut have I done to you, to be flouted in th' face o' comp'ny?"

Stern as she was in her religious goodness, Miss Ida Belle was only a young girl with a young girl's heart. Therefore she blushed and opened her pretty lips and closed them again and played nervously with a wisp of Old Baldy's mane—and Buck Malherin watched her with proud, offended eyes.

"You think you're too good fer me," he accused, "because I ain't holy. You ain't approvin' when Black Prince hyar runs in ahead of Ned's Nighthawk an' Johnny Billse's sorrel; an' I take th' bets an' keep 'em. You think I ain't good enough to speak to!"

The girl opened her lips to reply, but the man, roused to anger by his own words, swept passionately on:

"You think I'm a sinner, not fitten to go with you an' yer like, a black sheep! Well, th' name's th' game, and I ain't one to fear, Miss Ida Belle. From now on I flout th' Church an' all its works an' ways. I'll never go inside a House nor attend camp meetin' more. An' you needn't to fret about speakin' to me. It won't be proper."

The fair face of Ida Belle blanched at the words. She put one hand to her throat where a great lump choked her. Her blue eyes were black with horror.

And then Black Prince surged in against Old Baldy and an arm in a denim sleeve swept round the girl, pulling her hard against the rider's breast. For one breathless instant she looked wildly up into two smouldering eyes, dark with conflicting fires.

Then the blue sky and the gum trees flowed together, a moving web of color on a sea of autumn scents, for Buck Malherin's lips were upon her mouth, her cheeks, and the lids of her frightened eyes.

For a chaotic moment he kissed her.

Then he loosed her roughly, bowed elaborately with a flourish of the hat in his hand, kicked Black Prince, and was gone, thundering recklessly across the ancient corduroy.

"That thar Buck Malherin's goin' to th' devil, shore as shootin'," opined Old Man Basset one night at supper in the early winter. "He's drinkin' hisself to kingdom come, an' thar's word he's makin' moonshine somer's in th' swamp behint thet cabin o' Mulatto Ben's. Thar's been three ossifers come snoopin' at th' crossroads' store, an' they're Revenooers. Sounds like my Gran'pap's day, on'y th' game hain't wuth th' candle now, whut with th' stuff they pass fer likker."

[*Continued on page 156*]

BonTon Lingerie Plastique

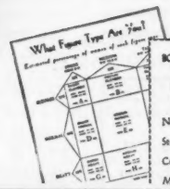
and your frock—that's all!

Lingerie Plastique 852 B. A charming new Lingerie Plastique garment . . . of Tea Rose milanese and cream lace. Price $12.50

You need not wear another single thing! Lingerie Plastique reduces all your underthings to one soft, supple garment — does away with overlapping thickness of vest, girdle, brassiere, pantie or bloomer. *It is the only silken foundation garment without bones or elastic that has definite figure molding qualities.* Made with detachable garters, it is as easily laundered as a silk stocking. A perfect foundation garment for the slender figure.

Smart shops feature Bon Ton Lingerie Plastique and many new Bon Ton Molding Garments reinforced with boning and extra diaphragm controls: all-in-one Dualistes, Step-ins, and Girdles.

Send coupon for Figure Type Chart and illustrated booklet.



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Get My Factory Price

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ARE YOU A BLONDE? ...do this!

GET Blondex, the special shampoo for blondes only. Try it just once and see how much prettier your hair is — softer, silkier, *brighter*, with a lovely golden radiance. Blondex prevents darkening—lightens dull, faded hair *safely*. No dyes or harsh chemicals. A million users. At all good drug and dept. stores.

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Kathryn Murray's 5 Minute-a-Day Facial Exercises, by strengthening flabby, drooping muscles, quickly banish crow's feet, double chin, sagging cheeks, sallow complexion, etc., and restore in a safe, natural way the bloom and animation of youth. No massage—no lotions—no straps—no skill required. Results guaranteed. 15 years of successful use. Book *free*. Mailed in plain envelope. Write today!

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Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

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ENERGINE is used exclusively by the wardrobe managers of the world's greatest movie studios —because it removes spots *quickly*, dries instantly and leaves no odor.

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Chemists agree that Energine is the most perfect solvent of grease. Grease attracts and holds dirt. Energine removes dirt and grease spots quickly, thoroughly, from every kind of fabric.

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For a quarter-century Energine has been the preferred cleaning fluid of millions of particular people. It has won the famous Seals of Approval of the Delineator Home Institute and the Priscilla Proving Plant.

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A useful booklet telling how to remove spots and stains at home, gladly sent on receipt of 2c in stamps to cover mailing cost.

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We teach you secrets of successful pastry making in your spare time. No experience necessary. Your kitchen is your pastry shop. We supply tools and show you how to sell your pies, cakes and pastries at a big profit. Make money from first day. FREE BOOK tells how. FRANKLIN PASTRY SCHOOL, Dept. D107, One Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J.

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Just send the coupon below and get complete plans for a new and different kind of Hallowe'en Party. Clever new ideas for invitations, decorations, costumes, games, stunts, and prizes.

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And remember you can get everything to make your party a big success—crepe paper, place cards, favors, novelties—at your local stationery, department or drug store where Dennison goods are sold. Send for free plans now. And why not the Hallowe'en number of the Party Magazine at the same time—it's only 25c.

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Please send *free*, plans for our Hallowe'en Party.

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Dennison's

THE SOUL OF IDA BELLE

[*Continued from page 155*]

Going to the devil! Buck, with his laughing eyes and the passionate mouth that had blistered hers with kisses! And who had sent him there? Who had driven him from the "church an' all its works an' ways?"

Who but she, Ida Belle Basset, the sanctified, the sinless!

IT SEEMED to Ida Belle in the days that followed that never in her knowledge had the slashlands been so sad, the weight of the world so heavy, the sense of tragedy so imminent.

Once she met Buck face to face where the corduroy broke to the dry road among the chinquapins, and she held hard to the horn of the ancient saddle that she might keep her equilibrium. The gum trees ran into the gray of the sky and there was a drumming in her ears.

And then a cold hand gripped her heart for he had passed her without the flicker of a lash, as though she were not there.

Swift on the heels of that meeting the sense of tragedy flamed into grim and terrible reality—the word, running like fire along the bottoms and in the coves of all the hills, of Pleas Powell dead in the swamp behind the Mulatto's hut, stabbed to the heart.

Pleas Powell, killed at midnight of a Saturday, so the coroner's jury held, and all the slashlands seething with excitement. The rough element from the foothills was loud in its clamor and within two days the hand of the law was on Buck Malherin's shoulder.

Buck Malherin, who had fought with Pleas and sworn unguardedly against his life!

So the handsome renegade went to the jail at the county seat ten miles away, and one small girl beat the rustling tick of her attic bed with anguished hands.

At the cabin beyond the corduroy where the chinquapins gave way to ragged fields, Ida Belle Basset moved like one in a daze. The blue of her eyes was dulled, their expression fixed. She performed her lowly tasks without conscious thought, and Old Man Basset scanned her askance.

"Whut ails th' gal, woman?" he wanted to know, but the mother shook her head.

And then, on a night when the first rains dripped from the eaves, Ida Belle came down the ladder from the loft and stood with twisting hands.

"I've got to go to county seat, pappy," she said thickly. "I beg to not be asked, but I've got to go. I have so, come morning."

Ida Belle had been a good and dutiful daughter. She had asked little of her parents And so it came that Old Man Basset, wondering and astonished, put the cover on the democrat and hitched up the mules. And so it came, too, that all the slashland country, gathered snugly in to hear Buck Malherin show cause why he should not be hanged by the neck until dead for the murder of the man he had threatened, got the thrill of its whole life.

And this was nothing less than Ida Belle Basset, small and white as a lily, her lips like pale ashes open for the breath that seemed so hard to get, wavering on the stand, her right hand up to take the oath of witness.

Miss Ida Belle, the pride of the crossroads' church, the young pillar in the temple, the white flame of righteousness, swearing to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,"—and Buck Malherin watching her with haggard eyes.

IDA BELLE spoke, halting and breathless, her pale hand at her throat and what a tale she told!

A tale of a moon above the slashlands, of the smell of muscadine and gum tree in the frost-touched air, of Buck Malherin, the renegade, whistling at the clearing's edge where her pappy's fields went to the woods, and of herself wrapped in her mammy's shawl, going to walk with him under the tall trees where the hickory nuts were dropping in the stillness. Of the shadows of the cypress tree where Buck leaned against the bole, his arms about her and his lips upon her face. Here she seemed to forget her audience and all but the memory of those young kisses. "They was sweet as honey from th' land o' Canaan," she said heavily; "they bought my soul an' paid fer hit right thar." She stopped and the judge leaned far forward, searching her face.

"Tell us now, Miss Ida Belle," he asked her carefully, "at what hour on the fateful night was this?"

"Huh?" said Ida Belle.

[*Continued on page 157*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price	No.	Sizes	Price
5324	6-14	35	5803	14-18, 36-42	35	5834	14-18, 36-42	50	5853	14-18, 36-42	45
5403	2-12	25	5804	14-16, 36-42	35	5835	14-18, 36-42	45	5854	14-18, 36-42	45
5492	1-4	25	5805	14-18, 36-46	35	5836	14-18, 36-42	45	5855	14-18, 36-42	50
5549	1-6	30	5806	14-16, 36-42	35	5837	14-18, 36-42	45	5856	14-18, 36-42	45
5561	1-4	25	5807	14-18, 36-46	35	5838	14-20	45	5857	14-18, 36-42	65
5588	1-6	30	5808	Sm. Md. Lg.	35	5839	14-18, 36-42	65	5858	14-18, 36-42	65
5637	2-6	25	5809	1-8	35	5840	14-18, 36-40	65	5859	14-18, 36-42	50
5668	2-10	25	5810	14-16, 36-42	35	5841	14-18, 36-46	50	5860	Sm. Md. Lg.	50
5691	4-14	25	5811	14-16, 36-42	35	5842	14-18, 36-46	50	5862	14-18, 36-42	65
5694	1-8	25	5812	14-16, 36-42	35	5843	14-18, 36-42	45	5864	14-18, 36-42	35
5783	14-18, 36-42	50	5813	14-16, 36-42	35	5844	14-18, 36-40	65	5865	4-14	35
5788	14-18, 36-46	45	5814	12-20	45	5845	14-18, 36-42	45	5866	4-14	35
5789	14-18, 36-42	45	5815	14-18, 36-42	50	5846	14-18, 36-42	50	5867	1-8	30
5791	14-18, 36-42	45	5816	14-18, 36-42	45	5847	14-18, 36-42	65	5868	4-14	35
5795	14-18, 36-46	45	5817	6-20	35	5848	6-14	35	5869	4-14	35
5796	1-4	25	5818	14-16, 36-42	35	5849	6-14	35	5870	4-14	35
5797	2-8	30	5819	14-18, 36-42	45	5850	6-14	35	5871	4-14	35
5801	2-8	30	5820	14-18, 36-42	50	5851	14-18, 36-42	65	5872	Sm. Md. Lg.	40
5802	14-18, 36-46	50	5831	14-16, 36-42	50	5852	14-18, 36-42	50	5873	6-14	35

Embroidery and Novelty Patterns

No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price	No.	Price
1670	45	1726	75	1732	75	1735	45
1723	35	1727	75	1733	40	1736	30
1725	45	1728	50	1734	30		

Pyrex Nursing Bottles

Won't break in boiling water

Won't break in cooling

DOCTORS URGE the use of Pyrex Nursing Bottles because of their absolute safety in sterilizing and in quick changes from hot to cold water.

They say that regularity in feeding is so important that this boil-proof bottle is a real step toward higher infant health standards.

Follow the advice doctors are giving all over the country.

Do not run the risk of upsetting your baby's schedule by having his bottle break just as his feeding is ready.

6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

Flat-Bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth —both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Trade-Mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why *Simplex* **Flexies**

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

High and low styles, all leathers. Correct sizes to fit the narrowest feet.

STRAIGHT line inner edge; three-point support to hold legs firm and steady; snug fit at ankle and instep; plenty of room for toes to exercise freely; flexible sole that bends with the foot; natural, built-in arch to support tender bones and muscles—these are Flexies features that "keep young feet young".

Let Flexies guard your children's feet against future pain. Ask your dealer for "Flexies".

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Dept. A-109, Milwaukee

Creators of daintier footwear for young feet from 1 to 21.

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets — one for you and one for the kiddies.

Gentlemen: Send me name of nearest Flexies dealer — also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet", explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot", a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name .....

Address .....

"Will there be an upstairs, too?"

"Yes, if the glue holds out. And if this tube gets all squeezed, there's more where this one came from. But if anything happened to Mr. LePage's I don't suppose there'd *ever* be any more doll's houses *at all!*"

Cheer up! Mr. LePage's enjoys excellent health and expects to supply the world with glue for making and mending for many years to come. LePage's is so handy, so strong, so quick and easy to work with. It has always been the *mending* friend and now thousands make and decorate with its help all sorts of lovely gifts of wood, leather, cloth and paper, following ideas in magazines, or in LePage's New Craft Book, for a copy of which send 10 cents to LePage's Craft League, 711 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

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There's a New All-Wool Blanket in Your Rag-Bag!

SEND us 10 lbs. of discarded woolens—old sweaters, dresses, anything woolen. We will sterilize, card, bleach, dye, spin, weave and finish the stock. It will be returned to you as a beautiful blanket, 66" x 80", in any one of six pastel shades you select—blue, rose, lavender, tan, green, peach. $4.75 covers all expense, satisfaction guaranteed.

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For your baby, the skilled French needlewomen of New Orleans hand-stitched and hand-embroidered this exquisite little nainsook dress. Just 98c brings it to you postpaid.

FALL FASHION GUIDE FREE

Illustrates DE LIS' new creations for babies, styles for girls 1 to 14, clothing for boys to 6. Write for your copy.

98¢

DE LIS New Orleans Dept. 089

THE SOUL OF IDA BELLE

[*Continued from page 156*]

"When did you go to meet Mr. Malherin?"

"After pappy banked th' fire an' went to bed in th' room across th' gallery."

"Was it about nine o'clock, say?"

The girl nodded.

"And when, careful now, Miss Ida Belle—think hard—when did you come back to yore pappy's cabin?"

Ida Belle wet her ashen lips.

"There was a—a streak o' light a-comin' in th' east," she said.

"And you were with Mr. Malherin all of this time between nine o'clock and daybreak?"

"Th' whole endurin' time," whispered Ida Belle Basset, "a-walkin' in th' slashes, an' down th' corduroy, and eatin' blackhaws by th' thicket where th' chinquapins grow."

Wide-eyed and shivering with rigors of the soul, she made it an alibi which none could doubt.

The room awoke to a murmuring as of vicious bees, her brethren of the Band condemning her. Only Buck Malherin half rose as she passed, reached out a hand which she did not see.

Her pappy and her mammy took her home and never once in the days that followed did they question her. And Old Man Basset knocked flat on the road a neighbor who grinned at him and asked about his daughter.

But the crossroads' church was another matter. Narrow, bigoted, they took her name from the records, cast her out from their midst.

The hand of the law removed itself from the shoulder of young Buck Malherin, who changed his ways over night, who rode no more of Saturdays at the crossroads' races, who ceased from roistering. He went back to the church until he heard what it had done, then abandoned it once more.

SO THE winter passed and once again the dogwood bloomed along the draws. Spring, blue-eyed and honey-sweet, was abroad in the slashlands.

And then came the day when Mulatto Ben, cutting hickory in the swamp behind his cabin, swung a tree a scant foot from his calculated line and was caught in the "kick-back," so that he lay, wild-eyed, in the rotting mould. The men from the crossroads, summoned by a terrified black boy on a rawboned mule, found him so, holding his breath and whispering for "a clean slate befoh de Lawd." Three men heard him, and knew at last who had driven the knife into Pleas Powell's heart.

Buck Malherin heard it in the middle of his field at three of the clock and he leaned down without a word to loose the singletrees.

The sweet new sickle of the little moon hung above the gumwoods when he rode his big black horse into Old Man Basset's yard and dismounted. The air was heavy with the scent of early flowers and through the open door a candle burned like a star upon the table where Ida Belle was laying down her pappy's favorite pone—such a thin, pale wraith of a girl, Miss Ida Belle!

"Ef you'll marry me, Miss Ida Belle," he whispered thickly, "we'll spend our days a-workin' out th' lie you told to save me, an' we'll serve th' Lord forever, us an' our household. We'll have th' whole of th' slashlands fer tabernacle an' th' birds fer choir, an' as pore payment you can take my soul a captive into Zion. An' beyond hit all," he finished profoundly, "I love ye, Ida Belle!"

How I escaped Heartbreak Age with Notox

"I am so glad I used Notox when I found my first gray hairs. Glad, first, that I never let my husband and children see me growing gray and old-looking. And glad, also, that I did not try any other hair coloring. I used to see dyed hair, that was stiff and coarse and unnatural looking, and *shudder* at the thought of what I'd do when gray hairs came to me. But—"

Inecto Rapid Notox does not coat the hairs with an external paint, as those other dyes do. Notox recolors gray or white hair by the same process nature used. This modern scientific coloring agent penetrates the hair, and deposits the color inside the transparent hair shaft, where the original color grew. And so the Notox color becomes, to all appearances, the original natural color. The texture and sheen, all the health and quality of your hair, remain the same. You can wash and wave and sun your hair as you always did.

The smartest beauty shops use Inecto Rapid Notox. An expert hairdresser can remove other unsatisfactory dyes and recolor your hair with Notox.

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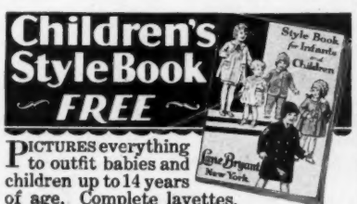
Children's Style Book FREE



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A Page For Children

TOBEY THE SECOND

By Oren Brock

Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY

KAY, whose whole name was Katherine Jane Dubois, lived in a city which was really a large overgrown town. The city sprawled out into the country in every direction from the court house and business streets in its center. If you followed any of the biggest streets very far you finally found yourself walking among the trees, and in the fields with the city left behind you.

In the autumn Kay with her brother took some sacks and a little wagon and went out one of the streets until it ended in a country road at the hickory woods. Here they found nuts to store for winter candy pulls and cakes and puddings. In the winter time when the rivers and ponds were frozen over with thick ice, Kay wore a warm white sweater, blue woolen bloomers, a red tam and warm wool stockings and shoes. After school she slung over her shoulder a pair of shining skates and with her brother raced and "fancy" skated on the little lake which lay just outside the city in another direction.

But in midsummer one of Kay's favorite country trips was to a large daisy field that lay just west of the city, on a dusty road which began at the end of her own street. She usually rode her bicycle out there with a sandwich and an apple in her pocket for a bite of lunch after the long ride. Then with the basket on her bicycle full of the gay yellow and white daisies, she would ride back into the town, give some of the flowers to her grandmother and fill big jars with them for her mother's front porch.

One hot summer afternoon she was riding out to the daisy field because it was such a glorious day on which a little girl could go pedaling about the countryside, and because the daisies were in full bloom just then and she wanted a big bunch for her mother. She had left the paved road long ago for it ended with the city boundary, and was crossing the bridge over a little brook when she thought she heard a cry. It sounded like the cry a hurt puppy makes. Kay stopped pedaling and coasted to the edge of the road, then she stepped down off her bicycle and stood still to listen.

There is was again! A little whimper and a low, short bark.

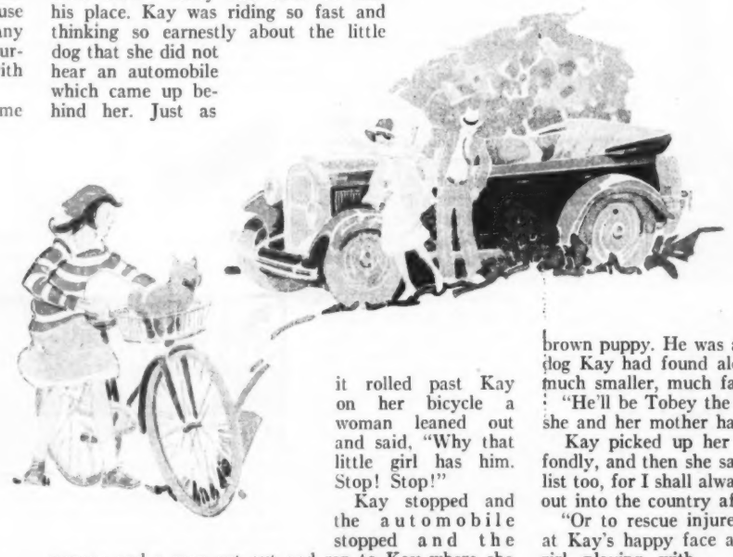
Kay left her bicycle at the edge of the road and ran down to the bushes which bordered the brook. She looked under the thickest ones and pushed aside some piles of cut brush wood and then she saw a brown and white bundle in the tall grass.

Kay found that the bundle was a little dog. He was lying on his side, holding one paw up and whimpering with pain.

"Poor little dog," said Kay bending over him, "what's the matter and where do you live?"

She could see that his left forepaw was hurt but she didn't know how it had been hurt or how to make it well. So she picked up the little dog and put him in the wire basket on the front of her bicycle and started for home. She pedaled as fast as she could because the little dog cried louder and louder. He was so frightened and his paw hurt him so badly.

Kay knew that her mother could make his paw well and then she would have a dog; a dear little brown dog to romp with and love. She had wanted a dog ever since her black Tobey had died a year ago and now a little brown Tobey had come to take his place. Kay was riding so fast and thinking so earnestly about the little dog that she did not hear an automobile which came up behind her. Just as it rolled past Kay on her bicycle a woman leaned out and said, "Why that little girl has him. Stop! Stop!"



Kay stopped and the automobile stopped and the woman and a man got out and ran to Kay where she stood beside her bicycle.

"Where did you find our dog?" they asked her excitedly, and the woman lifted him out of the bicycle basket. Kay told them about finding him in the grasses beside the road and that she was taking him home to fix his paw.

The man and woman both laughed and patted the fat sides of the little dog, then they told Kay that they had been taking the dog to have his paw doctored at the kennels and that he must have fallen out of the car. They had missed him along the road soon after crossing the little bridge.

All the time they were patting the puppy and tenderly stroking the injured paw then they were about to bundle him into the car.

Kay was very sad; to find a little dog and then to lose him so quickly!

"Please," she said as they started for the car, "may I hold him just *once*, before you take him away."

"Why of course," the woman said, "Have you a dog?" I *did* have," Kay told her, "but he died a year ago and I had hoped that this was a little lost dog and that I could keep him."

The man and the woman looked at each other, then at Kay's sad face as she patted the dog in her arms.

"Where do you live," the woman finally asked her.

Kay told them it was the red brick house with the big white porch on Elm Street.

"May we stop at your house on the way back," the man said, "and report on our doggie's injury."

"Oh please do, please do," Kay told them.

Then she rode on to the daisy field, picked a great bunch of the flowers and pedaled back home. She was not nearly so happy as she might have been over the daisies, because she kept thinking of the little brown dog she almost had for her own.

Late that afternoon an automobile drew up in front of her home and the man and woman she had met on the road came up the walk and onto the porch. The woman was carrying a basket, and Kay and her mother met them on the porch steps.

"How is the little dog?" Kay asked them eagerly.

"Oh he will be all right in a day or so," the man answered.

"We wanted to thank you for finding him and for being so good to him," the woman said, "so we brought you a basket of something that we thought you might like to have."

She handed Kay the basket and from it tumbled a fat brown puppy. He was almost exactly like the little hurt dog Kay had found along the road, only this one was much smaller, much fatter and altogether adorable.

"He'll be Tobey the Second," Kay said happily after she and her mother had thanked the man and woman.

Kay picked up her new little dog and hugged him fondly, and then she said, "Oh, he'll be Tobey the Cyclist too, for I shall always take him with me when I ride out into the country after daisies"—

"Or to rescue injured dogs," the man said laughing at Kay's happy face as he and his wife left the little girl playing with her puppy on the porch steps.

5 ways to use "Star" Ham leftovers

1. HAM HASH WITH POACHED EGGS
   A wonderful luncheon dish
2. HAM AU GRATIN
   The main dish for a perfect dinner
3. CREAMED HAM PATTIES
   Just the thing for Sunday night supper
4. HAM OMELET
   Ideal for breakfast
5. HAM CROQUETTES AND ASPARAGUS
   For luncheon or dinner

WHEN you buy a whole Star Ham you can plan your meals for two or three days ahead. For after you have a baked or boiled ham dinner, there are wonderful ways to use the leftovers as the main dish in your breakfast, luncheon or dinner menus. And what delicious dishes they are! The familiar croquette, patty or omelet have new goodness because of the wonderful flavor and juicy tenderness of Star Ham.

To help you make these Star Ham leftover dishes and plan your meals around them, the Armour Kitchen has prepared an unusual cook book—"60 Ways to Serve Ham." As you use this book you will find that Star Ham meals are not only economical, but lessen time in the kitchen and at market.

Retail meat dealers will gladly fill your order for Star Ham. Mail the coupon for your free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."

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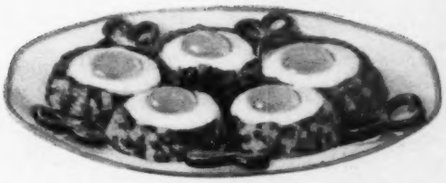
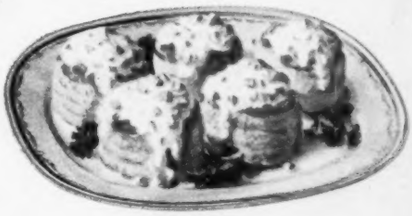
Armour and Company, Limited, London, England

LISTEN to the Armour Hour every Friday night over 36 stations associated with N.B.C. Eastern Standard Time 9:30-10 P. M.



HAM HASH AND POACHED EGGS. *See page 23 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

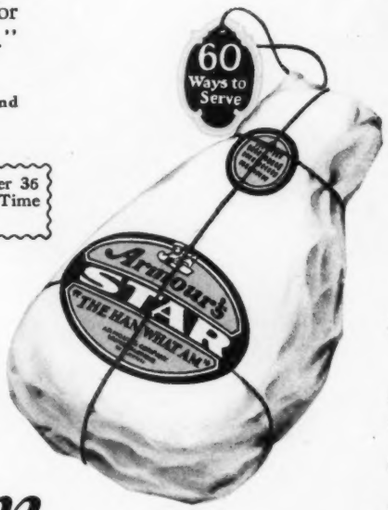
HAM CROQUETTES AND ASPARAGUS. *See page 18 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



CREAMED HAM PATTIES. *See page 22 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

HAM OMELET. *See page 13 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*

HAM AU GRATIN. *See page 21 of "60 Ways to Serve Ham."*



Armour's Star Ham

Send the coupon for free copy of "60 Ways to Serve Ham," the famous recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen.

Dept. MC-12, *Div. Food Economics*
ARMOUR AND COMPANY, Chicago, U.S.A.

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Even

Lady Baltimore

herself . . . would have liked the way YOU can make her cake

We don't at the moment recall *which* Lady Baltimore it was for whom this so delightful cake was named. But we rather imagine that anyone who had such aristocratic *taste* in cake would decidedly have liked the idea of using such a fine, pure, wholesome shortening as Snowdrift.

For there *is* something aristocratic about Snowdrift. Lift the cover off the air-tight can. Here is a shortening as snowy-white and fresh and inviting as you could ask for . . . Taste it . . . "Why," you'll say, "it's good to *eat*."

And that's precisely what it is. A shortening so good and pure in itself that it just can't help making whatever you bake with it light and fine-textured and "good to eat" as never before.

It makes cake-making so easy. Or, indeed, any sort of baking—biscuits, muffins, cookies, pie crust. For with Snowdrift just a few stirs of a spoon is all that is necessary to mix it quite thoroughly with your sugar and flour . . . And it's ideal for frying.

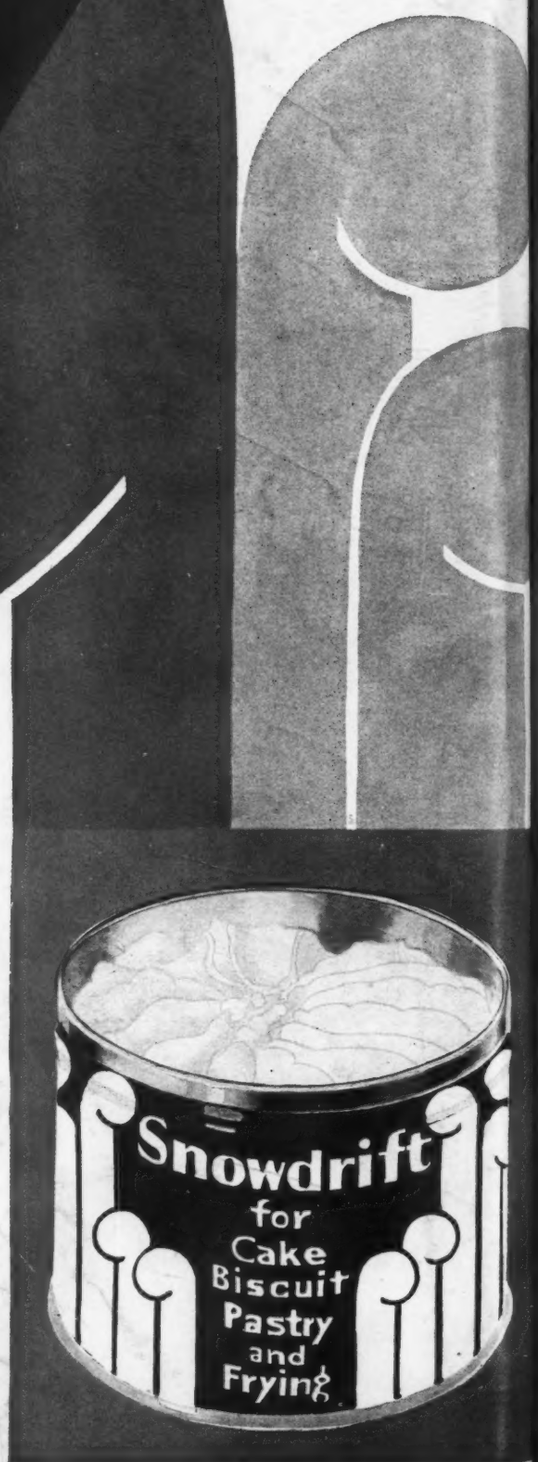
Remember when using Snowdrift, always add a pinch of salt for Snowdrift, like butter fresh from the churn, comes to you unsalted . . .

LADY BALTIMORE CAKE

⅔ Cup Snowdrift · ½ Teaspoon Salt
4 Egg Whites · 3 Teaspoons Baking Powder
½ Teaspoon Vanilla Extract · 1½ Cups Sugar
3 Cups Sifted Flour · ¾ Cup Milk

Cream the Snowdrift and sugar thoroughly and add the flavoring. Measure sifted flour, add salt and baking powder and sift several times. Add alternately with the milk to the creamed mixture. Beat smooth and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into two greased nine inch layer cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven 375° F. for twenty-five minutes. Put together with Lady Baltimore Filling.

LADY BALTIMORE FILLING

2 Tablespoons Snowdrift · 4 Cups (XXXX) Sugar
1 Teaspoon Vanilla Extract · ¾ Teaspoon Salt
¼ Cup Chopped Raisins · ¼ Cup Chopped Walnuts
¼ Cup Chopped Cherries · ¼ Cup Chopped Dates
2 Tablespoons Lemon Juice

Cream together the Snowdrift, salt and sugar, adding the sugar gradually. To one-half of the mixture, add the flavoring, one tablespoon lemon juice, and enough milk to make it the right consistency to spread. Use this for icing the top. To the remainder add the fruit, one tablespoon of lemon juice and enough milk to make it the right consistency to spread. Use this between the layers as filling.